# THE

# ODYSSEY

OF

# HOMER.

Tranſlated from the *GREEK*.

VOL. III.

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# ΠΟΙΗΣΙΣ

ΤΟΥ

ΛΟΓΓΙΝΟΥ

# ΠΟΜΠΕΙΟΥ

ΤΟΥ

# ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΥ

ΚΑΙ

# ΤΗΣ ΒΑΤΡΑΧΟΜΥΟΜΑΧΙΑΣ

ΕΙΣ

# ΟΜΗΡΟΝ

ΠΕΡΙ

# ΟΔΥΣΣΕΑΣ

ΚΑΙ

ΤΗΣ

# THE

# TENTH BOOK

OF THE

# ODYSSEY.

# The ARGUMENT.

## *Adventures with* Æolus, *the* Leſtrigons, *and* Circe.

Ulyſſes *arrives at the Iſland of* Æolus, *who gives him proſperous winds, and incloſes the adverſe ones in a Bag, which his companions untying, they are driven back again, and rejected. Then they ſail to the* Leſtrigons, *where they loſe eleven ſhips, and with one only remaining, proceed to the Iſland of* Circe. Eurylochus *is ſent firſt with ſome Companions, all which, except* Eurylochus, *are transformed into Swine.* Ulyſſes *then undertakes the adventure, and by the help of* Mercury, *who gives him the Herb* Moly, *overcomes the Enchantreſs, and procures the reſtoration of his men. After a year's ſtay with her, he prepares at her inſtigation for his Voyage to the infernal ſhades.*

THE

Eurylochus *goes to discover ye Country and Inhabitants of the Isle of Eer!*

# THE
# TENTH BOOK
# OF THE
# ODYSSEY.

AT length we reach'd *Æolia*'s ſea-girt ſhore
Where great *Hippotades* the ſceptre bore,
A floating Iſle! High-rais'd by toil divine,
Strong walls of braſs the rocky coaſt confine.

Six

## *NOTES.*

Poetry is a mixture of Hiſtory and Fable; the foundation is hiſtorical, becauſe the Poet does not entirely neglect truth; the reſt is fabulous, becauſe naked Truth would not be ſufficiently ſurprizing; for the marvellous ought to take place, eſpecially in Epic Poetry. But it may be aſked, does not *Homer* offend againſt all degrees of probability in theſe Epiſodes of the *Sirens*, *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, *Cyclops* and



*Antiphates*?

Six blooming youths, in private grandeur bred,
And six fair daughters, grac'd the royal bed:

These

*Antiphates?* How are these incredible stories to be reduced into the bounds of probability? 'tis true, the Marvellous ought to be used in Epic Poetry; but ought it to transgress all Power of belief? *Aristotle* in his *Art of Poetry* lays down a Rule to justify these incidents: *A Poet*, says that Author, *ought to prefer things impossible, provided they are probable, before things possible, that are nevertheless incredible.* Chap. 15. This Rule is not without Obscurity; but Monsieur *Dacier* has explained it in his Annotations upon that Author: A thing may be impossible, and yet probable: Thus when the Poet introduces a Deity, any incident humanly impossible receives a full Probability by being ascribed to the skill and power of a God: 'Tis thus we justify the story of the transformation of the ship of the *Phæacians* into a rock, and the fleet of *Æneas* into Sea-nymphs. But such relations ought not to be too frequent in a Poem; for it is an established rule, that all incidents which require a divine probability only, should be so disengaged from the action, that they may be substracted from it without destroying it; for instance, if we omit the transformation of the ship, the action of the *Odyssey* will retain the same perfection. And therefore those Episodes which are necessary, and make essential parts of the Poem, ought to be grounded upon human Probability; now the Episodes of *Circe*, *Polypheme*, the *Sirens*, *&c.* are necessary to the action of the *Odyssey:* But will any man say they are within the bounds of human probability? How then shall we solve this difficulty? *Homer* artificially has brought them within the degrees of it; he makes *Ulysses* relate them before a credulous and ignorant assembly; he lets us into the character of the *Phæacians*, by saying they were a very dull nation, in the sixth book,

*Where never Science rear'd her laurel'd head.*

It is thus the Poet gives probability to his fables, by reciting them to to a people who believed them, and who through a laziness of life were fond of romantick stories; he adapts himself to his audience, and yet even here he is not unmindful of his more intelligent Readers: he gives them, (observes *Bossu*) in these fables all the pleasure that can be reaped from physical or moral truths, disguised under miraculous Allegories, and by this Method reconciles them to poetical probability.

There are several heads to which Probability may be reduced; either to Divinity, and then nothing is improbable, for every thing is possible to a Deity; or to our Ideas of things whether true or false:

thus

Theſe ſons their ſiſters wed, and all remain
Their parents pride, and pleaſure of their Reign.

All

thus in the deſcent of *Ulyſſes* into Hell, there is not one word of probability or hiſtoric truth; but if we examine it by the ideas that the old world entertained of hell, it becomes probable; or laſtly, we may have reſpect to vulgar opinion or fame; for a Poet is at liberty to relate a falſhood, provided it be commonly believed to be true. We might have recourſe to this laſt rule, which is likewiſe laid down by *Ariſtotle*, to vindicate the *Odyſſey*, if there were occaſion for it; for in all ages ſuch fables have found belief.

I will only add, that *Virgil* has given a ſanction to theſe ſtories, by inſerting them in his *Æneis*; and *Horace* calls them by the remarkable epithet of *ſpecious* miracles.

*——Ut ſpecioſa dehinc miracula promat,*
*Antiphaten, Scyllamque & cum Cyclope Charybdin.*

*Longinus* calls theſe fables Dreams, but adds, that they are the dreams of *Jupiter*; he likewiſe blames thoſe Epiſodes, becauſe in all of them there is much more fable and narration than action: Which criticiſm may perhaps be too ſevere, if we conſider that paſt adventures are here brought into preſent uſe, and though they be not Actions, yet they are the repreſentations of Actions, agreeable to the nature of Epiſodes.

It may be queſtioned if *Virgil* is ſo happy in the choice of the audience to which he relates many of theſe fables; the *Carthaginians* were not ignorant like the *Phæacians:* From whence then do his ſtories receive their Probability: It is not ſo eaſy to anſwer this objection, unleſs we have recourſe to common fame: *Virgil* was not the Author of them, *Homer* had eſtabliſhed them, and brought them into fame, ſo that *Virgil* had common opinion to vindicate him, joined with *Homer*'s authority.

V. 1. *We reach'd Æolia's ſhore.*] It is difficult to diſtinguiſh what is truth from what is fiction in this relation: *Diodorus*, who was a *Sicilian*, ſpeaks of *Æolus*, and refers to this paſſage: "This is that "*Æolus*, ſays he, who entertained *Ulyſſes*, in his voyages: He is re- "ported to have been a pious and juſt Prince, and given to hoſpitali- "ty, and therefore φίλος ἀθανάτοις, as *Homer* expreſſes it." But whence has the fable of his being the Governor of the Winds taken its foundation? *Euſtathius* tells us, that he was a very wiſe man, and one who from long obſervation could foretell what weather was like to follow: others ſay he was an Aſtronomer, and ſtudied chiefly the

All day they feaſt, all day the bowls flow round,
And joy and muſic thro' the iſle reſound:

At

nature of the winds; and as *Atlas* from his knowledge in Aſtrology was ſaid to ſuſtain the heavens; ſo *Æolus*, from his experience and Obſervation, was fabled to be the ruler or diſpoſer of the Winds. But what explication can be given of this bag, in which he is ſaid to bind the Winds? *Eratoſthenes*, continues *Euſtathius*, ſaid pleaſantly, that we ſhall then find the places where *Ulyſſes* voyaged, when we have diſcovered the artiſt, or cobler, τὸν σκυτέα, who ſewed up this bag of the winds. But the reaſon of the fiction is ſuppoſed to be this: *Æolus* taught the uſe and management of ſails, and having foretold *Ulyſſes* from what quarter the winds would blow, he may be ſaid to have gathered them into a kind of encloſure, and retained them as uſe ſhould require. *Diodorus* explains it a little differently, *lib.* 5. Πρὸς δὲ τυτοὶς τὴν τῶν ἱςίων χρείαν τοῖς ναυτικοῖς ἐπεισηγήσασθαι, καὶ ἀπὸ τῆς τὸ πυρὸς προσημασίας παρατετηρηκότα, προλέγειν τὸς ἐλησρίυς ἀνέμυς ἐυςόχως ἐξ ὧν ταμίαν ἐνέμων μῦθος ἀνέδειξε; that is, "He taught the uſe of ſails, and "having learned from obſerving the bearing of the ſmoke and fires "(of thoſe *Vulcanian* Iſlands) what winds would blow, he uſually "foretold them with exactneſs, and from hence he is fabled to be "the diſpoſer of the Winds." The words of *Varro*, quoted by *Servius*, are to the ſame purpoſe: *Varro autem dicit hunc inſularum regem fuiſſe, ex quarum nebulis & fumo Vulcaniæ inſulæ prædicens futura ſtabra ventorum, ab imperitis viſus eſt ventos ſuâ poteſtate retinere.*

*Polybius* will not admit that this ſtory of *Æolus* is entirely fable; and *Strabo* is of the ſame Opinion, that *Ulyſſes* was in the *Sicilian* ſeas; and that there was ſuch a King as *Æolus*, he affirms to be truth; but that he met with ſuch adventures is, in the main, fiction. There may another reaſon, as *Euſtathius* obſerves, be given for the fiction of binding up the winds in a bag: they who practiſed the art of Incantation or charms, made uſe of the ſkin of a dolphin, and pretended by certain ceremonies to bind or looſe the winds as they pleaſed; and this practice is a ſufficient ground to build upon in Poetry.

The ſolution alſo of *Bochart* is worth our notice: *Homer* borrowed the word Αἴολος from the *Phœnician Aol*, which ſignifies a whirlwind or tempeſt, from whence the *Greeks* formed their word ἀελλαὶ; the *Phœnicians* obſerving the King of this Iſland to be very expert in foretelling the winds, called him King *Aolin*, or King of the winds

and

At night each pair on ſplendid carpets lay,
And crown'd with love the pleaſures of the day.

This

and ſtorms; from hence *Homer* formed a proper name and called him Αἴολος. It muſt be confeſs'd, that this ſolution is ingenious, and not without an appearance of probability.

But having laid together what may be ſaid in vindication of this ſtory of *Æolus:* Juſtice requires that I ſhould not ſuppreſs what has been objected againſt it by no leſs a Critic than *Longinus:* he obſerves that a genius naturally lofty ſometimes falls into trifling; an inſtance of this, adds he, is what *Homer* ſays of the bag wherein *Æolus* incloſed the winds. *Cap.* 7. περὶ ὑψους.

V. 3. *A floating Iſle* ——] The word in the original is πλωτὴ: ſome take it, as *Euſtathius* remarks, for a proper name; but *Ariſtarchus* believes *Homer* intended to expreſs by it a floating Iſland, that was frequently removed by concuſſions and earthquakes, for it is ſeen ſometimes on the right, at other times on the left hand; the like has been ſaid of *Delos*; and *Herodotus* thus deſcribes the Iſland *Echemis* in the *Ægyptian* ſeas. *Dionyſius*, in his περιήγησις, affirms, that this Iſland is not called by the name of πλωτὴ, by reaſon of its floating, but becauſe it is an Iſland of fame, and much ſail'd unto, or πλωτὴ by navigators; that is, πλεομένη, or ἐν τόποις πλεομένοις κειμένη, or lying in ſeas of great navigation: But perhaps the former opinion of *Ariſtarchus* may be preferable, as it beſt contributes to raiſe the wonder and admiration of the credulous ignorant *Phæacians*, which was the ſole intention of *Ulyſſes*.

Theſe Iſlands were ſeven in number, (but eleven at this Day) *Strongyle*, *Hiera*, *Didyme*, *Hiceſia*, *Lipara*, *Erycodes*, and *Phænicodes*, all lying in the *Sicilian* ſeas, as *Diodorus Siculus* teſtifies; but differs in the name of one of the Iſlands.

*Strabo* is of opinion, that the Iſland called by *Homer*, the *Æolian*, is *Strongyle*; Ἡ δὲ Στρογγύλη, ἐστὶ διαπυρὸς, τῷ φέργει πλεονεκτοῦσα, ἐνταῦθα δὲ τὸν Αἴολον οἰκῆσαι φασὶ. "This Iſland "*Strongyle* abounds with ſubterraneous fires, &c. and here *Æolus* "is ſaid to have reign'd." *Pliny* agrees with *Strabo*, *lib.* 3. but *Dacier* underſtands it to be *Lipara*, according to *Virgil*, *Æn. lib.* 8. but in reality the ſeven were all call'd the *Æolian* Iſlands.

*Inſula Sicanium juxta latus, Æoliamque*
*Erigitur Liparen, fumantibus ardua ſaxis.*

This happy port affords our wand'ring fleet,
A month's reception, and a ſafe retreat.

Full

But why is it fabled to be ſurrounded with a wall of braſs? *Euſtathius* ſays, that this may proceed from its being almoſt inacceſſible; but this reaſon is not ſufficient to give foundation to ſuch a fiction. *Dacier* obſerves that it is thus deſcribed, becauſe of the ſubterranean fires, which from time to time break out from the entrails of this Iſland. *Ariſtotle* ſpeaking of *Lipara*, which is the moſt conſiderable of the *Æolian* Iſlands, thus deſcribes it; "all night long the Iſland "*Lipara* appears enlighten'd with fires." The ſame relation agrees with *Strongyle*, call'd *Strombolo* at this Day.

I will take the liberty to propoſe a conjecture, which may perhaps not unhappily give a reaſon of this fiction of the wall of braſs, from this deſcription of *Ariſtotle:* All night fires appear (ſays that Author) from this Iſland, and theſe fires falling upon the ſeas, might caſt a ruddy reflection round the Iſland, which to navigators might look like a wall of braſs encloſing it. This is but a conjecture drawn from appearances; but to write according to appearances is allowable in Poetry, where a ſeeming or a real truth may be uſed indifferently.

V. 5. *Six blooming youths ——— and ſix fair daughters.*] *Diodorus Siculus* mentions the names of the ſix ſons of *Æolus*, but is ſilent concerning his daughters, and therefore others, who can find myſteries in the plaineſt deſcription, aſſure us, that this is not to be underſtood hiſtorically, but allegorically: *Æolus* repreſents the year, his twelve children are the twelve months, ſix of which are female, to denote thoſe ſix months in which the earth brings forth her fruits; by his ſix Sons the other months are underſtood, in which the ſeed is ſown, or in which the herbs, fruits, *&c.* are nouriſhed in order to production; theſe may therefore be called males. But this is to darken an Author into myſtery, not to explain him. *Dacier* gives us another allegorical interpretation: The Poet makes him the governor of the winds, and gives him twelve children, theſe denote the twelve principal winds; half of which children are males, half females; the males denote the winter winds, which as it were brood upon the earth, and generate its increaſe; the females thoſe warmer ſeaſons of the year, when the more prolifick winds blow, and make the earth teem with fruitfulneſs: Theſe children of *Æolus* are in continual feaſts in his Palace; that is, the winds are continually fed by the exhalatious from the earth, which may be call'd their food or nouriſhment: The brothers and ſiſters intermarry; this denotes the nature of the winds, which blow promiſcuouſly, and one wind unites

itſelf

Full oft the monarch urg'd me to relate
The fall of *Ilion*, and the *Grecian* fate;
Full oft I told: At length for parting mov'd;
The King with mighty gifts my ſuit approv'd.
The adverſe winds in leathern bags he brac'd,
Compreſs'd their force, and lock'd each ſtruggling blaſt:
For him the mighty Sire of Gods aſſign'd
The tempeſt's Lord, the tyrant of the wind;

itſelf with another from all quarters of the world indifferently: The brothers and ſiſters are ſaid to ſleep by night together; that is, the winds are uſually ſtill and calm, and as it were reſt together, at that ſeaſon. But what occaſion is there to have recourſe to an uncertain Allegory, when ſuch great names as *Polybius*, *Strabo*, and *Diodorus* aſſure us, that this relation is in part true hiſtory; and if there was really ſuch a King as *Æolus*, why might he not be a father of ſix ſons and as many daughters? I ſhould prefer a plain hiſtory to a dark Allegory.

V. 9. *All day they feaſt,* ——————
——— *and muſick through the Iſle reſounds.*]

*Homer* was not unacquainted with the wonders related of this Iſland *Lipara*. "In this Iſland, ſays *Ariſtotle*, a monument is reported to "be, of which they tell miracles: they aſſure us that they hear "iſſuing from it the ſound of timbrels or cymbals, plainly and di-"ſtinctly." It is eaſy to perceive that this is founded upon the noiſe the fires make which are incloſed in the caverns in this Iſland, and that *Homer* alludes to the antient name of it, which in the *Phœnician* language (*Meloginin*, as *Bochart* obſerves) ſignifies the land of thoſe who play upon inſtruments. We learn from *Callimachus*, in his Hymn to *Diana*, that *Lipara* was originally call'd *Meligounis*. *She* (Diana) *went to find out the* Cyclops: *ſhe found them in* Lipara, *for that is the name the Iſle now bears, but antiently it was call'd* Meligounis; *they were labouring a huge maſs of red hot iron*, &c. So that *Homer* is not all Invention, but adapts his Poetry to tradition and antient ſtory. *Dacier.*

His

His word alone the liſt'ning ſtorms obey,
To ſmooth the deep, or ſwell the foamy ſea,
Theſe in my hollow ſhip the Monarch hung,
Securely fetter'd by a ſilver thong,
But *Zephyrus* exempt, with friendly gales
He charg'd to fill, and guide the ſwelling ſails:
Rare gift! but oh, what gift to fools avails!
Nine proſp'rous days we ply'd the lab'ring oar;
The tenth preſents our welcome native ſhore:
The hills diſplay the beacon's friendly light,
And riſing mountains gain upon our ſight.

V. 32. *The hills diſplay the beacon's friendly light.*] *Euſtathius* obſerves, that theſe fires were a kind of beacons kept continually burning to direct navigators; the ſmoke gave notice by day, the light of the flame by night. *Ithaca* was inviron'd with rocks, and conſequently there was a neceſſity for this care, to guide ſea-faring men to avoid thoſe rocks, and to point out the places of landing with ſecurity.

But is it not an imputation to the wiſdom of *Ulyſſes*, to ſuffer himſelf to be ſurpriz'd with ſleep, when he was almoſt ready to enter the ports of his own country? And is it not probable that the joy he muſt be ſuppoſed to receive at the ſight of it, ſhould not induce him to a few hours watchfulneſs? it is eaſier to defend his ſleeping here, than in the 13th of the *Odyſſey*: The Poet very judiciouſly tells us, that *Ulyſſes* for nine days together almoſt continually wak'd and took charge of the veſſel, and the word κεκμηῶτα ſhews that nature was wearied out, and that he fell into an involuntary repoſe; it can therefore be no diminution to his character to be forced to yield to the calls of nature, any more than it is to be hungry: His prudence and love of his country ſufficiently appear from the care he took thro' the ſpace of nine days to arrive at it; ſo that this circumſtance muſt be imputed to the infirmity of human nature, and not to a defect of care or wiſdom in *Ulyſſes*.

Then firſt my eyes, by watchful toils oppreſt,
Comply'd to take the balmy gifts of reſt;
Then firſt my hands did from the rudder part,
(So much the love of home poſſeſs'd my heart)
When lo! on board a fond debate aroſe;
What rare device thoſe veſſels might encloſe?
What ſum, what prize from *Æolus* I brought?
Whilſt to his neighbour each expreſs'd his thought.
Say, whence, ye Gods, contending nations ſtrive
Who moſt ſhall pleaſe, who moſt our Hero give?
Long have his coffers groan'd with *Trojan* ſpoils;
Whilſt we, the wretched part'ners of his toils,
Reproach'd by want, our fruitleſs labours mourn,
And only rich in barren fame return.
Now *Æolus*, ye ſee, augments his ſtore:
But come my Friends, theſe myſtick gifts explore.
They ſaid: and (oh curs'd fate!) the thongs unbound!
The guſhing tempeſt ſweeps the Ocean round;

Snatch'd

V. 50. *They ſaid: and (oh curs'd fate!) the thongs unbound.*] This relation has been blam'd as improbable; what occaſion was there to unbind the bag, when theſe companions of *Ulyſſes* might have ſatisfied their curioſity that there was no treaſure in it from the lightneſs of it? But *Homer* himſelf obviates this objection, by telling us that *Æolus* faſten'd it in the veſſel, as *Euſtathius* obſerves,

Νηΐ δ' ἐνὶ γλυφυρῇ κατέδει ——

*Boſſu* gives the moral of this fable or allegory, *cap.* 10. *lib.* 1. By the winds incloſed in the bag, into which the companions of *Ulyſſes* were ſo unwiſe as to pry, is to be underſtood, that we ought not to intrude

Snatch'd in the whirl, the hurried navy flew,
The ocean widen'd, and the ſhores withdrew.
Rowz'd from my fatal ſleep, I long debate
If ſtill to live, or deſp'rate plunge to Fate:
Thus doubting, proſtrate on the deck I lay,
Till all the coward thoughts of death gave way.
Mean while our veſſels plough the liquid plain,
And ſoon the known *Æolian* coaſt regain,
Our groans the rocks remurmur'd to the main.
We leap'd on ſhore, and with a ſcanty feaſt
Our thirſt and hunger haſtily repreſs'd;
That done, two choſen heralds ſtrait attend
Our ſecond progreſs to my royal friend;
And him amidſt his jovial ſons we found;
The banquet ſteaming, and the goblets crown'd:

intrude into thoſe myſteries of government which the Prince intends to keep ſecret: The tempeſts and confuſions rais'd by the looſing the winds, repreſent the miſchiefs and diſorders that ariſe from ſuch a vain curioſity in the ſubject: A wiſe people permit the winds to reſt without moleſtation, and ſatisfy themſelves with thoſe that the prince is pleaſed to releaſe, and believe them to be the moſt proper and uſeful. But whatever judgment is paſſed upon this explication, it is certainly an inſtance of the ill conſequences of avarice, and unſeaſonable curioſity.

V. 55. *If ſtill to live, or deſp'rate plunge to Fate.*] We ought not to infer from this paſſage, that *Homer* thought a perſon might lawfully take away his own life to avoid the greateſt dangers; what *Ulyſſes* here ſpeaks ariſes from the violence of a ſudden paſſion, and gives us a true picture of Human Nature: The wiſeſt of men are not free from the infirmity of paſſion, but reaſon corrects and ſubdues it. This is the caſe in the inſtance before us; *Ulyſſes* has ſo much of the man in him as to be liable to the paſſion of man; but ſo much virtue and wiſdom as to reſtrain and govern it.

There

There humbly ſtopp'd with conſcious ſhame and awe,
Nor nearer than the gate preſum'd to draw.
But ſoon his ſons their well-known gueſt deſcry'd,
And ſtarting from their couches loudly cry'd,
*Ulyſſes* here! what Dæmon cou'dſt thou meet
To thwart thy paſſage and repel thy fleet?
Waſt thou not furniſh'd by our choiceſt care
For *Greece*, for home, and all thy ſoul held dear?
Thus they; in ſilence long my fate I mourn'd,
At length theſe words with accent low return'd.
Me, lock'd in ſleep, my faithleſs crew bereft
Of all the bleſſings of your god-like gift!
But grant, oh grant our loſs we may retrieve:
A favour you, and you alone can give.
Thus I with art to move their pity try'd,
And touch'd the Youths; but their ſtern ſire reply'd,
Vile wretch, begone? this inſtant I command
Thy fleet accurs'd to leave our hallow'd land.

V. 83. *Vile wretch, begone!* ———] This unhoſpitable character of *Æolus* may ſeem contrary to the humane diſpoſition which *Homer* before aſcrib'd to him; he therefore tells us, that *Ulyſſes* appear'd to him to be an object of divine vengeance, and that to give him aſſiſtance would be to act againſt the will of the Gods. But obſerves *Euſtathius*, is not this an ill-choſen relation to be made to the *Phæacians*, as the Critics have remark'd, and might it not deter them from aſſiſting a man whom *Æolus* had rejected as an enemy to the Gods? He anſwers, that it was evident to the *Phæacians*, that *Ulyſſes* was no longer under the diſpleaſure of Heaven, that the imprecations of *Polypheme* were fulfilled; he being to be tranſported to his own country by ſtrangers, according to his prayer in the ninth of the *Odyſſey*, and conſequently the *Phæacians* have nothing to fear from the aſſiſtance which they lend *Ulyſſes*.

His

His baneful ſuit pollutes theſe bleſs'd abodes,
Whoſe fate proclaims him hateful to the Gods.

Thus fierce he ſaid: we ſighing went our way,
And with deſponding hearts put off to ſea.
The ſailors ſpent with toils their folly mourn,
But mourn in vain; no proſpect of return.
Six days and nights a doubtful courſe we ſteer,
The next proud *Lamos*' ſtately tow'rs appear,
And *Læſtrigonia*'s gates ariſe diſtinct in air.
The ſhepherd quitting here at night the plain,
Calls, to ſucceed his cares, the watchful ſwain;

But

V. 94. *The ſhepherd quitting here at night the plain*, &c.] This paſſage has been thought to be very difficult; but *Euſtathius* makes it intelligible: The Land of the *Læſtrigons* was fruitful, and fit for paſturage; it was the practice to tend the ſheep by day, and the oxen by night; for it was infeſted by a kind of fly that was very grievous to the oxen by day, whereas the wool of the ſheep defended them from it: and therefore the ſhepherds drove their oxen to paſture by night. If the ſame ſhepherd who watched the ſheep by day, could paſs the night without ſleep, and attend the oxen, he perform'd a double duty, and conſequently merited a double reward. *Homer* ſays, that the ways of the night and day were near to each other, that is, the paſtures of the ſheep and oxen, and the ways that led to them were adjacent; for the ſhepherd that drove his flocks home, (or εἰσελάων, as *Homer* expreſſes it,) could call to the herdſman, who drove his herds to paſture, or ἐξελάων, and be heard with eaſe, and therefore the roads muſt be adjoining.

*Crates* gives us a very different interpretation: He aſſerts that *Homer* intended to expreſs the ſituation of the *Læſtrigons*, and affirms that they lay under the head of the dragon, Κεφαλὴν δράκοντος, (which *Dacier* renders the tail of the dragon) according to *Aratus*,

——— ἧχι περ (κεφαλῇ) ἄκραι
Μίσγονται δύσιες, καὶ ἀνατολαὶ ἀλλήλῃσιν.

which

But he that ſcorns the chains of ſleep to wear,
And adds the herdſman's to the ſhepherd's care,

So

which *Tully* thus tranſlates,

*Hoc caput hic paullum ſeſe ſubitoque recondit*
*Ortus ubi atque obitus partem admiſcentur in unam.*

If this be true, the Poet intended to expreſs that there was ſcarce any night at all among the *Læſtrigons*, according to that of *Manilius*.

*Vixque ortus, occaſus erit* ———

But how will this agree with the ſituation of the *Læſtrigons*, who were undoubtedly *Sicilians*, according to the direct affirmation of *Thucydides, lib.* 6. of his Hiſtory? Beſides, if *Læſtrigonia* lay under the head of the Dragon, *Ulyſſes* muſt have ſpent ſeven months inſtead of ſeven days, in ſailing from the *Æolian* Iſlands to that country. Neither is their any neceſſity to have recourſe to this ſolution; for what ſignifies the length or ſhortneſs of the day to the double wages of the ſhepherds, when it was paid to him who took upon him a double charge of watching the whole day and night, which comprehends the ſpace of four and twenty hours; which alone, whether the greater part of it was by night or day, entitled the ſhepherd to a double reward? I therefore ſhould rather chuſe the former interpretation, with which *Didymus* agrees. Νυκτεριναὶ, καὶ ἡμερινὰι νομαὶ ἐγγὺς εἰσὶ τῆς πόλεως; that is, "both the night paſtures, "and thoſe of the day, are adjacent to the city."

It is evident that the *Læſtrigons* alſo inhabited *Formiæ*, a city of *Campania* near *Cejeta*: Thus *Horace, lib.* 3. *Ode* 17.

*Æli vetuſto nobilis ab Lamo* ———
*Auctore ab illo ducit originem*
*Qui Formiarum mœnia dicitur*
*Princeps* ———

It was call'd *Hormiæ*, according to *Strabo*, Φορμίαι, Λακωνικὸν χτίσμα, Ορμίαι λεγόμενον διὰ τὸ ἔυορμον; that is, "*Formiæ* was "built by a *Laconian*, call'd alſo *Hormiæ*, from its being an excel-"lent ſtation for ſhips." *Tully* had this place in view in his epiſtle to

to

So near the paſtures, and ſo ſhort the way,
His double toils may claim a double pay,
And join the labours of the night and day.
Within a long receſs a bay there lies,
Edg'd round with cliffs, high pointing to the ſkies;
The jutting ſhores that ſwell on either ſide
Contract its mouth, and break the ruſhing tide.
Our eager ſailors ſeize the fair retreat,
And bound within the port their crowded fleet;
For here retir'd the ſinking billows ſleep,
And ſmiling calmneſs ſilver'd o'er the deep.

to *Atticus*, *lib.* 2. *Epiſt.* 13. *Si vero in hanc* τηλέπυλον, *veneris* λαιςρυγονίην, *Formias dico.* And *Pliny* to the ſame purpoſe, *lib.* 3. *cap.* 5. *Oppidum Formiæ, Hormiæ ante dictum, ut exiſtimavêre, antiqua Læſtrigonum ſedes.* But how will this agree with *Homer*, who places them in *Sicily*, and *Tully* and *Pliny* in *Campania* in *Italy*?

*Dacier* anſwers, that they were originally *Sicilians*, as appears from *Pliny*, *lib.* 3. *cap.* 8. *Flumina, Symæthus, Terias, intus Læſtrigonii campi, oppidum Leontini.* And why might not theſe *Læſtrigons*, or a colony of them, leave *Sicily* to ſettle in *Italy*, as it is evident the *Phæacians* had done, and fix'd in *Corcyra*? *Bochart*'s Opinion concerning this nation is not to be neglected; the words *Læſtrigons* and *Leontines* are of the ſame import; *Læſtrigon* is a *Phœnician* name, *Lais tircam*, that is, *a devouring Lion*; this is render'd literally by the *Latin* word *Leontinum*, and both denote the ſavage and Leonine diſpoſition of this people; the word *Lamus* is alſo of *Phœnician* extract: *Laham*, or *Lahama*, ſignifies a *Devourer*; from hence probably was deriv'd that *Lamia*, who devour'd young infants, mention'd by *Horace* in his *Art of Poetry*.

*Nec pranſæ Lamiæ vivum puerum extrahat alvo.*

We are inform'd that there was a Queen of *Libya* of that name, by *Diodorus Siculus*; ſhe was a perſon of great beauty, but of great barbarity.

I only

I only in the bay refus'd to moor,
And fix'd, without, my haulsers to the shore.
From thence we climb'd a point, whose airy brow
Commands the prospect of the plains below:
No tracks of beasts, or signs of men we found,
But smoaky volumes rolling from the ground.
Two with our herald thither we command,
With speed to learn what men possess'd the land.
They went, and kept the wheel's smooth beaten road
Which to the city drew the mountain wood;
When lo! they met, beside a crystal spring,
The daughter of *Antiphates* the King;

She

V. 109. *I only in the bay refus'd to moor.*] It may appear at the first view, that *Ulysses* took more care of himself than of his companions; and it may be ask'd, why did he not restrain them from entring the bay, when his caution plainly shews that he was apprehensive of danger? had he more fear than the rest of the company? No; but a greater foresight; a wise man provides as far as lies within his power against all contingencies, and the event shews, that his companions were rash, and he wise to act with so much circumspection; they staid not for command, and therefore were justly punished for acting precipitately without the direction of their General and King.

V. 120. *The daughter of* Antiphates, &c.] It is not evident from whence *Ulysses* had the knowledge of these particulars; the persons whom he sent to search the land perish'd in the attempt; or were destroy'd with the fleet by the *Læstrigons*: How then could this relation be made to *Ulysses*? It is probable that he had his information from *Circe* or *Calypso*, for *Circe* in the sequel of the *Odyssey* tells *Ulysses*, that she was acquainted with all the sufferings that he had undergone by sea; and if she, as a Goddess, knew his adventures, why might she not relate to him these particulars? *Homer* a little lower tells us, that the *Læstrigons* transfix'd (πείρουλες) the companions of *Ulysses*, and then carried them away on their weapons like so many fishes; others prefer ἔιρουλες, that is, connecting them together

She to *Artacia*'s ſilver ſtreams came down,
(*Artacia*'s ſtreams alone ſupply the town:)
The damſel they approach, and aſk'd what race
The people were? who monarch of the place?
With joy the Maid, th'unwary ſtrangers heard,
And ſhew'd them where the royal dome appear'd.
They went; but as they entring ſaw the Queen
Of ſize enormous, and terrific mien,
(Not yielding to ſome bulky mountain's height)
A ſudden horror ſtruck their aking ſight.
Swift at her call her huſband ſcowr'd away
To wreak his hunger on the deſtin'd prey;
One for his food the raging glutton ſlew,
But two ruſh'd out, and to the navy flew.
Balk'd of his prey, the yelling monſter flies,
And fills the city with his hideous cries;
A ghaſtly band of Giants hear the roar,
And pouring down the mountains, croud the ſhore.

gether like a range of fiſhes; both which very well expreſs the prodigious ſtrength of theſe giants: others chuſe the word ἀσπαίροντας, or, "they eat them yet alive (*palpitantes*) like fiſhes." The preference is ſubmitted to the reader. *Euſtathius.*

I will only add, that poſſibly the relation of the barbarity of *Polypheme*, and *Antiphates*, with reſpect to their eating the fleſh of men, may not be entirely fabulous: Modern hiſtory aſſures us, that ſavages have been found in parts of the world lately diſcover'd, who eat the bodies of their enemies: It is therefore no wonder that the more polite and civiliz'd nations of Antiquity, look'd upon ſuch men as monſters, and that their Poets painted them as ſuch, or perhaps aggravated the *fierte*, or fierceneſs of their features, ſtruck with horror at their brutal inhumanity.

Fragments

Fragments they rend from off the craggy brow,
And daſh the ruins on the ſhips below:
The crackling veſſels burſt; hoarſe groans ariſe,
And mingled horrors echo to the ſkies;
The men, like fiſh, they ſtuck upon the flood,
And cram'd their filthy throats with human food.
Whilſt thus their fury rages at the bay,
My ſword our cables cut, I call'd to weigh;
And charg'd my men, as they from fate would flie,
Each nerve to ſtrain, each bending oar to ply.
The ſailors catch the word, their oars they ſeize,
And ſweep with equal ſtrokes the ſmoaky ſeas;
Clear of the rocks the impatient veſſel flies;
Whilſt in the port each wretch encumber'd dies.
With earneſt haſte my frighted ſailors preſs,
While kindling tranſports glow'd at our ſucceſs;
But the ſad fate that did our friends deſtroy
Cool'd every breaſt, and damp'd the riſing joy.
Now dropp'd our anchors in th' *Ææan* bay,
Where *Circe* dwelt, the daughter of the day;

Her

V. 158. *Where* Circe *dwelt.*] *Heſiod* in his *Theogony* agrees with *Homer* as to the genealogy of *Circe* and *Æetes.*

Ἠελίῳ δ' ἀκάμαντι τέκε κλυτὴ ὠκεανίνη
Περσηΐς, Κίρκην τε καὶ Αἰήτην βασιλῆα.

That is, "*Perſeis* the daughter of *Oceanus* bore to *Phœbus*, *Circe* and "King *Æetes.*" But why are they fabled to be the offspring of th

Her Mother *Persè*, of old Ocean's ſtrain,
Thus from the Sun deſcended, and the Main;
(From the ſame lineage ſtern *Æætes* came
The far-fam'd brother of th' enchantreſs dame)
Goddeſs, and Queen, to whom the pow'rs belong
Of dreadful Magic, and commanding ſong.
Some God directing, to this peaceful bay
Silent we came, and melancholy lay,
Spent and o'erwatch'd. Two days and nights roll'd on,
And now the third ſucceeding morning ſhone.

the ſun? *Euſtathius* anſwers, either from their high birth, as the great perſonages of Antiquity were call'd Διογενεῖς, or the Sons of *Jupiter*, and the Sun in the antient Mythology repreſented that Deity; or from their extraordinary beauty, which might be compared to the Sun, or from their illuſtrious actions. But perhaps the whole might be deriv'd from the way of ſpeaking among the Orientals; at this day we are inform'd from the beſt Hiſtorians, that ſuch language prevails in the eaſtern countries, and Kings and great perſonages are called the brothers or offspring of the Sun.

This *Ææa* is a mountain or promontory in *Italy*: perhaps originally an Iſland, and ſtill keeping the reſemblance of it. Thus *Procopius, Gothicorum, lib.* 1. *Cerceium haud modico tractu in mare porrectum inſulæ ſpeciem fert, tam præternavigantibus quam terreſtri itinere prætereuntibus:* and *Strabo, lib.* 5. Κιρκαῖον ὄρος νησιάζον θαλάττῃ τε καὶ ἕλεσι. But is the relation that *Homer* makes of this Iſland, and of *Circe*, agreeable to truth? Undoubtedly it is not; but *Homer* was very well acquainted with the ſtory of *Medea*, and applies what was reported of that Enchantreſs to *Circe*, and gives the name of *Ææa* to the Iſland of *Circe*, in reſemblance to *Æa*, a city of *Cholchos*, the country of *Medea* and *Æetes*. That *Homer* was not a ſtranger to the ſtory of *Medea* is evident, for he mentions the ſhip *Argo* in the twelfth *Odyſſey*, in which *Jaſon* ſail'd to *Colchos*, where *Medea* fell in love with him; ſo that tho' *Circe* be a fabled Deity, yet what *Homer* ſays of her, was applicable to the character of another perſon, and conſequently a juſt foundation for a ſtory in Poetry. With this opinion *Strabo* agrees.

I climb'd

I climb'd a cliff, with ſpear and ſword in hand,
Whoſe ridge o'erlook'd a ſhady length of land;
To learn if aught of mortal works appear,
Or chearful voice of mortal ſtrike the ear?
From the high point I mark'd, in diſtant view,
A ſtream of curling ſmoke, aſcending blue,
And ſpiry tops, the tufted trees above,
Of *Circe*'s Palace boſom'd in the grove.
Thither to haſte, the region to explore,
Was firſt my thought: but ſpeeding back to ſhore
I deem'd it beſt to viſit firſt my crew,
And ſend out ſpies the dubious coaſt to view.
As down the hill I ſolitary go,
Some pow'r divine who pities human woe

V. 169. *I climb'd a Cliff.*] *Scaliger, lib.* 5. of his *Poetics* obſerves, that there is a general reſemblance between *Ulyſſes* in *Homer*, and *Æneas* in *Virgil*, and that *Æneas* acts in the ſame manner as *Ulyſſes*.

——— *exire, locoſque*
*Explorare novos, quas vento acceſſerit oras,*
*Qui teneant, (nam inculta videt) hominesne feræne*
*Quærere conſtituit.*

That Critic remarks, that tho' the attitudes of the two Heroes are the ſame, yet they are drawn by *Virgil* with a more maſterly hand: *Fuſior & latior Homerus invenietur, pictior Virgilius & numeris aſtrictior.*

*Ulyſſes* himſelf here takes a general view of the Iſland, but ſends his companions for a more particular Information; this was neceſſary to introduce the following ſtory, and give it an air of probability; if he had made the experiment in his own perſon, his virtue would have been proof againſt the ſorceries of *Circe*, and conſequently there could not have been room for a deſcription of her enchantments. *Euſtathius.*

Sent

Sent a tall ſtag, deſcending from the wood,
To cool his fervor in the cryſtal flood;
Luxuriant on the wave-worn bank he lay,
Stretch'd forth, and panting in the ſunny ray.
I lanc'd my ſpear, and with a ſudden wound
Tranſpierc'd his back, and fix'd him to the ground.
He falls, and mourns his fate with human cries:
Thro' the wide wound the vital ſpirit flies.
I drew, and caſting on the river ſide
The bloody ſpear, his gather'd feet I ty'd
With twining oſiers which the bank ſupply'd.
An ell in length the pliant wiſp I weav'd,
And the huge body on my ſhoulders heav'd:
Then leaning on the ſpear with both my hands,
Up bore my load, and preſs'd the ſinking ſands
With weighty ſteps, till at the ſhip I threw
The welcome burden, and beſpoke my crew.

Chear up, my friends! it is not yet our fate
To glide with ghoſts thro' *Pluto*'s gloomy gate.
Food in the deſart land, behold! is given,
Live, and enjoy the providence of heav'n.

The joyful crew ſurvey his mighty ſize,
And on the future banquet feaſt their eyes,
As huge in length extended lay the beaſt;
Then waſh their hands, and haſten to the feaſt.
There, till the ſetting ſun rowl'd down the light,
They ſate indulging in the genial rite.

When

When evening roſe, and darkneſs cover'd o'er
The face of things, we ſlept along the ſhore.
But when the roſy morning warm'd the eaſt,
My men I ſummon'd, and theſe words addreſt.
Followers and friends; attend what I propoſe:
Ye ſad companions of *Ulyſſes'* woes!
We know not here what land before us lies,
Or to what quarter now we turn our eyes,
Or where the ſun ſhall ſet, or where ſhall riſe.

Here

V. 218. *Or where the ſun ſhall ſet, or where ſhall riſe.*] The interpretations of this paſſage are various; ſome, ſays *Euſtathius*, judge theſe words not to proceed from the ignorance of *Ulyſſes*, but that they are the language of deſpair ſuggeſted by his continual calamities: For how could *Ulyſſes* be ignorant of the eaſt or weſt, when he ſaw the ſun riſe and ſet every day? others underſtand it to ſignify, that he was ignorant of the clime of the world (ὅπῃ κοσμικῷ κλίματι.) in which this Iſland lay. *Strabo* was of opinion, that the appearance of the heavenly bodies, as the ſtars, *&c.* were different in this Iſland from the poſition which he had ever before obſerv'd in any country, and therefore he might well confeſs his ignorance, and expreſs his concern for his almoſt deſperate condition. He underſtands by ἠὼς all that region thro' which the Sun paſſes oppoſite to the North. It is true, that the four quarters of the world may be ſuppoſed to be here mention'd by *Ulyſſes*, ἠὼς may expreſs the ſouthern parts thro' which the ſun paſſes, and ζόφος the oppoſite quarter, which may be ſaid comparatively to be ζόφος, or dark? And then the riſing and ſetting of the ſun will undeniably denote the eaſtern and weſtern regions. *Spondanus* is of opinion, that *Homer* intended to expreſs the four quarters of the world, otherwiſe the ſecond verſe is a tautology. *Dacier* calls it an explication of the firſt deſcription. And indeed the mind of man is apt to dwell long upon any object, by which it is deeply affected, as *Ulyſſes* muſt here be ſuppoſed to be, and therefore he might enlarge upon the ſentiment advanced in the former line. The meaning then will be this. I know not, ſays that Heroe, where this Iſland lies, whether eaſt or weſt, where the Sun riſes, or where he ſets. I ſhould therefore underſtand *Ulyſſes* to

Here let us think (if thinking be not vain)
If any counſel, any hope remain.
Alas! from yonder Promontory's brow,
I view'd the coaſt, a region flat and low;
An Iſle incircled with the boundleſs flood;
A length of thickets, and entangled wood.
Some ſmoak I ſaw amid the foreſt riſe,
And all around it only ſeas and ſkies!
With broken hearts my ſad companions ſtood,
Mindful of *Cyclops* and his human food,
And horrid *Leſtrygons*, the men of blood.
Preſaging tears apace began to rain;
But tears in mortal miſeries are vain.
In equal parts I ſtrait divide my band,
And name a chief each party to command;

mean, that he knows not how the Iſland lies with reſpect to the reſt of the world, and eſpecially to *Ithaca* his own country. This is evident from his conduct when he ſailed from *Formiæ* the land of the *Læſtrigons*; for inſtead of making toward the eaſt where *Ithaca* lay, he bore to this Iſland of *Circe*, which lies on the weſt of *Formiæ*.

V. 220. *If any counſel, any hope remain.*] This expreſſion may be thought unworthy of the mouth of an Hero, and ſerve only to cauſe his companions to deſpair; but in reality it has a double effect; it gives us a lively picture of Human Nature, which in the greateſt men will ſhew ſome degrees of ſenſibility, and at the ſame time it arms his friends againſt ſurprize, and ſets the danger they are in full before their eyes, that they may proceed with due circumſpection. We do not find that *Ulyſſes* abandons himſelf to deſpair, he ſtill acts like a brave man, but joins wiſdom with bravery, and proceeds at once with the caution of a Philoſopher, and the ſpirit of an Hero.

I led

I led the one, and of the other ſide
Appointed brave *Eurylochus* the guide.
Then in the brazen helm the lotts we throw,
And fortune caſts *Eurylochus* to go:
He march'd, with twice eleven in his train:
Penſive they march, and penſive we remain.
The Palace in a woody vale they found,
High rais'd of ſtone; a ſhaded ſpace around:
Where mountain wolves and brindled lions roam,
(By magic tam'd) familiar to the dome.

With

V. 236. *Then in the brazen helm the lotts we throw.*] *Dacier* is of opinion that *Ulyſſes* caſt lotts out of an apprehenſion of being diſobeyed if he had given poſitive commands; his companions being ſo greatly diſcouraged by the adventures of *Polypheme* and the *Læſtrigons*. It will be a nobler reaſon, and more worthy of an Hero to ſay, that *Ulyſſes* was ſo far from declining a common danger, that he ſubmits himſelf to an equal chance with his companions to undertake it. This expedition appeared very hazardous, and if he had directly commanded a ſelect number of his men to attempt it, they might have thought he had expoſed them to almoſt certain deſtruction; but the contrary conduct takes away this apprehenſion, and at the ſame time ſhews the bravery of *Ulyſſes*, who puts himſelf upon a level with the meaneſt of his ſoldiers, and is ready to expoſe his perſon to an equality of danger.

*Ulyſſes* divides his men into two bodies; each contains two and twenty men: This is agreeable, obſerves *Euſtathius*, to the former account of *Homer*; each veſſel carried fifty men, ſix out of every one were deſtroyed by the *Ciconians*, and therefore forty-four is the exact number, incluſive of himſelf and the ſurviving company.

V. 242. *Where mountain wolves and brindled lions, &c.*] *Virgil* has borrowed almoſt this whole deſcription of *Circe*, and as *Scaliger* judges, perhaps with good reaſon, greatly improved it.

*Hinc exaudiri gemitus iræque leonum*
*Vincla recuſantum, & ſerâ ſub nocte rudentum,*
*Setigerique ſues, atque in præſepibus urſi, &c.*

With gentle blandiſhment our men they meet,
And wag their tails, and fawning lick their feet. 245

As

*From hence we heard rebellowing from the main,*
*The roars of lions that refuſe the chain,*
*The grunts of briſtled boars, and groans of bears,*
*And herds of howling wolves that ſtun the ſailors ears:*
*Theſe from their caverns, at the cloſe of night,*
*Fill the ſad Iſle with horror and affright:*
*Darkling they mourn their fate, whom* Circe's *pow'r,*
*That watch'd the Moon, and planetary hour,*
*With words and wicked herbs, from human kind*
*Had alter'd, and in brutal ſhapes confin'd.* Dryden.

It muſt be confeſſed, that *Iræ leonum vincla recuſantum*, and the epithets and ſhort deſcriptions adapted to the nature of each ſavage, are beautiful additions. *Virgil* likewiſe differs from *Homer* in the manner of the deſcription: *Homer* draws the beaſts with a gentleneſs of nature; *Virgil* paints them with the fierceneſs of ſavages. The reaſon of *Homer*'s conduct is, becauſe they ſtill retained the ſentiments of men, in the forms of beaſts, and conſequently their native tenderneſs.

There is a beatiful moral couched under this fable or allegory: *Homer* intended to teach, as *Euſtathius* remarks, that pleaſure and ſenſuality debaſe men into beaſts. Thus *Socrates* underſtood it, as *Xenophon* informs us. Perhaps, adds *Dacier*, by the fawning wolves and lions that guard the portals of *Circe*'s Palace, the Poet means to repreſent the attendants of ſuch houſes of debauchery, which appear gentle and courteous, but are in reality of a brutal diſpoſition, and more dangerous than lions. But upon what foundation is this fable built? Many writers inform us, that *Circe* was a famous Courtezan and that her beauty drew her admirers as it were by enchantment. Thus *Horace* writes,

——— *Circes pocula noſti,*
*Quæ ſi cum ſociis ſtultus, cupiduſque bibiſſet,*
*Sub dominâ* Meretrice *fuiſſet turpis & excors,*
*Vixiſſet canis immundus, vel amica luto ſus.*

It

As from ſome feaſt a man returning late,
His faithful dogs all meet him at the gate,
Rejoicing

It is evident, that *Ulyſſes* had a very intimate commerce with *Circe*, for *Heſiod* writes that he had two ſons by her, *Agrius* and *Latinus*; who afterwards reigned in *Tuſcany*; other Authors call them *Nauſithous* and *Telegonus*.

Κίρκη δ' Ἠελίῳ θυγάτηρ ὑπεριονίδαο
Γείνατ' Ὀδυσσῆϊ ταλασίφρονι ἐν φιλότητι
Ἄγριον, ἠδὲ Λατῖνον.

*Dionyſius Halicarn.* and *Ariſtotle* mention *Telegonus* as the ſon of *Circe* and *Ulyſſes*, who afterwards ſlew his father with the bone of a fiſh inadvertently. Thus *Horace*.

*Telegoni juga Parricidæ.*

But then is not this intrigue a breach of Morality, and conjugal fidelity in that Hero? I refer the Reader to Note XIV. of the fifth book of the *Odyſſey*: I ſhall only add, that the notions of Morality are now very different from what they were in former ages. Adultery alone was eſteemed criminal, and puniſhed with death by the ancient Heathens: Concubinage was not only permitted, but thought to be honourable, as appears from the practice, not only of Heroes, but even of the Pagan Deities; and conſequently this was the vice of the age, not in particular of *Ulyſſes*. But there is a ſtronger objection againſt *Ulyſſes*, and it may be aſked, how is he to be vindicated for waſting no leſs ſpace than a whole year in dalliance with an harlot? *Penelope* and his country ſeem both forgotten, and conſequently he appears to neglect his own re-eſtabliſhment, the chief deſign of the *Odyſſey*: What adds ſome weight to this obſervation is, that his companions ſeem more ſenſible of his long abſence from his country, and regret it more than that Hero; for they awake him out of his dream, and intreat him to depart from the Iſland. It is therefore neceſſary to take away this objection: for if it be unanſwerable, *Ulyſſes* is guilty of all the miſeries of his family and country, by neglecting to redreſs them by returning, and therefore he muſt ceaſe to be an Hero, and is no longer to be propoſed as a pattern of Wiſdom, and imitation, as he is in the opening of the *Odyſſey*. But the ſtay of *Ulyſſes* is involuntary, and conſequently irreproachable; he is in the power of a Deity, and therefore not capable of departing without her

Rejoicing round, ſome morſel to receive,
(Such as the good man ever us'd to give.)
Domeſtick thus the griſly beaſts drew near;
They gaze with wonder, not unmixt with fear.
Now on the threſhold of the dome they ſtood,
And heard a voice reſounding thro' the wood:
Plac'd at her loom within, the Goddeſs ſung;
The vaulted roofs and ſolid pavement rung.
O'er the fair web the riſing figures ſhine,
Immortal labour! worthy hands divine.

permiſſion: This is evident: for upon the remonſtrance made by his companions, he dares not undertake his voyage without her diſmiſſion. His aſking conſent plainly ſhews that it was not ſafe, if practicable, to go away without it; if he had been a free agent, her leave had been unneceſſary: 'tis true, ſhe tells him ſhe will not detain him any longer againſt his inclinations; but this does not imply that his ſtay till then had been voluntary, or that he never had intreated to be diſmiſſed before, but rather intimates the contrary: it only ſhews that now at laſt ſhe is willing he ſhould go away. But why ſhould *Ulyſſes* ſtand in need of being admoniſhed by his companions? does not this imply that he was unmindful of returning? This is only an evidence that they were deſirous to return as well as he; but he makes a wiſe uſe of their impatience, and takes an occaſion from their importunities to preſs for an immediate diſmiſſion.

In ſhort, I am not pleading for perfection in the character of *Ulyſſes*: Human Nature allows it not, and therefore it is not to be aſcribed to it in Poetry. But if *Ulyſſes* were here guilty, his character ceaſes to be of a piece: we no longer intereſt ourſelves in his misfortunes, ſince they are all owing to his own folly: the nature of the Poem requires, that he ſhould be continually endeavouring to reſtore his affairs: if then he be here ſunk into a Lethargy, his character is at once loſt, his calamities are a juſt puniſhment, and the moral of the *Odyſſey* is deſtroyed, which is to ſhew Wiſdom and Virtue rewarded, and Vice and Folly puniſhed by the death of the ſuitors, and re-eſtabliſhment of *Ulyſſes*.

*Polites* to the reſt the queſtion mov'd,
(A gallant leader, and a man I lov'd.)
What voice celeſtial, chaunting to the loom
(Or Nymph, or Goddeſs) echoes from the room?
Say ſhall we ſeek acceſs? With that they call;
And wide unfold the portals of the hall.
The Goddeſs riſing, aſks her gueſts to ſtay,
Who blindly follow where ſhe leads the way.
*Eurylochus* alone of all the band,
Suſpecting fraud, more prudently remain'd.
On thrones around with downy coverings grac'd,
With ſemblance fair th' unhappy men ſhe plac'd.
Milk newly preſt, the ſacred flow'r of wheat,
And honey freſh, and *Prammian* wines the treat:
But venom'd was the bread, and mix'd the bowl,
With drugs of force to darken all the ſoul:

Soon

V. 272. *But venom'd was the bread, and mix'd the bowl.*] It is an undoubted truth, that *Homer* aſcribes more power to theſe magical drugs and incantations than they have in reality; but we are to remember that he is ſpeaking before a credulous audience, who readily believed theſe improbabilities, and at the ſame time he very judiciouſly provides for the ſatisfaction of his more underſtanding Readers, by couching an excellent moral under his fables; *viz.* that by indulging our appetites we ſink below the dignity of Human Nature, and degenerate into brutality.

I am not in the number of thoſe who believe that there never were any Magicians who performed things of an uncommon nature: The ſtory of *Jannes* and *Jambres*, of the Witch of *Endor*, and *Simon Magus*, are undeniable inſtances of the contrary. Magic is ſuppoſed to have been firſt practiſed in *Ægypt*, and to have ſpread afterwards among the *Chaldeans*: it is very evident that *Homer* had been in

Soon in the luſcious feaſt themſelves they loſt,
And drank Oblivion of their native coaſt.
Inſtant her circling wand the Goddeſs waves,
To hogs transforms 'em, and the Sty receives.
No more was ſeen the human form divine,
Head, face and members briſtle into ſwine:

Still

*Ægypt*, where he might hear an account of the wonders performed by it. *Dacier* is of opinion, that theſe deluders, or Magicians, were mimics of the real miracles of *Moſes*, and that they are deſcribed with a wand, in imitation of that great Prophet.

But if any perſon thinks that Magic is mere fable, and never had any exiſtence, yet eſtabliſhed fame and common opinion juſtify a Poet for uſing it. What has been more ridiculed than the winds being incloſed in a bag by *Æolus*, and committed to *Ulyſſes*? but as abſurd as this appears, more countries than *Lapland* pretend to the power of ſelling a ſtorm or a fair wind at this day, as is notorious from travellers of credit; and perhaps a Poet would not even in theſe ages be thought ridiculous, if ſpeaking of *Lapland*, he ſhould introduce one of theſe *Veneficæ*'s, and deſcribe the ceremonies ſhe uſed in the performance of her pretended incantations. *Milton* not unhappily has introduced the imagined power of theſe *Lapland* Witches into his *Paradiſe Loſt*.

——— *The night-hag, when call'd*
*In ſecret, riding thro' the air ſhe comes,*
*Lur'd with the ſmell of infant blood, to dance*
*With* Lapland *Witches, while the labouring Moon*
*Eclipſes at their charms.* ———

In ſhort, *Virgil* has imitated *Homer* in all theſe bold Epiſodes, and *Horace* calls them the Miracles of the *Odyſſey*.

V. 278. *No more was ſeen the human form divine*, &c.] *Longinus* here reports a Criticiſm of *Zoilus*; he is very pleaſant upon this transformation of the companions of *Ulyſſes*, and calls them, *the ſqueaking pigs of* Homer; we may gather from this inſtance the nature of his Criticiſms, and conjecture that they tended to turn the fineſt incidents of *Homer* into ridicule. Burleſque was his talent, and inſtead of informing the reaſon by pointing out the errors of the

Poem,

Still curſt with ſenſe, their minds remain alone,
And their own voice affrights them when they groan.
Mean-while the Goddeſs in diſdain beſtows
The maſt and acorn, brutal food! and ſtrows
The fruits of cornel, as their feaſt, around;
Now prone and groveling on unſav'ry ground.

*Eurylochus* with penſive ſteps and ſlow,
Aghaſt returns; the meſſenger of woe,
And bitter fate. To ſpeak he made eſſay,
In vain eſſay'd, nor would his tongue obey,
His ſwelling heart deny'd the words their way:
But ſpeaking tears the want of words ſupply,
And the full ſoul burſts copious from his eye.

Affrighted, anxious for our fellows fates,
We preſs to hear what ſadly he relates.

We went, *Ulyſſes!* (ſuch was thy command)
Thro' the lone thicket, and the deſart land.

A Palace

Poem, his only aim was to make his Readers laugh; but he drew upon himſelf the indignation of all the learned world: he was known by the name of the vile *Thracian* ſlave, and lived in great want and poverty; and poſterity proſecutes his memory with the ſame animoſity. The man was really very learned, as *Dionyſius Halicarn.* informs us: His morals were never reproached, and yet, as *Vitruvius* relates, he was crucified by *Ptolomy*, or as others write, ſtoned to death, or burnt alive at *Smyrna*; ſo that his only crime was his defamation of *Homer:* a tragical inſtance of the great value which was ſet upon his Poetry by Antiquity, and of the danger of attacking a celebrated Author with malice and envy.

V. 295, *&c. We went*, Ulyſſes! *(ſuch was thy command]* We have here a very lively picture of a perſon in a great fright, which was admired, obſerves *Euſtathius*, by the Ancients. There is not only a remarkable harmony in the flowing of the Poetry, but the very

A Palace in a woody vale we found
Brown with dark foreſts, and with ſhades around.

A voice

very manner of ſpeaking repreſents the diſorder of the ſpeaker; he is in too great an emotion to introduce his ſpeech by any Preface, he breaks at once into it, without preparation, as if he could not ſoon enough deliver his thoughts. *Longinus* quotes theſe lines as an inſtance of the great judgment of *Homer*: there is nothing, ſays that Critic, which gives more life to a diſcourſe, than the taking away the connections and conjunctions; when the diſcourſe is not bound together and embarraſſed, it walks and ſlides along of itſelf, and will want very little oftentimes of going faſter: even than the thought of the Orator: Thus in *Xenophon*, *Joining their bucklers, they gave back, they fought, they ſlew, they dy'd together*; of the ſame nature is that of *Eurylochus*.

*We went*, Ulyſſes—*ſuch was thy command*———
*Acceſs we ſought—nor was acceſs deny'd:*
*Radiant ſhe came—the portals open'd wide, &c.*
*I only wait behind—of all the train;*
*I waited long—and ey'd the doors in vain:*
*The reſt are vaniſh'd—none repaſs'd the gate.*

Theſe periods thus cut off, and yet pronounced with precipitation, are ſigns of a lively ſorrow; which at the ſame time hinders, yet forces him to ſpeak.

Many ſuch ſudden tranſitions are to be found in *Virgil*, of equal beauty with this of *Homer*:

*Me, me, inquam qui feci, in me convertite tela.*

Here the Poet ſhews the earneſtneſs of the ſpeaker who is in ſo much haſte to ſpeak, that his thoughts run to the end of the ſentence almoſt before his tongue can begin it. Thus *Achæmenides* in his flight from the *Cyclops*.

———*Per ſidera teſtor,*
*Per ſuperos, atque hoc cæli ſpirabile lumen,*
*Tollite me, Teucri.*

Here the Poet makes no connection with the preceding diſcourſe, but leaves out the *inquit*, to expreſs the precipitation and terror of *Achæmenides*.

A voice celeſtial echo'd from the dome,
Or Nymph, or Goddeſs, chaunting to the loom. 300

But our countryman *Spenſer* has equalled, if not ſurpaſſed theſe great Poets of Antiquity, in painting a figure of Terror in the ninth *Canto* of the *Fairy Queen*, where Sir *Treviſan* flies from Deſpair.

*He anſwer'd nought at all: but adding new*
*Fear to his firſt amazement, ſtaring wide*
*With ſtony eyes, and heartleſs hollow hue,*
*Aſtoniſh'd ſtood, as one that had eſpy'd*
*Infernal furies, with their chains unty'd;*
*Him yet again, and yet again beſpake*
*The gentle Knight; who nought to him reply'd;*
*But trembling every joint did inly quake,*
*And fault'ring tongue at laſt, theſe words ſeem'd forth to ſhake,*
*For God's dear love, Sir Knight, do me not ſtay,*
*For lo! he comes, he comes, faſt after me,*
*Eft looking back, would fain have run away.*

The deſcription ſets the figure full before our eyes, he ſpeaks ſhort, and in broken and interrupted periods, which excellently repreſent the agony of his thoughts; and when he is a little more confirmed and emboldened, he proceeds,

*And am I now in ſafety ſure, quoth he,*
*From him who would have forced me to die?*
*And is the point of death now turn'd from me?*
*Then I may tell this hapleſs Hiſtory.*

We ſee he breaks out into interrogations, which, as *Longinus* obſerves, gives great motion, ſtrength, and action to diſcourſe. If the Poet had proceeded ſimply, the expreſſion had not been equal to the occaſion; but by theſe ſhort queſtions, he gives ſtrength to it, and ſhews the diſorder of the ſpeaker, by the ſudden ſtarts and vehemence of the periods. The whole *Canto* of Deſpair is a piece of inimitable Poetry; the picture of Sir *Treviſan* has a general reſemblance to this of *Eurylochus*, and ſeems to have been copied after it, as will appear upon compariſon.

Acceſs

Acceſs we ſought, nor was acceſs deny'd:
Radiant ſhe came; the portals open'd wide:
The Goddeſs mild invites the gueſts to ſtay:
They blindly follow where ſhe leads the way.
I only wait behind, of all the train;
I waited long, and eye'd the doors in vain:
The reſt are vaniſh'd, none repaſs'd the gate;
And not a man appears to tell their fate.
I heard, and inſtant oe'r my ſhoulders flung
The belt in which my weighty faulchion hung;
(A beamy blade) then ſeiz'd the bended bow,
And bade him guide the way, reſolv'd to go.
He, proſtrate falling, with both hands embrac'd
My knees, and weeping thus his ſuit addreſs'd.

V. 313. *With both hands embrac'd my knees* ———] The character of *Eurylochus*, who had married *Climene* the ſiſter of *Ulyſſes*, is the character of a brave man, who being witneſs to the dreadful fate of his companions is diffident of himſelf, and judges that the only way to conquer the danger is to fly from it. To fear upon ſuch an occaſion, obſerves *Dacier*, is not Cowardice, but Wiſdom. But what is more remarkable in this deſcription, is the art of *Homer* in inſerting the character of a brave man under ſo great a conſternation, to ſet off the character of *Ulyſſes*, who knows how at once to be bold and wiſe; for the more terrible and deſperate the adventure is repreſented by *Eurylochus*, the greater appears the intrepidity of *Ulyſſes*, who truſting to his own wiſdom, and the aſſiſtance of the Gods, has the courage to attempt it. What adds to the merit of the action is, that he undertakes it ſolely for his companions, as *Horace* deſcribes him.

*Dum ſibi, dum ſociis reditum parat, aſpera multa*
*Pertulit, adverſis rerum immerſabilis undis.*

O King belov'd of *Jove!* thy ſervant ſpare,
And ah, thyſelf the raſh attempt forbear!
Never, alas! thou never ſhalt return,
Or ſee the wretched for whoſe loſs we mourn.
With what remains from certain ruin fly,
And ſave the few not fated yet to die.

I anſwer'd ſtern. Inglorious then remain,
Here feaſt and loiter, and deſert thy train.
Alone, unfriended will I tempt my way;
The laws of Fate compel, and I obey.

This ſaid, and ſcornful turning from the ſhore
My haughty ſtep, I ſtalk'd the valley o'er.
'Till now approaching nigh the magic bow'r,
Where dwelt th' enchantreſs ſkill'd in herbs of pow'r;

V. 321. ——*Inglorious then remain,*
*Here feaſt and loiter*——]

This expreſſion is uſed ſarcaſtically by *Ulyſſes*, and in deriſion of his fears: *Dacier* remarks, that *Uly es* having not ſeen what is related by *Eurylochus*, believes his refuſal to return, proceeds from his faint-heartedneſs: An inſtance, adds ſhe, that we frequently form wrong judgments of mens actions, when we are ignorant of the motives of them. I confeſs I am of opinion, that there is ſome degree of cowardice in the character of *Eurylochus:* A man truly brave would not expreſs ſuch confuſion and terror, in any extremity; he is not to be inſpirited either by *Ulyſſes*, or the example of his other companions, as appears from the ſequel, inſomuch that *Ulyſſes* threatens to kill him for a coward; this prevails over his firſt fears, and he ſubmits to meet a future danger, merely to avoid one that is preſent. What makes this obſervation more juſt is, that we never ſee a brave man drawn by *Homer* or *Virgil* in ſuch faint colours; but they always diſcover a preſence of mind upon all emergencies.

A form

A form divine forth iſſu'd from the wood,
(Immortal *Hermes* with the golden rod)
In human ſemblance. On his bloomy face
Youth ſmil'd celeſtial, with each opening grace.
He ſeiz'd my hand, and gracious thus began.
Ah whither roam'ſt thou? much enduring man!
O blind to fate! what led thy ſteps to rove
The horrid mazes of this magic grove?
Each friend you ſeek in yon encloſure lies,
All loſt their form, and habitants of ſtyes.
Think'ſt thou by wit to model their eſcape?
Sooner ſhalt thou, a ſtranger to thy ſhape,
Fall prone their equal: Firſt thy danger know,
Then take the antidote the Gods beſtow.
The plant I give thro' all the direful bow'r
Shall guard thee, and avert the evil hour.
Now hear her wicked arts. Before thy eyes
The bowl ſhall ſparkle, and the banquet riſe;
Take this, nor from the faithleſs feaſt abſtain,
For temper'd drugs and poyſons ſhall be vain.
Soon as ſhe ſtrikes her wand, and gives the word,
Draw forth and brandiſh thy refulgent ſword,
And menace death: thoſe menaces ſhall move
Her alter'd mind to blandiſhment and love.
Nor ſhun the bleſſing proffer'd to thy arms,
Aſcend her bed, and taſte celeſtial charms:

So

So ſhall thy tedious toils a reſpite find,
And thy loſt friends return to humankind.
But ſwear her firſt by thoſe dread oaths that tie
The pow'rs below, the bleſſed in the ſky;
Leſt to the naked ſecret fraud be meant,
Or magic bind thee, cold and impotent.

Thus while he ſpoke, the ſov'reign plant he drew,
Where on th' all bearing earth unmark'd it grew,

And

V. 361. —— *The ſovereign plant he drew,*
*Where on th' all-bearing earth unmark'd it grew,* &c.]

This whole paſſage is to be underſtood allegorically, *Mercury* is Reaſon, he being the God of Science: The plant which he gives as a preſervative againſt incantation is inſtruction; the root of it is black, the flower white and ſweet; the root denotes that the foundation or principles of inſtruction appear obſcure and bitter, and are diſtaſteful at firſt, according to that ſaying of *Plato*, *The beginnings of inſtruction are always accompanied with reluctance and pain.* The flower of *Moly* is white and ſweet; this denotes that the fruits of inſtruction are ſweet, agreeable, and nouriſhing. *Mercury* gives this plant; this intimates, that all inſtruction is the gift of Heaven: *Mercury* brings it not with him, but gathers it from the place where he ſtands, to ſhew that Wiſdom is not confined to places, but that every where it may be found, if Heaven vouchſafes to diſcover it, and we are diſpoſed to receive and follow it. Thus *Iſocrates* underſtands the Allegory of *Moly*; he adds, Πικρὰν εἶναι ῥίζαν αὐτῆς τὸ δὲ Μώλυος ἄνθος, λευκὸν κατὰ γάλα διὰ τὴν τῆς τελῆς παιδείας λαμπρότητα, ἡδὴ καὶ τὸ ἡδὺ καὶ τρόφιμον. The root of *Moly* is bitter, but the flower of it white as milk, to denote the excellency of inſtruction, as well as the pleaſure and utility of it in the end. He further illuſtrates the Allegory, by adding Καρπὸς τῆς παιδείας εἰ καὶ μὴ γάλακτι ἐικέλος ἀλλὰ γλυκείῃς, &c. That is, "the fruits of inſtruction "are not only white as milk, but ſweet, though they ſpring from a "bitter root. *Euſtathius.*

*Maximus Tyrius* alſo gives this ſtory an allegorical ſenſe, *Diſſert.* 16. Αὐτὸν μὲν τὸν Ὀδυσσέα ἐχ' ὁρᾷς, ὡς πανοίαις συμφοραῖς ἀντιτεχνώμενος

And ſhew'd its nature and its wond'rous pow'r:
Black was the root, but milky white the flow'r;
*Moly* the name, to mortals hard to find,
But all is eaſy to th' etherial kind.
This *Hermes* gave, then gliding off the glade
Shot to *Olympus* from the woodland ſhade.

Ἰεχνώμενος ἀρετῇ σώζει, τῦτο ἀυτῷ τὸ ἐκ Κίρκης Μῶλυ, τῦτο τὸ ἐν θαλάττῃ κρήδεμνον; that is, "Doſt thou not obſerve *Ulyſſes*, "how by oppoſing virtue to adverſity he preſerves his life? This is "the *Moly* that protects him from *Circe*, this is the Scarf that deli-"vers him from the ſtorm, from *Polypheme*, from Hell, &c. See alſo *Diſſert.* 19.

It is pretended that *Moly* is an *Ægyptian* plant, and that it was really made uſe of as a preſervative againſt Enchantments: but I believe the *Moly* of *Mercury*, and the *Nepenthe* of *Helen*, are of the ſame production, and grow only in Poetical ground.

*Ovid* has tranſlated this paſſage in his *Metamorphoſis*, *lib.* 14.

*Pacifer huic dederat florem Cyllenius album;*
*Moly vocant Superi, nigrâ radice tenetur, &c.*

There is a remarkable ſweetneſs in the verſe which deſcribes the appearance of *Mercury* in the ſhape of a young man;

——— Νεηνίῃ ἀνδρὶ ἐοικὼς
Πρῶτον ὑπηνήτῃ τῦ πὲς χαριεσάτη ἥβη.

——— *On his bloomy face*
*Youth ſmil'd celeſtial* ———

*Virgil* was ſenſible of the beauty of it, and imitated it;

*Ora puer primâ ſignans intonſa juventâ.*

But in the opinion of *Macrobius*, he falls ſhort of *Homer*, *lib.* 5. *Saturn.* 13. *Prætermiſſâ gratiâ incipientis pubertatis* τῦ πὲς χαριεσάτη, *minus gratam fecit latinam deſcriptionem.*

While

While full of thought, revolving Fates to come,
I ſpeed my paſſage to the enchanted dome:
Arriv'd, before the lofty gates I ſtay'd;
The lofty gates the Goddeſs wide diſplay'd;
She leads before, and to the feaſt invites;
I follow ſadly to the magic rites.
Radiant with ſtarry ſtuds, a ſilver ſeat
Receiv'd my limbs; a footſtool eas'd my feet.
She mix'd the potion, fraudulent of ſoul;
The poiſon mantled in the golden bowl.
I took, and quaff'd it, confident in heav'n:
Then wav'd the wand, and then the word was giv'n.
Hence to thy fellows! (dreadful ſhe began)
Go, be a beaſt!——————I heard, and yet was man.
Then ſudden whirling like a waving flame
My beamy faulchion, I aſſault the dame.

V. 379. *I took, and quaff'd it, confident in heav'n* ] It may be aſked if *Ulyſſes* is not as culpable as his companions, in drinking this potion? Where lies the difference? and how is the Allegory carried on, when *Ulyſſes* yields to the ſolicitation of *Circe*, that is Pleaſure, and indulges, not reſiſts his appetites? The moral of the fable is, that all pleaſure is not unlawful, but the Exceſs of it: We may enjoy, provided it be with moderation. *Ulyſſes* does not taſte till he is fortified againſt it; whereas his companions yielded without any care or circumſpection; they indulged their appetites only, *Ulyſſes* takes merely out of a deſire to deliver his aſſociates: he makes himſelf maſter of *Circe*, or pleaſure, and is not in the power of it, and enjoys it upon his own terms; they are ſlaves to it, and out of a capacity ever to regain their freedom but by the aſſiſtance of *Ulyſſes*. The general moral of the whole fable of *Circe* is, that pleaſure is as dreadful an enemy as Danger, and a *Circe* as hard to be conquered as a *Polypheme*.

Struck

Struck with unuſual fear, ſhe trembling cries,
She faints, ſhe falls; ſhe lifts her weeping eyes.
What art thou? ſay! from whence, from whom you came?
O more than human! tell thy race, thy name.
Amazing ſtrength, theſe poiſons to ſuſtain!
Not mortal thou, nor mortal is thy brain.
Or art thou he? the man to come (foretold
By *Hermes* pow'rful with the wand of gold)
The man from *Troy*, who wander'd Ocean round;
The man for Wiſdom's various arts renown'd,
*Ulyſſes?* oh! thy threat'ning fury ceaſe,
Sheath thy bright ſword, and join our hands in peace;
Let mutual joys our mutual truſt combine,
And Love, and love-born confidence be thine.
And how, dread *Circe!* (furious I rejoin)
Can Love, and love-born confidence be mine!
Beneath thy charms when my companions groan,
Transform'd to beaſts, with accents not their own.
O thou of fraudful heart! ſhall I be led
To ſhare thy feaſt-rites, or aſcend thy bed;

That,

V. 403. ——————— *Shall I be led*
*To ſhare thy feaſt-rites.*]

*Euſtathius* obſerves, that we have here the picture of a man truly wiſe, who when Pleaſure courts him to indulge his appetites, not only knows how to abſtain, but ſuſpects it to be a bait to draw him into ſome inconveniences: A man ſhould never think himſelf in ſecurity in the houſe of a *Circe*. It may be added, that theſe apprehenſions

That, all unarm'd, thy vengeance may have vent,
And magic bind me, cold and impotent?
Celeſtial as thou art, yet ſtand deny'd;
Or ſwear that oath by which the Gods are ty'd,
Swear, in thy ſoul no latent frauds remain,
Swear, by the Vow which never can be vain.

The Goddeſs ſwore: then ſeiz'd my hand, and led
To the ſweet tranſports of the genial bed.
Miniſtrant to their Queen, with buſy care
Four faithful handmaids the ſoft rites prepare;
Nymphs ſprung from fountains, or from ſhady woods,
Or the fair offspring of the ſacred floods.
One o'er the couches painted carpets threw,
Whoſe purple luſtre glow'd againſt the view:

henſions of *Ulyſſes* are not without a foundation; from this intercourſe with that Goddeſs, *Telegonus* ſprung, who accidentally ſlew his father *Ulyſſes*.

V. 414. *Four faithful handmaids*, &c.] This large deſcription of the entertainment in the Palace of *Circe*, is particularly judicious; *Ulyſſes* is in an houſe of pleaſure, and the Poet dwells upon it, and ſhews how every circumſtance contributes to promote and advance it. The attendants are all Nymphs, and the bath and perfumes uſher in the feaſt and wines. The four verſes that follow, are omitted by *Dacier*, and they are marked in *Euſtathius* as ſuperfluous; they are to be found in other parts of the *Odyſſey*; but that, I confeſs would be no argument why they ſhould not ſtand here, (ſuch repetitions being frequent in *Homer*) if they had a due propriety, but they contain a tautology; we ſee before a table ſpread for the entertainment of *Ulyſſes*, why then ſhould that circumſtance be repeated? If they are omitted, there will no chaſm or incoherence appear, and therefore probably they were not originally inſerted here by *Homer*.

White

White linen lay beneath. Another plac'd
The ſilver ſtands with golden flaſkets grac'd:
With dulcet bev'rage this the beaker crown'd,
Fair in the midſt, with gilded cups around:
That in the tripod o'er the kindled pyle
The water pours; the bubling waters boil:
An ample vaſe receives the ſmoaking wave,
And in the bath prepar'd my limbs I lave;
Reviving ſweets repair the mind's decay,
And take the painful ſenſe of toil away.
A veſt and tunick o'er me next ſhe threw,
Freſh from the bath and dropping balmy dew;
Then led and plac'd me on the ſov'reign ſeat,
With carpets ſpread; a footſtool at my feet.
The golden ew'r a nymph obſequious brings,
Repleniſh'd from the cool tranſlucent ſprings;
With copious water the bright vaſe ſupplies
A ſilver laver of capacious ſize.
I waſh'd. The table in fair order ſpread,
They heap the glittering caniſters with bread;
Viands of various kinds alure the taſte,
Of choiceſt ſort and ſavour, rich repaſt!
*Circe* in vain invites the feaſt to ſhare;
Abſent I ponder, and abſorpt in care:

While

While ſcenes of woe roſe anxious in my breaſt
The Queen beheld me, and theſe words addreſt.
Why ſits *Ulyſſes* ſilent and apart?
Some hoard of grief cloſe harbour'd at his heart,
Untouch'd before thee ſtand the cates divine,
And unregarded laughs the roſy wine.
Can yet a doubt, or any dread remain,
When ſworn that oath which never can be vain?
I anſwer'd, Goddeſs! Humane is thy breaſt,
By juſtice ſway'd, by tender pity preſt:
Ill fits it me, whoſe friends are ſunk to beaſts,
To quaff thy bowls, or riot in thy feaſts.
Me woud'ſt thou pleaſe? for them thy cares imploy,
And them to me reſtore, and me to joy.
With that, ſhe parted: In her potent hand
She bore the virtue of the magic wand.
Then haſt'ning to the ſtyes ſet wide the door,
Urg'd forth, and drove the briſtly herd before;
Unwieldy, out They ruſh'd, with gen'ral cry,
Enormous beaſts diſhoneſt to the eye.
Now touch'd by counter-charms, they change agen,
And ſtand majeſtic, and recall'd to men.
Thoſe hairs of late that briſtled ev'ry part,
Fall off, miraculous effect of art:

'Till

'Till all the form in full proportion riſe,
More young, more large, more graceful to my eyes.
They ſaw, they knew me, and with eager pace
Clung to their maſter in a long embrace:
Sad, pleaſing fight! with tears each eye ran o'er,
And ſobs of joy re-echo'd thro' the bow'r:
Ev'n *Circe* wept, her adamantine heart
Felt pity enter, and ſuſtain'd her part.
Son of *Laertes!* (then the Queen began)
Oh much-enduring, much-experienc'd man!
Haſte to thy veſſel on the ſea-beat ſhore,
Unload thy treaſures, and the gally moor;
Then bring thy friends, ſecure from future harms,
And in our grotto's ſtow thy ſpoils and arms.
She ſaid. Obedient to her high command
I quit the place, and haſten to the ſtrand.
My ſad companions on the beach I found,
Their wiſtful eyes in floods of ſorrow drown'd.
As from freſh paſtures and the dewy field
(When loaded cribs their evening banquet yield)

The

V. 468. *More young,* ——— *more graceful to my eyes.*] *Homer* excellently carries on his allegory: he intends by this expreſſion of the enlargement of the beauty of *Ulyſſes*'s companions, to teach that men who turn from an evil courſe, into the paths of Virtue, excel even themſelves; having learned the value of Virtue from the miſeries they ſuffered in purſuit of vice, they become new men, and as it were enjoy a ſecond life. *Euſtathius.*

V. 485. *As from freſh paſtures and the dewy field, &c.*] If this ſimile were to be rendered literally, it would run thus; " as calves

" ſeeing

The lowing herds return; around them throng
With leaps and bounds their late-impriſoned young,
Ruſh to their mothers with unruly joy,
And echoing hills return the tender cry:
So round me preſs'd exulting at my ſight,
With cries and agonies of wild delight,
The weeping ſailors; nor leſs fierce their joy
Than if return'd to *Ithaca* from *Troy*.
Ah maſter! ever honour'd, ever dear,
(Theſe tender words on ev'ry ſide I hear)

" ſeeing the droves of cows returning at night when they are filled " with their paſturage, run ſkipping out to meet them; the ſtalls no " longer detain them, but running round their dams they fill the " plain with their lowings, *&c.*" If a ſimilitude of this nature were to be introduced into modern Poetry, I am of opinion it would fall under ridicule for a want of delicacy: but in reality, images drawn from Nature, and a rural life, have always a very good effect; in particular, this before us enlivens a melancholy deſcription of ſorrows, and ſo exactly expreſſes in every point the joy of *Ulyſſes*'s companions, we ſee them in the very deſcription. To judge rightly of compariſon, we are not to examine if the ſubject from whence they are derived be great or little, noble or familiar, but we are principally to conſider if the image produced be clear and lively, if the Poet have ſkill to dignify it by Poetical words, and if it perfectly paints the thing it is intended to repreſent. This rule fully vindicates *Homer*, though he frequently paints low life, yet he never uſes terms which are not noble; or if he uſes humble words or phraſes, it is with ſo much art, that, as *Dionyſius* obſerves, they become noble and harmonious: In ſhort, a Top may be uſed with propriety and elegance in a ſimilitude by a *Virgil*, and the Sun may be diſhonoured by a *Mævius*; a mean thought expreſſed in noble terms being more tolerable, than a noble thought diſgraced by mean expreſſions. Things that have an intrinſic greatneſs need only to be barely repreſented to fill the ſoul with admiration, but it ſhews the ſkill of a Poet to raiſe a low ſubject, and exalt common appearances into dignity.

What

What other joy can equal thy return?
Not that lov'd country for whoſe ſight we mourn,
The ſoil that nurs'd us, and that gave us breath:
But ah! relate our loſt companions death.
I anſwered chearful. Haſte, your gally moor,
And bring our treaſures and our arms a-ſhore:
Thoſe in yon hollow caverns let us lay;
Then riſe and follow where I lead the way.
Your fellows live: believe your eyes, and come
To take the joys of *Circe*'s ſacred dome.
With ready ſpeed the joyful crew obey:
Alone *Eurylochus* perſuades their ſtay.
Whither (he cry'd) ah whither will ye run?
Seek ye to meet thoſe evils ye ſhou'd ſhun?
Will you the terrors of the dome explore,
In ſwine to grovel, or in lions roar,
Or wolf like howl away the midnight hour
In dreadful watch around the magic bow'r?
Remember *Cyclops*, and his bloody deed;
The leader's raſhneſs made the ſoldiers bleed.

V. 515. *Remember* Cyclops, *&c.*] The Poet paints *Eurylochus* uniformly, under great diſorder of mind and terrible apprehenſions: There is no ſimilitude between *Circe* and *Cyclops*, with reſpect to the uſage of the companions of *Ulyſſes*; but *Homer* puts theſe expreſſions into his mouth, to repreſent the nature of terror, which confounds the thoughts, and conſequently diſtracts the language of a perſon who is poſſeſſed by it. The character therefore of *Eurylochus* is the imitation of a perſon confounded with fears, ſpeaking irrationally and incoherently. *Euſtathius.*

I heard

I heard incens'd, and firſt reſolv'd to ſpeed
My flying faulchion at the rebel's head.
Dear as he was, by ties of kindred bound,
This hand had ſtretch'd him breathleſs on the ground;
But all at once my interpoſing train
For mercy pleaded, nor could plead in vain.
Leave here the man who dares his Prince deſert,
Leave to repentance and his own ſad heart,
To guard the ſhip. Seek we the ſacred ſhades
Of *Circe*'s Palace, where *Ulyſſes* leads.
This with one voice declar'd, the riſing train
Left the black veſſel by the murm'ring main.
Shame touch'd *Eurylochus* his alter'd breaſt,
He fear'd my threats, and follow'd with the reſt.
Mean-while the Goddeſs, with indulgent cares
And ſocial joys, the late transform'd repairs;
The bath, the feaſt, their fainting ſoul renews;
Rich in refulgent robes, and dropping balmy dews:
Brightning with joy their eager eyes behold
Each other's face, and each his ſtory told;
Then guſhing tears the narrative confound,
And with their ſobs the vaulted roofs reſound.
When huſh'd their paſſion, thus the Goddeſs cries;
*Ulyſſes*, taught by labours to be wiſe,
Let this ſhort memory of grief ſuffice.

To me are known the various woes ye bore,
In ſtorms by ſea, in perils on the ſhore;
Forget whatever was in Fortune's pow'r,
And ſhare the pleaſures of this genial hour.
Such be your minds as ere ye left your coaſt,
Or learn'd to ſorrow for a country loſt.
Exiles and wand'rers now, where-e'er ye go,
Too faithful memory renews your woe;
The cauſe remov'd, habitual griefs remain,
And the ſoul ſaddens by the uſe of pain.

Her kind intreaty mov'd the gen'ral breaſt;
Tir'd with long toil, we willing ſunk to reſt.
We ply'd the banquet and the bowl we crown'd,
'Till the full circle of the year came round.
But when the ſeaſons, following in their train,
Brought back the months, the days, and hours again;
As from a lethargy at once they riſe,
And urge their chief with animating cries.

Is this, *Ulyſſes*, our inglorious lot?
And is the name of *Ithaca* forgot?
Shall never the dear land in proſpect riſe,
Or the lov'd palace glitter in our eyes?

Melting I heard; yet till the ſun's decline
Prolong'd the feaſt, and quaff'd the roſy wine:
But when the ſhades came on at evening hour,
And all lay ſlumb'ring in the duſky bow'r;

I came

I came a ſuppliant to fair *Circe*'s bed,
The tender moment ſeiz'd, and thus I ſaid.
Be mindful, Goddeſs, of thy promiſe made;
Muſt ſad *Ulyſſes* ever be delay'd?
Around their lord my ſad companions mourn,
Each breaſt beats homeward, anxious to return:
If but a moment parted from thy eyes,
Their tears flow round me, and my heart complies.
Go then, (ſhe cry'd) ah go! yet think, not I,
Not *Circe*, but the Fates your wiſh deny.
Ah hope not yet to breathe thy native air!
Far other journey firſt demands thy care;
To tread th' uncomfortable paths beneath,
And view the realms of darkneſs and of death.

There

V. 579. *Far other journey*——
*To tread th' uncomfortable paths beneath.*]

There ſhould in all the Epiſodes of Epic Poetry appear a Convenience, if not a neceſſity of every incident; it may therefore be aſked what neceſſity there is for this deſcent of *Ulyſſes* into hell, to conſult the ſhade of *Tireſias*? Could not *Circe*, who was a Goddeſs, diſcover to him all the future contingencies of his life? *Euſtathius* excellently anſwers this objection; *Circe* declares to *Ulyſſes* the neceſſity of conſulting *Tireſias*, that he may learn from the mouth of that Prophet, that his death was to be from the Ocean; ſhe acts thus in order to diſpoſe him to ſtay with her, after his return from the regions of the dead: or if ſhe cannot perſuade him to ſtay with her, that ſhe may at leaſt ſecure him from returning to her rival *Calypſo*; ſhe had promiſed him Immortality, but by this deſcent, he will learn that it is decreed that he ſhould receive his death from the Ocean; for he died by the bone of a ſea fiſh called *Xiphias*. Her love for *Ulyſſes* induces her not to make the diſcovery herſelf, for it was evident ſhe would not find credit, but *Ulyſſes* would impute it to her love, and the de-

There ſeek the *Theban* Bard, depriv'd of ſight,
Within, irradiate with prophetic light;
To whom *Perſephone*, entire and whole,
Gave to retain th' unſeparated ſoul: 585

The

fire ſhe had to deter him from leaving her Iſland. This will appear more probable, if we obſerve the conduct of *Circe* in the future parts of the *Odyſſey*: ſhe relates to him the dangers of *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, of the Oxen of *Phœbus*, and the *Sirens*; but ſays nothing concerning his death; This likewiſe gives an air of probability to the relation. The Iſle of *Circe* was adjoining to *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, *&c.* and conſequently ſhe may be ſuppoſed to be acquainted with thoſe places, and give an account of them to *Ulyſſes* with exactneſs, but ſhe leaves the decrees of Heaven and the fate of *Ulyſſes* to the narration of the Prophet, it beſt ſuiting his Character to ſee into futurity. By the deſcent of *Ulyſſes* into Hell may be ſignified, that a wiſe man ought to be ignorant of nothing; that he ought to aſcend in thought into Heaven, and underſtand the heavenly appearances, and be acquainted with what is contained in the bowels of the earth, and bring to light the ſecrets of nature: that he ought to know the nature of the Soul, what it ſuffers, and how it acts after it is ſeparated from the body. *Euſtathius.*

V. 584. *To whom* Perſephone, *&c.*] *Homer* here gives the reaſon why *Tireſias* ſhould be conſulted, rather than any other ghoſt, becauſe

Τῷ τε φρενὲς ἔμπεδοί εἰσι.

This expreſſion is fully explained, and the notion of the ſoul after death, which prevailed among the Ancients, is ſet in a clear light, Verſe 92, and 122, of the 23d book of the *Iliads*, to which paſſages I refer the Readers. But whence had *Tireſias* this privilege above the reſt of the dead? *Callimachus* aſcribes it to *Minerva.*

Καὶ μόνῳ εὖτε θάνῃ, πεφνυμένος ἐν νεκύεσσι
Φοιτάσει, μεγάλῳ τίμιος ἀγεσίλᾳ.

*Tully* mentions this preheminence of *Tireſias* in his firſt book of *Divination.* Perhaps the whole fiction may ariſe from his great reputation among the Antients for Prophecy; and in honour to his memory they might imagine that his ſoul after death retained the ſame ſuperiority. *Ovid* in his *Metamorphoſes* gives us a very jocular

reaſon

The reſt are forms of empty *Æther* made,
Impaſſive ſemblance, and a flitting ſhade.
Struck at the word, my very heart was dead:
Penſive I ſate; my tears bedew'd the bed;
To hate the light and life my ſoul begun,
And ſaw that all was grief beneath the ſun.
Compos'd at length, the guſhing tears ſuppreſt,
And my toſt limbs now weary'd into reſt,

reaſon for the blindneſs and prophetic knowledge of *Tireſias*, from a matrimonial conteſt between *Jupiter* and *Juno*. *Cato Major*, as *Plutarch* in his *Political Precepts* informs us, apply'd this verſe to *Scipio*, when he was made Conſul contrary to the *Roman* Statutes.

Οἰὸς πέφνυται, τοὶ δὲ σκιαὶ ἀΐσσουσιν.

But I ought not to ſuppreſs what *Diodorus Siculus* relates concerning *Tireſias*. *Biblioth. lib.* 4. he tells us, that he had a daughter named *Daphne*, a Prieſteſs at *Delphi*. Παρ' ἧς φασὶ καὶ τὸν ποιητὴν Ὅμηρον πολλὰ τῶν ἐπῶν σφετερισάμενον, κοσμῆσαι τὴν ἰδίαν ποίησιν. That is, "From whom it is ſaid, that the Poet *Homer* "received many (of the *Sibyls*) verſes, and adorned his own Poetry "with them." If this be true, there lay a debt of gratitude upon *Homer*, and he pays it honourably, by this diſtinguiſhing character, which he gives to the father. An inſtance of a worthy diſpoſition in the Poet, and it remains at once an honour to *Tireſias*, and a monument of his own gratitude.

This deſcent of *Ulyſſes* into Hell has a very happy effect, it gives *Homer* an opportunity to embelliſh his Poetry with an admirable variety, and to inſert Fables and Hiſtories that at once inſtruct and delight. It is particularly happy with reſpect to the *Phæacians*, who could not but highly admire a perſon whoſe wiſdom had not only delivered him from ſo many perils on earth, but had been permitted by the Gods to ſee the regions of the dead, and return among the living; this relation could not fail of pleaſing an audience, delighted with ſtrange ſtories, and extraordinary adventures.

How ſhall I tread (I cry'd) ah *Circe!* ſay,
The dark deſcent, and who ſhall guide the way?
Can living eyes behold the realms below?
What bark to waft me, and what wind to blow?
Thy fated road (the magic pow'r reply'd)
Divine *Ulyſſes!* aſks no mortal guide.
Rear but the maſt, the ſpacious ſail diſplay,
The northern winds ſhall wing thee on thy way.
Soon ſhalt thou reach old Ocean's utmoſt ends,
Where to the main the ſhelving ſhore deſcends;

The

**V. 602.** *Soon ſhalt thou reach old Ocean's utmoſt ends,* &c.] This whole ſcene is excellently imagined by the Poet, as *Euſtathius* obſerves; the trees are all barren, the place is upon the ſhores where nothing grows; and all the rivers are of a melancholy ſignification, ſuitable to the ideas we have of thoſe infernal regions. *Ulyſſes* arrives at this place, where he calls up the ſhades of the dead, in the ſpace of one day; from whence we may conjecture, that he means a place that lies between *Cumæ* and *Baiæ*, near the lake *Avernus*, in *Italy*; which, as *Strabo* remarks, is the ſcene of the Necromancy of *Homer*, according to the opinion of Antiquity. He further adds, that there really are ſuch rivers as *Homer* mentions, though not placed in their true ſituation, according to the liberty allowable to Poetry. Others write, that the *Cimmerii* once inhabited *Italy*, and that the famous cave of *Pauſilipe* was begun by them about the Time of the *Trojan* wars: Here they offered ſacrifice to the *Manes*, which might give occaſion to *Homer*'s fiction. The *Grecians*, who inhabited theſe places after the *Cimmerians*, converted theſe dark habitations into ſtoves, bathes, *&c.*

*Silius Italicus* writes, that the *Lucrine* lake was anciently called *Cocytus*, *lib.* 12.

*Aſt hic Lucrino manſiſſe vocabula quondam*
*Cocyti memorat.*———

It is alſo probable, that *Acheron* was the antient name of *Avernus*, becauſe *Acheruſia*, a large water near *Cumæ*, flows into it by conceal'd paſſages. *Silius Italicus* informs us, that *Avernus* was alſo called *Styx*.

*Ille*

The barren trees of *Proſerpine*'s black woods,
Poplars and willows trembling o'er the floods:

There

*Ille olim populis dictum Styga, nomine verſo,*
*Stagna inter celebrem nunc mitia monſtrat Avernum.*

Here *Hannibal* offered ſacrifice to the *Manes*, as it is recorded by *Livy*; and *Tully* affirms it from an antient Poet, from whom he quotes the following fragment;

*Inde in viciniâ noſtrâ Averni lacus*
*Unde animæ excitantur obſcurâ umbra,*
*Alti Acherontis aperto oſtio.*

This may ſeem to juſtify the obſervation that *Acheron* was once the name of *Avernus*, though the words are capable of a different interpretation.

If theſe remarks be true, it is probable that *Homer* does not neglect Geography, as moſt Commentators judge. *Virgil* deſcribes *Æneas* deſcending into Hell by *Avernus*, after the example of *Homer*. *Milton* places theſe rivers in Hell and beautifully deſcribes their natures, in his *Paradiſe Loſt*.

——— *Along the banks*
*Of four infernal rivers, that diſgorge*
*Into the burning lake their baleful ſtreams,*
*Abhorred* Styx, *the flood of deadly hate;*
*Sad* Acheron, *of ſorrow, black and deep:*
Cocytus, *nam'd of lamentation loud*
*Heard on the ruful Stream: fierce* Phlegeton,
*Whoſe waves of torrent fire inflame with rage;*
*Far off from theſe a ſlow and ſilent ſtream,*
Lethe, *the river of oblivion, rouls*
*Her watry Labyrinth, whereof who drinks*
*Forthwith his former ſtate and being forgets,*
*Fergets both joy and grief, pleaſure and pain.*

Thus alſo agreeably to the idea of Hell the offerings to the infernal powers are all black, the *Cimmerians* lie in a land of darkneſs; the Heifer which *Ulyſſes* is to offer is barren, like that in *Virgil*.

There fix thy veſſel in the lonely bay,
And enter there the kingdoms void of day:
Where *Phlegeton*'s loud torrents ruſhing down,
Hiſs in the flaming gulph of *Acheron*;
And where, ſlow rolling from the *Stygian* bed,
*Cocytus*' lamentable waters ſpread:
Where the dark rock o'erhangs th' infernal lake,
And mingling ſtreams eternal murmurs make.
Firſt draw thy faulchion, and on ev'ry ſide
Trench the black earth a cubit long and wide:
To all the ſhades around libations pour,
And o'er th' ingredients ſtrow the hallow'd flour:
New wine and milk, with honey temper'd, bring,
And living water from the cryſtal ſpring.
Then the wan ſhades and feeble ghoſts implore,
With promis'd off'rings on thy native ſhore;
A barren cow, the ſtatelieſt of the Iſle,
And, heap'd with various wealth, a blazing pyle:
Theſe to the reſt; but to the *Seer* muſt bleed
A ſable ram, the pride of all thy breed.
Theſe ſolemn vows and holy offerings paid
To all the Phantom-nations of the dead;
Be next thy care the ſable ſheep to place
Full o'er the pit, and hell-ward turn their face:

——*Sterilemque tibi, Proſerpina, Vaccam*;

to denote that the grave is unfruitful, that it devours all things, that it is a place where all things are forgotten.

But

But from the infernal rite thine eye withdraw,
And back to Ocean glance with rev'rend awe.
Sudden ſhall ſkim along the duſky glades
Thin airy ſhoals, and viſionary ſhades.
Then give command the ſacrifice to haſte;
Let the flea'd Victims in the flame be caſt,
And ſacred vows, and myſtic ſong, apply'd
To grifly *Pluto*, and his gloomy bride.
Wide o'er the pool thy faulchion wav'd around
Shall drive the ſpectres from forbidden ground:
The ſacred draught ſhall all the dead forbear,
'Till awful from the ſhades ariſe the *Seer*,
Let him, Oraculous, the end, the way,
The turns of all thy future fate, diſplay,
Thy pilgrimage to come, and remnant of thy day.
So ſpeaking, from the ruddy orient ſhone
The morn conſpicuous on her golden throne.
The Goddeſs with a radiant tunick dreſt
My limbs, and o'er me caſt a ſilken veſt:
Long flowing robes of pureſt white array
The nympth, that added luſtre to the day:
A Tiar wreath'd her head with many a fold;
Her waſte was circled with a zone of gold.
Forth iſſuing then, from place to place I flew;
Rouze man by man, and animate my crew.
Riſe, riſe my mates! 'tis *Circe* gives command:
Our journey calls us; haſte, and quit the land.

All riſe and follow, yet depart not all,
For fate decreed one wretched man to fall.
A youth there was, *Elpenor* was he nam'd,
Nor much for ſenſe, nor much for courage fam'd;
The youngeſt of our band, a vulgar ſoul
Born but to banquet, and to drain the bowl.
He, hot and careleſs, on a turret's height
With ſleep repair'd the long debauch of night:
The ſudden tumult ſtirr'd him where he lay,
And down he haſtened, but forgot the way;

V. 659. *A youth there was*, Elpenor *was he nam'd.*] *Homer* diſmiſſes not the deſcription of this houſe of Pleaſure and Debauch, without ſhewing the Moral of his Fable, which is the ill conſequences that attend thoſe who indulge themſelves in ſenſuality; this is ſet forth in the puniſhment of *Elpenor*. He deſcribes him as a perſon of no worth, to ſhew that debauchery enervates our faculties, and renders both the mind and body incapable of thinking, or acting with greatneſs and bravery. At the ſame time theſe circumſtantial relations are not without a good effect; for they render the ſtory probable, as if it were ſpoken with the veracity an Hiſtory, not the liberty of Poetry.

I will conclude this book with a Paragraph from *Plutarch's Morals*: It is a piece of advice to the Fair Sex, drawn from the ſtory of *Circe* and *Ulyſſes*. "They who bait their hooks (ſays this Philoſopher) "with intoxicated drugs may catch fiſh with little trouble; but then "they prove dangerous to eat, and unpleaſant to the taſte: Thus "women who uſe arts to enſnare their admirers, become wives of "fools and madmen: They whom the ſorcereſs *Circe* enchanted, "were no better than brutes? and ſhe uſed them accordingly, en-"cloſing them with ſtyes; but ſhe loved *Ulyſſes* intirely, whoſe pru-"dence avoided her intoxications, and made his converſation agree-"able. Thoſe women who will not believe that *Paſiphae* was ever "enamoured of a bull, are yet themſelves ſo extravagant, as to "abandon the ſociety of men of ſenſe and temperance, and to betake "themſelves to the embraces of brutal and ſtupid fellows." *Plut. Conjugal Precepts.*

Full endlong from the roof the ſleeper fell,
And ſnapp'd the ſpinal joint, and wak'd in hell.
The reſt crowd round me with an eager look;
I met them with a ſigh, and thus beſpoke.
Already, friends! ye think your toils are o'er,
Your hopes already touch your native ſhore:
Alas! far otherwiſe the Nymph declares,
Far other journey firſt demands our cares;
To tread th' uncomfortable paths beneath,
The dreary realms of darkneſs and of death:
To ſeek *Tireſias'* awful ſhade below,
And thence our fortunes and our fates to know.
My ſad companions heard in deep deſpair;
Frantic they tore their manly growth of hair;
To earth they fell; the tears began to rain;
But tears in mortal miſeries are vain.
Sadly they far'd along the ſea-beat ſhore;
Still heav'd their hearts, and ſtill their eyes ran o'er.
The ready victims at our bark we found,
The ſable ewe, and ram, together bound.
For ſwift as thought, the Goddeſs had been there,
And thence had glided, viewleſs as the air:
The paths of Gods what mortal can ſurvey?
Who eyes their motion, who ſhall trace their way?

THE

THE

# THE

# ELEVENTH BOOK

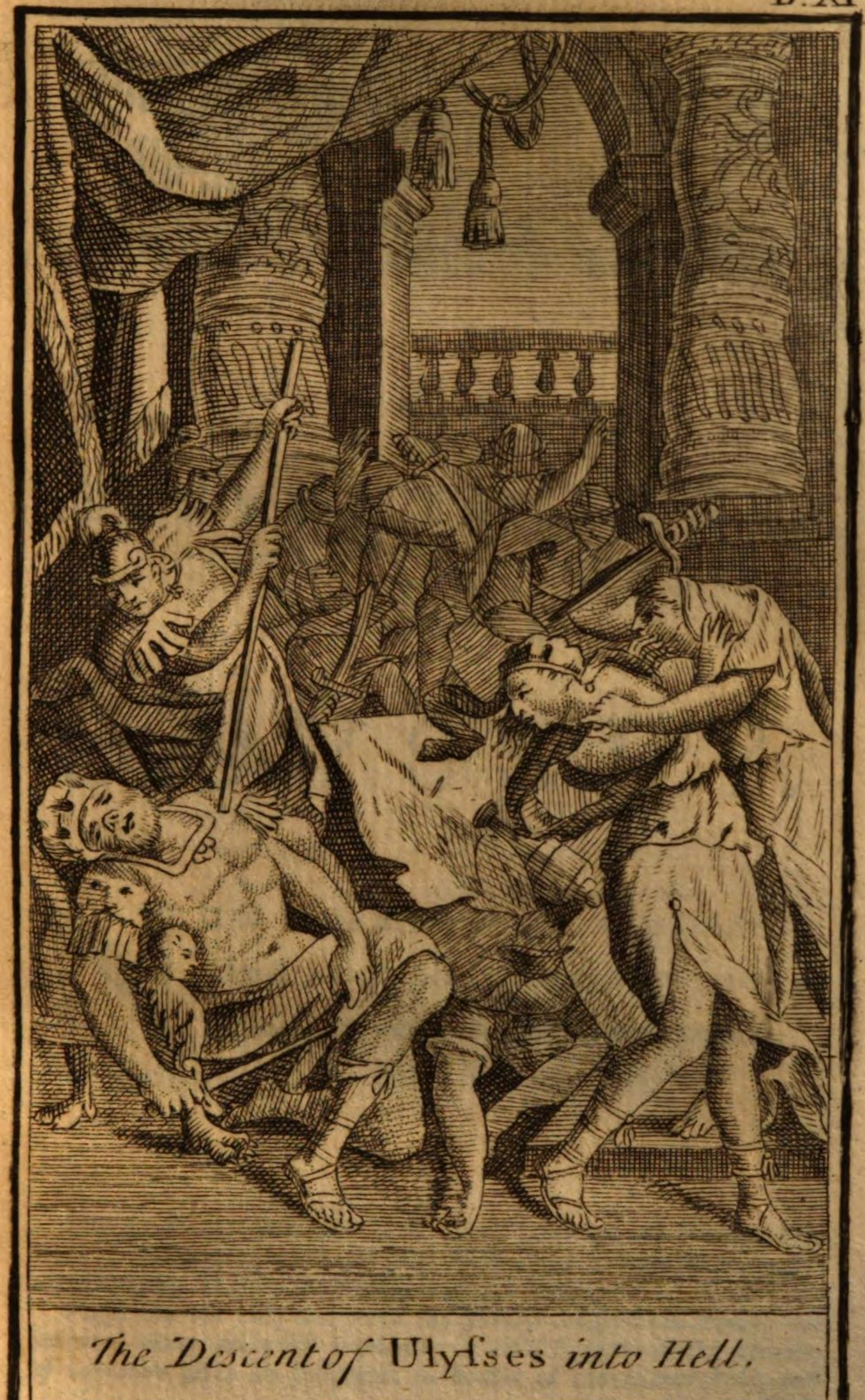
## OF THE

# ODYSSEY.

# The ARGUMENT.

## *The deſcent into Hell.*

Ulyſſes *continues his Narration, How he arrived at the land of the* Cimmerians, *and what Ceremonies he performed to invoke the dead. The manner of his deſcent, and the Apparition of the ſhades: his converſation with* Elpenor, *and with* Tireſias, *who informs him in a prophetic manner of his fortunes to come. He meets his mother* Anticlea, *from whom he learns the ſtate of his family. He ſees the ſhades of the antient* Heroines, *afterwards of the* Heroes, *and converſes in particular with* Agamemnon *and* Achilles. Ajax *keeps at a ſullen diſtance, and diſdains to anſwer him. He then beholds* Tityus, Tantalus, Syſiphus, Hercules: *'till he is deterred from further curioſity by the apparition of horrid Spectres, and the cries of the wicked in torments.*



*The Descent of* Ulysses *into Hell.*

# THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

NOW to the ſhores we bend, a mournful train,
Climb the tall bark, and launch into the main:
At once the maſt we rear, at once unbind
The ſpacious ſheet, and ſtretch it to the wind:

Then

The Antients called this book Νεκυομαντεία, or Νεκύα, the book of Necromancy: becauſe (ſays *Euſtarbius*) it contains an interview between *Ulyſſes* and the ſhades of the dead.

*Virgil* has not only borrowed the general deſign from *Homer*, but imitated many particular incidents: *L'Abbé Fraguier* in the *Memoirs of Literature* gives his judgment in favour of the *Roman* Poet, and juſtly

Then pale and penſive ſtand, with cares oppreſt, 5
And ſolemn horror ſaddens every breaſt.

A freſhning

juſtly obſerves, that the end and deſign of the journey is more important in *Virgil* than in *Homer*. *Ulyſſes* deſcends to conſult *Tireſias*, *Æneas* his father. *Ulyſſes* takes a review of the Shades of celebrated perſons that preceded his times, or whom he knew at *Troy*, who have no relation to the ſtory of the *Odyſſey*: *Æneas* receives the hiſtory of his own Poſterity; his father inſtructs him how to manage the *Italian* war, and how to conclude it with honour; that is, to lay the foundations of the greateſt Empire in the world; and the Poet by a very happy addreſs takes an opportunity to pay a noble compliment to his Patron *Auguſtus*. In the *Æneid* there is a magnificent deſcription of the deſcent and entrance into Hell; and the *diſeaſes*, *cares* and *terrors* that *Æneas* ſees in his journey, are very happily imagined, as an introduction into the regions of death: whereas in *Homer* there is nothing ſo noble, we ſcarce are able to diſcover the place where the Poet lays his ſcene, or whether *Ulyſſes* continues below or above the ground. Inſtead of a deſcent into Hell, it ſeems rather a conjuring up, or an evocation of the dead from hell; according to the words of *Horace*, who undoubtedly had this paſſage of *Homer* in his thoughts. *Satyr* 8. *lib.* 1.

——————— *Scalpere terram*
*Unguibus, & pullam divellere mordicus agnam*
*Cœperunt; cruor in foſſam confuſus, ut inde*
*Manes* elicerent, *animas reſponſa daturas.*

But if it be underſtood of an evocation only, how ſhall we account for ſeveral viſions and deſcriptions in the concluſion of this book? *Ulyſſes* ſees *Tantalus* in the waters of hell, and *Siſyphus* rowling a ſtone up an infernal mountain; theſe *Ulyſſes* could not conjure up, and conſequently muſt be ſuppoſed to have entered at leaſt the borders of thoſe infernal regions. In ſhort, *Fraguier* is of opinion, that *Virgil* profited more by the *Frogs* of *Ariſtophanes* than by *Homer*: and Mr. *Dryden* prefers the ſixth book of the *Æneid* to the eleventh of the *Odyſſey*, I think with very great reaſon.

I will take this opportunity briefly to mention the original of all theſe fictions of infernal Rivers, Judges, *&c.* ſpoken of by *Homer*, and repeated and enlarged by *Virgil*. They are of *Ægyptian* extract, as Mr. *Sandys* (that faithful traveller, and judicious Poet) obſerves, ſpeaking of the Mummies of *Memphis*, *p.* 134.

" Theſe ceremonies performed, they laid the corps in a boat to be " wafted over *Acheruſia*, a lake on the ſouth of *Memphis*, by one

" only

A freſhning breeze the * Magic pow'r ſupply'd, * *Circe.*
While the wing'd veſſel flew along the tyde;
Our oars we ſhipp'd: all day the ſwelling ſails
Full from the guiding pilot catch'd the gales. 10

" only Perſon, whom they called *Charon*; which gave *Orpheus* the " the invention of his infernal ferryman; an ill-favoured ſlovenly " fellow, as *Virgil* deſcribes him, *Æneid* 6. About this lake ſtood " the ſhady temple of *Hecate*, with the ports of *Cocytus* and *Oblivion*, " ſeparated by bars of braſs, the original of like fables. When " landed on the other ſide, the bodies were brought before certain " Judges: if convinced of an evil life, they were deprived of burial; " if otherwiſe, they ſuffered them to be interred." This explication ſhews the foundation of thoſe antient fables of *Charon*, *Rhadamanthus*, *&c.* And alſo that the Poets had a regard to truth in their inventions, and grounded even their fables upon ſome remarkable cuſtoms, which grew obſcure and abſurd only becauſe the memory of the cuſtoms to which they allude is loſt to Poſterity.

I will only add from *Dacier*, that this book is an evidence of the antiquity of the opinion of the Soul's Immortality. It is upon this that the moſt antient of all divinations was founded, I mean that which was performed by the evocation of the dead. There is a very remarkable inſtance of this in the holy Scriptures, in an age not very diſtant from that of *Homer*. *Saul* conſults one of theſe infernal agents to call up *Samuel*, who appears, or ſome evil ſpirit in his form, and predicts his impending death and calamities. This is a pregnant inſtance of the antiquity of Necromancy, and that it was not of *Homer*'s invention; it prevailed long before his days among the *Chaldeans*, and ſpread over all the oriental world. *Æſchylus* has a Tragedy intitled *Perſæ*, in which the ſhade of *Darius* is called up, like that of *Samuel*, and foretells Queen *Atoſſa* all her misfortunes. Thus it appears that there was a foundation for what *Homer* writes; he only embelliſhes the opinions of Antiquity with the ornaments of Poetry.

I muſt confeſs that *Homer* gives a miſerable account of a future ſtate; there is not a perſon deſcribed in happineſs, unleſs perhaps it be *Tireſias:* the good and the bad ſeem all in the ſame condition: Whereas *Virgil* has an Hell for the wicked, and an *Elyſium* for the juſt. Tho' perhaps it may be a vindication of *Homer* to ſay, that the notions of *Virgil* of a future ſtate were different from thoſe of *Homer*; according to whom Hell might only be a receptacle for the vehicles of the dead, and that while they were in Hell, their φρὴν or Spirit might be in Heaven, as appears from what is ſaid of the εἴδωλον of *Hercules* in this 11th book of the *Odyſſey*.

Now

Now ſunk the Sun from his aerial height,
And o'er the ſhaded billows ruſh'd the night:
When lo! we reach'd old Ocean's utmoſt bounds,
Where rocks controul his waves with ever-during mounds.
There in a lonely land, and gloomy cells,
The duſky nation of *Cimmeria* dwells;

The

V. 15. *There in a lonely land, and gloomy cells,*
*The duſky nation of* Cimmeria *dwells.*]

It is the opinion of many Commentators, that *Homer* conſtantly in theſe voyages of *Ulyſſes* makes uſe of a fabulous Geography; but perhaps the contrary opinion in many places may be true: In this paſſage, *Ulyſſes* in the ſpace of one day ſails from the Iſland of *Circe* to the *Cimmerians:* Now it is very evident from *Herodotus* and *Strabo*, that they inhabited the regions near the *Boſphorus*, and conſequently *Ulyſſes* could not ſail thither in the compaſs of a day; and therefore, ſays *Strabo*, the Poet removes not only the *Cimmerians*, but their climate and darkneſs, from the northern *Boſphorus* into *Campania* in *Italy*.

But that there really were a people in *Italy* named *Cimmerians* is evident from the teſtimony of many authors. So *Lycophron* plainly underſtands this paſſage, and relates theſe adventures as performed in *Italy*. He recapitulates all the voyages of *Ulyſſes*, and mentioning the deſcent into Hell and the *Cimmerians*, he immediately deſcribes the infernal rivers, and adds, (ſpeaking of the *Apennine*)

Ἐξ ὧν τὰ πάντα χύτλα, κἀ πᾶσαι μυχῶν
Πηγαὶ, κατ' Αὐσονῖτιν ἕλκονται χθόνα.

That is, "From whence all the rivers, and all the fountains flow "thro' the regions of *Italy*." And theſe lines of *Tibullus*,

*Cimmerion etiam obſcuras acceſſit ad arces,*
*Queis nunquam candente dies apparuit ortu,*
*Sive ſupra terras Phœbus, ſeu curreret infra.*

are underſtood by all interpreters to denote the *Italian Cimmerians:* who dwelt near *Baiæ* and the lake *Avernus*; and therefore *Homer* may be imagined not entirely to follow a fabulous Geography. It is

evident

The ſun ne'er views th' uncomfortable ſeats,
When radiant he advances, or retreats:
Unhappy race! whom endleſs night invades,
Clouds the dull air, and wraps them round in ſhades.
The ſhip we moor on theſe obſcure abodes;
Dis-bark the ſheep, an offering to the Gods;
And hell-ward bending, o'er the beech deſcry
The doleſome paſſage to th' infernal ſky.
The victims, vow'd to each *Tartarean* pow'r,
*Eurylochus* and *Perimedes* bore.
Here open'd Hell, all Hell I here implor'd,
And from the ſcabbard drew the ſhining ſword;
And trenching the black earth on ev'ry ſide,
A cavern form'd, a cubit long and wide.
New wine, with honey-temper'd milk, we bring,
Then living waters from the cryſtal ſpring;

O'er

evident from *Herodotus* that theſe *Cimmerians* were antiently a powerful nation; for paſſing into *Aſia* (ſays that Author in his *Clio*) they poſſeſſed themſelves of *Sardis*, in the time of *Ardyes*, the ſon of *Gyges*. If ſo, it is poſſible they might make ſeveral ſettlements in different parts of the world, and call thoſe ſettlements by their original name, *Cimmerians*, and conſequently there might be *Italian*, as well as *Scythian Cimmerians*.

It muſt be allowed, that this horrid region is well choſen for the deſcent into Hell: It is deſcribed as a land of obſcurity and horrors, and happily imagined to introduce a relation concerning the realms of death and darkneſs.

V. 31. *New wine, with honey-temper'd milk.*] The word in the original is, μελίκρατον, which (as *Euſtathius* obſerves) the Antients conſtantly underſtood to imply a mixture of honey and milk; but all writers who ſucceeded *Homer* as conſtantly uſed it to ſignify a compoſition

O'er theſe was ſtrow'd the conſecrated flour,
And on the ſurface ſhone the holy ſtore.
Now the wan ſhades we hail, th' infernal Gods,
To ſpeed our courſe, and waft us o'er the floods:
So ſhall a barren heifer from the ſtall
Beneath the knife upon your altars fall;
So in our palace, at our ſafe return
Rich with unnumber'd gifts the Pyle ſhall burn;
So ſhall a Ram the largeſt of the breed,
Black as theſe regions, to *Tireſias* bleed.
Thus ſolemn rites and holy vows we paid
To all the phantom nations of the dead.

ſition of water mixed with honey. The *Latin* Poets have borrowed their magical rites from *Homer*: Thus *Ovid. Metam.* 7. 243.

*Haud procul egeſtâ ſcrobibus tellure duabus*
*Sacra facit: cultroſque in guttura velleris atri*
*Conjicit; & patulas perfundit ſanguine foſſas,*
*Tum ſuper invergens liquidi carcheſia Bacchi,*
*Æneaque invergens tepidi carcheſia lactis, &c.*

Thus alſo *Statius*:

——— *Tellure cavatâ*
*Inclinat Bacchi latices, & munera verni,*
*Lactis, & Actæos imbres, &c.*

This libation is made to all the departed ſhades; but to what purpoſe (objects *Euſtathius*) ſhould theſe rites be paid to the dead, when it is evident from the ſubſequent relation that they were ignorant of theſe ceremonies till they had taſted the libation? He anſwers from the Ancients, that they were merely honorary to the regents of the dead, *Pluto* and *Proſerpina*; and uſed to obtain their leave to have an interview with the ſhades in their dominions.

Then

Then dy'd the ſheep; a purple torrent flow'd,
And all the caverns ſmoak'd with ſtreaming blood.
When lo! appear'd along the duſky coaſts,
Thin, airy ſhoals of viſionary ghoſts;

Fair,

V. 47. *When lo! appear'd along the duſky coaſts,*
*Thin, airy ſhoals of viſionary ghoſts.*]

We are informed by *Euſtathius*, that the Antients rejected theſe ſix verſes, for ſay they, theſe are not the ſhades of perſons newly ſlain, but who have long been in theſe infernal regions: How then can their wounds be ſuppoſed ſtill to be viſible, eſpecially through their armour, when the ſoul was ſeparated from the body? Neither is this the proper place for their appearance, for the Poet immediately ſubjoins, that the ghoſt of *Elpenor* was the firſt that he encountered in theſe regions of darkneſs. But theſe objections will be eaſily anſwered by having recourſe to the notions which the Antients entertained concerning the dead; we muſt remember that they imagined that the ſoul tho' freed from the body had ſtill a vehicle, exactly reſembling the body; as the figure in a mold retains the reſemblance of the mold, when ſeparated from it; the body is but as a caſe to this vehicle, and it is in this vehicle that the wounds are ſaid to be viſible; this was ſuppoſed to be leſs groſs than the mortal body, and leſs ſubtle than the ſoul; ſo that whatever wounds the outward body received when living, were believed to affect this inward Subſtance, and conſequently might be viſible after ſeparation.

It is true that the Poet calls the ghoſt of *Elpenor* the firſt ghoſt, but this means the firſt whom he knew: *Elpenor* was not yet buried, and therefore was not yet received into the habitation of the dead, but wanders before the entrance of it. This is the reaſon why his ſhade is ſaid to preſent itſelf the foremoſt; it comes not up from the realm of death, but deſcends towards it from the upper world.

But theſe ſhades of the warriors are ſaid ſtill to wear their armour in which they were ſlain, for the Poet adds that it was ſtained with blood: How is it poſſible for theſe ghoſts, which are only a ſubtle ſubſtance, not a groſs body, to wear the armour they wore in the other world? How was it conveyed to them in theſe infernal regions? All that occurs to me in anſwer to this objection is, that the Poet deſcribes them ſuitably to the characters they bore in life; the warriors on earth are warriors in Hell; and that he adds theſe circumſtances only to denote the manner of their death, which was in battle, or by the ſword. No doubt but *Homer* repreſents a future

ſtate

Fair, penſive youths, and ſoft enamour'd maids,
And wither'd Elders, pale and wrinkled ſhades;
Ghaſtly with wounds the forms of warriors ſlain
Stalk'd with majeſtic port, a martial train:
Theſe and a thouſand more ſwarm'd o'er the ground,
And all the dire aſſembly ſhriek'd around.
Aſtoniſh'd at the ſight, aghaſt I ſtood,
And a cold fear ran ſhivering thro' my blood;
Strait I command the ſacrifice to haſte,
Strait the flea'd victims to the flames are caſt,
And mutter'd vows, and myſtic ſong apply'd
To griſly *Pluto*, and his gloomy bride.

ſtate according to the notions which his age entertained of it, and this ſufficiently juſtifies him as a Poet, who is not obliged to write truths, but according to fame and common opinions.

But to prove theſe verſes genuine, we have the authority of *Virgil:* he was too ſenſible of their beauty not to adorn his Poems with them. *Georg.* 4. 470.

*At cantu commotæ Erebi de ſedibus imis*
*Umbræ ibant tenues, ſimulacraque luce carentum,*
*Matres, atque viri, defunctaque corpora vitâ*
*Magnanimûm heroum, pueri, innuptæque puellæ,*
*Impoſitique rogis juvenes, &c.*

It muſt be confeſſed that the *Roman* Poet omits the circumſtance of the armour in his tranſlation, as being perhaps contrary to the opinions prevailing in his age; but in the ſixth book he deſcribes his Heroes with arms, horſes, and infernal chariots; and in the ſtory of *Deiphobus* we ſee his ſhade retain the wounds in Hell, which he received at the time of his death in *Troy*.

——— *Lacerum crudelitur ora*
*Deiphobum vidi, &c.*

Now

Now ſwift I wav'd my faulchion o'er the blood;
Back ſtarted the pale throngs, and trembling ſtood.
Round the black trench the gore untaſted flows,
'Till awful from the ſhades *Tireſias* roſe.
There, wand'ring thro' the gloom I firſt ſurvey'd,
New to the realms of death, *Elpenor*'s ſhade:
His cold remains all naked to the ſky
On diſtant ſhores unwept, unburied lie.
Sad at the ſight I ſtand, deep fix'd in woe,
And ere I ſpoke the tears began to flow.
O ſay what angry pow'r *Elpenor* led
To glide in ſhades, and wander with the dead?
How could thy ſoul, by realms and ſeas disjoyn'd,
Out fly the nimble ſail, and leave the lagging wind?

The

V. 73. *How could thy ſoul, by realms and ſeas disjoyn'd,*
*Out-fly the nimble ſail?*]

*Euſtathius* is of opinion, that *Ulyſſes* ſpeaks pleaſantly to *Elpenor*, for were his words to be literally tranſlated they would be, *Elpenor, thou art come hither on foot, ſooner than I in a ſhip.* I ſuppoſe it is the worthleſs character of *Elpenor* that led that Critic into this opinion; but I ſhould rather take the ſentence to be ſpoken ſeriouſly, not only becauſe ſuch railleries are an inſult upon the unfortunate, and levities perhaps unworthy of Epic Poetry, but alſo from the general conduct of *Ulyſſes*, who at the ſight of *Elpenor* burſt into tears, and compaſſionates the fate of his friend. Is there any thing in this that looks like raillery? if there be, we muſt confeſs that *Ulyſſes* makes a very quick tranſition from ſorrow to pleaſantry. The other is a more noble ſenſe, and therefore I have followed it, and it excellently paints the ſurprize of *Ulyſſes* at the unexpected ſight of *Elpenor*, and expreſſes his wonder that the Soul, the moment it leaves the body, ſhould reach the receptacle of departed ſhades.

But it may be aſked what connexion this ſtory of *Elpenor* has to the ſubject of the Poem, and what it contributes to the end

The Ghoſt reply'd: To Hell my doom I owe,
Dæmons accurſt, dire miniſters of woe!

My

of it? *Boſſu* very well anſwers that the Poet may inſert ſome incidents that make no Part of the fable or action; eſpecially if they be ſhort, and break not the thread of it; this before us is only a ſmall part of a large Epiſode, which the Poet was at liberty to inſert or omit, as contributed moſt to the beauty of his Poetry: beſides, it contains an excellent moral, and ſhews us the ill effects of drunkenneſs and debauchery. The Poet repreſents *Elpenor* as a perſon of a mean character, and puniſhes his crime with ſudden death, and diſhonour.

I will only add that *Virgil* treads in the footſteps of *Homer*, and *Miſenus* in the *Æneid*, is the *Elpenor* of the *Odyſſey*: There is indeed ſome difference; *Miſenus* ſuffers for his preſumption, *Elpenor* for his debauchery.

V. 75. ——————*To hell my doom I owe,*
*Dæmons accurſt, dire miniſters of woe.*]

The words in the original are, Ἄσέ με Δαίμονος αἶσα. The identity of ſound in ἄσε and αἶσα may perhaps appear a little inharmonious, and ſhock the ear. It is a known obſervation that the nice ears in the Court of *Auguſtus* could not pardon *Virgil* for a like ſimilitude of cadence in this verſe.

*At regina Pyrâ* ————

But theſe are rather negligencies than errors; they are indeed to be avoided, but a great genius ſometimes overlooks ſuch niceties, and ſacrifices ſound to ſenſe.

The words of *Quintilian* are very appoſite to this purpoſe, *lib.* 8. *c.* 3. *Ejuſdem verbi aut ſermonis iteratio, quanquam non magnopere ſummis authoribus vitata, interim vitium videri poteſt; in quod ſæpe incidit etiam Cicero, ſecurus tam parvæ obſervationis.* He brings an inſtance of it from his oration for *Cluentius*, *Non ſolum igitur illud judicium, judicii ſimile, judices, non fuit.* It muſt be confeſſed, that the ſenſe is not only darkened, but the ear ſhocked at the repetition of the ſame word in the ſame period.

This is a very pregnant inſtance, that the opinion of an evil Dæmon or Genius prevailed in the days of *Homer*: but this excuſe of *Elpenor*, in aſcribing his calamity to a Dæmon, gives great offence to *Maximus Tyrius*, he being a Stoic Philoſopher. He ſays *Elpenor*

is

My feet thro' wine unfaithful to their weight,
Betray'd me tumbling from a tow'ry height,
Stagg'ring I reel'd, and as I reel'd I fell,
Lux'd the neck joint——my ſoul deſcends to hell.
But lend me aid, I now conjure thee lend,
By the ſoft tye and ſacred name of friend!
By thy fond conſort! by thy father's cares!
By lov'd *Telemachus* his blooming years!
For well I know that ſoon the heav'nly pow'rs
Will give thee back to day, and *Circe*'s ſhores:
There pious on my cold remains attend,
There call to mind thy poor departed friend,
The tribute of a tear is all I crave,
And the poſſeſſion of a peaceful grave.
But if unheard, in vain compaſſion plead,
Revere the Gods, the Gods avenge the dead!
A tomb along the wat'ry margin raiſe,
The tomb with manly arms and trophies grace,
To ſhew poſterity *Elpenor* was.

is guilty of falſehood in this excuſe to *Ulyſſes*: for *Dæmons*, *parcæ*, &c. are nothing but the idle pretext of wicked men, who are induſtrious to transfer their own follies to the Gods, according to thoſe Verſes in the beginning of the *Odyſſey*.

*Why charge mankind on heav'n their own offence,*
*And call their woes the crime of providence?*
*Blind! who themſelves their miſeries create,*
*And periſh by their folly, not their fate.*

There high in air, memorial of my name
Fix the ſmooth oar, and bid me live to fame.

To whom with tears; Theſe rites, oh mournful ſhade,
Due to thy Ghoſt, ſhall to thy Ghoſt be paid.

Still as I ſpoke the Phantom ſeem'd to moan,
Tear follow'd tear, and groan ſucceeded groan.
But as my waving ſword the blood ſurrounds,
The ſhade withdrew, and mutter'd empty ſounds.

There as the wond'rous viſions I ſurvey'd,
All pale aſcends my royal mother's ſhade:
A Queen, to *Troy* ſhe ſaw our legions paſs;
Now a thin form is all *Anticlea* was!
Struck at the ſight I melt with filial woe,
And down my cheek the pious ſorrows flow,

V. 105. *All pale aſcends my royal mother's ſhade.*] The behaviour of *Ulyſſes* with reſpect to his mother may appear not ſufficiently tender and affectionate; he refrains all manner of addreſs to her, a conduct which may be cenſured as inconſiſtent with filial piety; but *Plutarch* very fully anſwers this objection. "It is (ſays that Author) "a remarkable inſtance of the prudence of *Ulyſſes*, who deſcending "into the regions of the dead, refuſed all conference even with his "mother, 'till he had obtained an anſwer from *Tireſias*, concerning "the buſineſs which induc'd him to undertake that infernal journey." A wiſe man is not inquiſitive about things impertinent; accordingly *Ulyſſes* firſt ſhews himſelf a wiſe man, and then a dutiful ſon. Beſides, it is very judicious in *Homer* thus to deſcribe *Ulyſſes*: the whole deſign of the *Odyſſey* is the return of *Ulyſſes* to his Country; this is the mark at which the Hero ſhould continually aim, and therefore it is neceſſary that all other incidents ſhould be ſubordinate to this; and the Poet had been blameable if he had ſhewed *Ulyſſes* entertaining himſelf with amuſements, and poſtponing the conſiderations of the chief deſign of the *Odyſſey*. *Lucian* ſpeaks to the ſame purpoſe in his piece upon Aſtrology.

Yet

Yet as I ſhook my faulchion o'er the blood,
Regardleſs of her ſon the Parent ſtood.
When lo! the mighty *Theban* I behold;
To guide his ſteps he bore a ſtaff of gold;
Awful he trod! majeſtic was his look!
And from his holy lips theſe accents broke.
Why, mortal, wand'reſt thou from chearful day,
To tread the downward, melancholy way?
What angry Gods to theſe dark regions led
Thee yet alive, companion of the dead?
But ſheath thy ponyard, while my tongue relates
Heav'n's ſtedfaſt purpoſe, and thy future fates.

While

V. 120. *But ſheath thy ponyard.* ——] The terror which the ſhades of the departed expreſs at the ſight of the ſword of *Ulyſſes* has been frequently cenſured as abſurd and ridiculous: *Riſum cui non moveat*, ſays *Scaliger*, *cum enſem ait & vulnera metuiſſe?* What have the dead to fear from a ſword, who are beyond the power of it, by being reduced to an incorporeal ſhadow? But this deſcription is conſiſtent with the notions of the Antients concerning the dead. I have already remarked, that the ſhades retained a vehicle, which reſembled the body, and was liable to pain as well as the corporeal ſubſtance; if not, to what purpoſe are the Furies deſcribed with iron ſcourges, or the Vulture tearing the liver of *Tityus?*

*Virgil* aſcribes the like fears to the ſhades in the *Æneis*; for the *Sibyl* thus commands *Æneas*,

*Tuque invade viam, vaginâque eripe ferrum.*

And the ſhades of the *Greeks* are there ſaid to fly at the ſight of his arms.

*At Danaûm proceres, Agamemnoniæque Phalanges*
*Ut vidêre virum, fulgentiaque arma per umbras*
*Ingenti trepidare metu.*

While yet he ſpoke, the Prophet I obey'd,
And in the ſcabbard plung'd the glitt'ring blade:
Eager he quaff'd the gore, and then expreſt
Dark things to come, the counſels of his breaſt.
Weary of light, *Ulyſſes* here explores,
A proſp'rous voyage to his native ſhores;
But know—by me unerring Fates diſcloſe
New trains of dangers, and new ſcenes of woes;
I ſee! I ſee, thy bark by *Neptune* toſt,
For injur'd *Cyclops*, and his eyeball loſt!
Yet to thy woes the Gods decree an end,
If heav'n thou pleaſe; and how to pleaſe attend!
Where on *Trinacrian* rocks the Ocean roars,
Graze num'rous herds along the verdant ſhores;
Tho' hunger preſs, yet fly the dang'rous prey,
The herds are ſacred to the God of day,
Who all ſurveys with his extenſive eye
Above, below, on earth and in the ſky!
Rob not the God, and ſo propitious gales
Attend thy voyage, and impel thy ſails:

*Tireſias* is here deſcribed conſiſtently with the character before given him by the Poet, I mean with a preheminence above the other ſhades; for (as *Euſtathius* obſerves) he knows *Ulyſſes* before he taſtes the ingredients; a privilege not claimed by any other of the infernal inhabitants. *Elpenor* indeed did the ſame, but for another reaſon; becauſe he was not yet buried, nor entered the regions of the dead, and therefore his Soul was yet intire.

But if his herds ye ſeize, beneath the waves
I ſee thy friends o'erwhelm'd in liquid graves!
The direful wreck *Ulyſſes* ſcarce ſurvives!
*Ulyſſes* at his country ſcarce arrives!
Strangers thy guides! nor there thy labours end,
New foes ariſe, domeſtick ills attend!
There foul adult'rers to thy bride reſort,
And lordly gluttons riot in thy court.
But vengeance haſtes amain! Theſe eyes behold
The deathful ſcene, Princes on Princes roll'd!
That done, a people far from Sea explore,
Who ne'er knew ſalt, or heard the billows roar,

Or

V. 145. Ulyſſes *at his country ſcarce arrives!*] The Poet conducts this interview with admirable judgment. The whole deſign of *Ulyſſes* is to engage the *Phæacians* in his favour, in order to his tranſportation to his own country: How does he bring this about? By ſhewing that it was decreed by the Gods that he ſhould be conducted thither by ſtrangers; ſo that the *Phæacians* immediately conclude, that they are the people deſtined by Heaven to conduct him home; to give this the greater weight, he puts the ſpeech into the mouth of the Prophet *Tireſias*, and exalts his character in an extraordinary manner, to ſtrengthen the credit of the prediction: By this method likewiſe the Poet interweaves his Epiſode into the texture and eſſence of the Poem, he makes this journey into Hell contribute to the reſtoration of his Hero, and unites the ſubordinate parts very happily with the main action.

V. 152. *That done a people far from Sea explore,*
*Who ne'er knew ſalt.*——————]

It is certain that *Tireſias* ſpeaks very obſcurely, after the manner of the Oracles; but the Antients generally underſtood this people to be the *Epirots*. Thus *Pauſanias* in his *Attics*. Ὁι μηδὲ ἁλὸς ἰλίου θάλασσαν, μηδὲ ἅλσιν ἠπίσαντο χρῆσθαι, μαρτυρεῖ δὲ μοὶ καὶ Ὁμήρου ἔπος ἐν ὀδυσσείᾳ.

Or ſaw gay veſſel ſtem the wat'ry plain,
A painted wonder flying on the main!

——Οἱ οὐκ ἴσασι θάλασσαν.

That is; "The *Epirots* even ſo lately as after the taking of *Troy*, "were ignorant of the ſea, and the uſe of ſalt, as *Homer* teſtifies in "his *Odyſſey*:

*Who ne'er knew ſalt, or heard the billows roar.*

So that they who were ignorant of the ſea, were likewiſe ignorant of the uſe of ſalt, according to *Homer*: whence it may be conjectured, that the Poet knew of no ſalt but what was made of ſea-water. The other token of their ignorance of the ſea was, that they ſhould not know an Oar, but call it a Corn-van. This verſe was once ſarcaſtically applied to *Philip* of *Macedon* by *Amerdion* a *Grecian*, who flying from him and being apprehended, was aſked whither he fled? he bravely anſwered, to find a people who knew not *Philip*.

Εἴσοχε τὺς ἀφίκωμαι, οἱ οὐκ ἴασι Φίλιππον

I perſwade myſelf that this paſſage is rightly tranſlated; Νῆας Φοινικοπαρῄους, and τὰ τε πλεῤα νευσὶ πέλονται.

*A painted wonder, flying on the main,*

for the wings of the ſhip ſignify the ſails, (as *Euſtathius* remarks) and not the oars, as we might be miſled to conclude from the immediate connexion with ἐρετμὰ, or oars. The Poet, I believe, intended to expreſs the wonder of a Perſon upon his firſt ſight of a ſhip, who obſerving it to move ſwiftly along the ſeas, might miſtake the ſails for wings, according to that beautiful deſcription of Mr. *Dryden* upon a like occaſion in his *Indian Emperor*.

*The objects I could firſt diſtinctly view,*
*Were tall ſtreight trees which on the waters flew;*
*Wings on their ſides inſtead of leaves did grow,*
*Which gather'd all the breath the winds could blow;*
*And at their roots grew floating Palaces, &c.*

Bear on thy back an *Oar:* with ſtrange amaze
A ſhepherd meeting thee, the *Oar* ſurveys,
And names a *Van:* there fix it on the plain,
To calm the God that holds the wat'ry reign;
A threefold off'ring to his altar bring,
A bull, a ram, a boar; and hail the Ocean King.
But home return'd, to each ætherial pow'r
Slay the due Victim in the genial hour:
So peaceful ſhalt thou end thy bliſsful days,
And ſteal thyſelf from life by ſlow decays:
Unknown to pain, in age reſign thy breath,
When late ſtern *Neptune* points the ſhaft with death:

To

*Euſtathius* tells us the reaſon of this command given to *Ulyſſes*, to ſearch out a people ignorant of the ſea: It was in honour of *Neptune*, to make his name regarded by a nation which was entirely a ſtranger to that Deity; and this injunction was laid by way of attonement for the violence offered to his ſon *Polyphemus*.

Many Critics have imagined that this paſſage is corrupted; but, as *Euſtathius* obſerves, we have the Authority of *Sophocles* to prove it genuine, who alluding to this paſſage, writes,

Ὦμοις ἀθηρόβρωτον ὄργανον φέρων.

V. 167. *When late ſtern* Neptune *points the ſhaft with death.*] The Death of *Ulyſſes* is related variouſly, but the following account is chiefly credited: *Ulyſſes* had a ſon by *Circe* named *Telegonus*, who being grown to years of maturity, ſailed to *Ithaca* in ſearch of his father; where ſeizing ſome ſheep for the uſe of his attendants, the ſhepherds put themſelves into a poſture to reſcue them; *Ulyſſes* being advertiſed of it, went with his ſon *Telemachus* to repel *Telegonus*, who in defending himſelf wounded *Ulyſſes*, not knowing him to be his father. Thus *Oppian*, *Hyginus*, and *Dictys* relate the ſtory. Many Poets have brought this upon the ſtage. and *Ariſtotle* criticizing upon one of theſe Tragedies gives us the title of it, which was, *Ulyſſes wounded.* But if *Ulyſſes* thus died, how can *Neptune* be ſaid to *point*

To the dark grove retiring as to reſt,
Thy people bleſſing, by thy people bleſt!
Unerring truths, oh man, my lips relate;
This is thy life to come, and this is fate.

To whom unmov'd; If this the Gods prepare,
What heav'n ordains the wife with courage bear.
But ſay, why yonder on the lonely ſtrands,
Unmindful of her ſon, *Anticlea* ſtands?
Why to the ground ſhe bends her downcaſt eye?
Why is ſhe ſilent, while her ſon is nigh?
The latent cauſe, oh ſacred Seer reveal!

Nor this, replies the Seer, will I conceal.
Know; to the ſpectres, that thy bev'rage taſte,
The ſcenes of life recur, and actions paſt;
They, ſeal'd with truth return the ſure reply,
The reſt repell'd, a train oblivious fly.

*the ſhaft with death?* We are informed that the ſpear with which *Telegonus* gave the wound, was pointed with the bone of a ſea Turtle; ſo that literally his death came from the ſea, or ἐξ ἁλὸς: and *Neptune* being the God of the Ocean, his death may without violence be aſcribed to that Deity. It is true, ſome Critics read ἔξαλος as one word, and then it will ſignify that *Ulyſſes* ſhould eſcape the dangers of the ſea, and die upon the continent far from it; but the former ſenſe is moſt conſonant to the tenor of the Poem, through which *Neptune* is conſtantly repreſented as an enemy to *Ulyſſes*.

I will only add the reaſon why *Ulyſſes* is injoyn'd to offer a Bull, a Ram, and a Boar to *Neptune*: the Bull repreſents the roaring of the ſea in ſtorms; the Ram the milder appearance of it when in tranquillity: the Boar was uſed by the Ancients as an emblem of fecundity, to repreſent the fruitfulneſs of the Ocean. This particular ſacrifice of three animals was called τριτῦα. *Euſtathius.*

The phantom Prophet ceas'd, and ſunk from ſight
To the black palace of eternal Night.
Still in the dark abodes of death I ſtood,
When near *Anticlea* mov'd, and drank the blood.
Strait all the mother in her ſoul awakes,
And owning her *Ulyſſes*, thus ſhe ſpeaks.
Com'ſt thou, my ſon, alive, to realms beneath,
The doleſome realms of darkneſs and of death:
Com'ſt thou alive from pure, ætherial day?
Dire is the region, diſmal is the way!
Here lakes profound, there floods oppoſe their waves,
There the wide ſea with all his billows raves!
Or (ſince to duſt proud *Troy* ſubmits her tow'rs)
Com'ſt thou a wand'rer from the *Phrygian* ſhores?

Or

V. 195. *There the wide ſea with all his billows raves.*] If this paſſage were literally tranſlated, it would run thus: *My ſon, how didſt thou arrive at this place of darkneſs, when ſo many rivers, and the Ocean lie in the midway?* This (ſays *Euſtathius*) plainly ſhews that *Homer* uſes a fabulous Geography; for whereas the places that are mentioned in theſe voyages of *Ulyſſes* are really ſituated upon the *Mediterranean*, *Anticlea* here ſays that they lie in the middle of the Ocean. But this is undoubtedly an error: The whole of the obſervation depends upon the word μέσσῳ; But why muſt this denote the *midway* ſo exactly? Is it not ſufficient to ſay, that *between Ithaca* and this infernal region, rivers and the Ocean roul? And that this is the real meaning is evident from this book; for *Ulyſſes* ſails in the ſpace of one day from the Iſland of *Circe* to the place where he deſcends: How then could theſe places where *Ulyſſes* touches in his voyage lie in the middle of the Ocean, unleſs we can ſuppoſe he paſs'd half the Ocean in one day? The Poet directly affirms, that he deſcends at the extremity of it; but this extremity is no more than one day's voyage from the Iſland of *Circe*, and conſequently that Iſland could not lie in the middle of the Ocean: Therefore this place is no evidence that *Homer* uſes a fabulous Geography.

Or ſay, ſince honour call'd thee to the field,
Haſt thou thy *Ithaca*, thy bride beheld?
Source of my life, I cry'd, from earth I fly
To ſeek *Tireſias* in the nether ſky,
To learn my doom: for toſt from woe to woe,
In ev'ry land *Ulyſſes* finds a foe:
Nor have theſe eyes beheld my native ſhores,
Since in the duſt proud *Troy* ſubmits her towers.
But, when thy ſoul from her ſweet manſion fled,
Say what diſtemper gave thee to the dead?
Has life's fair lamp declin'd by ſlow decays,
Or ſwift expir'd it in a ſudden blaze?
Say if my ſire, good old *Laertes*, lives?
If yet *Telemachus*, my ſon, ſurvives?
Say by his rule is my dominion aw'd,
Or cruſh'd by traytors with an iron rod?
Say if my ſpouſe maintains her royal truſt,
Tho' tempted chaſte, and obſtinately juſt?
Or if no more her abſent Lord ſhe wails,
But the falſe woman o'er the wife prevails?

*Euſtathius* very juſtly obſerves, that *Homer* judiciouſly places the deſcent into Hell at the extremity of the Ocean: for it is natural to imagine, that to be the only paſſage to it, by which the Sun and the Stars themſelves appear to deſcend, and ſink into the realms of darkneſs.

Thus

Thus I, and thus the parent ſhade returns.
Thee, ever thee, thy faithful conſort mourns:
Whether the night deſcends, or day prevails,
Thee ſhe by night, and thee by day bewails,
Thee in *Telemachus* thy realm obeys;
In ſacred groves celeſtial rites he pays,
And ſhares the banquet in ſuperior ſtate,
Grac'd with ſuch honours as become the Great.

Thy

V. 218. ——— *Thus the parent ſhade returns.*] The queſtions which *Ulyſſes* aſks (remarks *Euſtathius*) could not fail of having a very good effect upon his *Phæacian* audience: By them he very artfully (and, as it ſeems, undeſignedly) lets them into the knowledge of his dignity, and ſhews the importance of his perſon; to induce them to a greater care to conduct him to his country. The proceſs of the whole ſtory is ſo artfully carried on, that *Ulyſſes* ſeems only to relate an accidental interview, while he tacitly recommends himſelf, and lets them know the perſon who aſks their aſſiſtance is a King. It is obſervable that *Anticlea* inverts the order in her anſwer, and replies laſt to the firſt queſtion. Orators always reſerve the ſtrongeſt argument for the concluſion, to leave it freſh upon the memory of their auditors; or rather, the Poet uſes this method to introduce the ſorrow of *Ulyſſes* for the death of his mother more naturally: He ſteals away the mind of the reader from attending the main action, to enliven it with a ſcene of tenderneſs and affection in theſe regions of horror.

V. 224. *And ſhares the banquet in ſuperior ſtate*, &c.] This paſſage is fully explained by *Euſtathius*: he tells us, that it was an antient cuſtom to invite Kings and Legiſlators to all public feaſts; this was to do them honour: and the chief ſeat was always reſerved for the chief Magiſtrate. Without this obſervation, the lines are unintelligible. It is evident that the words are not ſpoken of ſacrifices or feaſts made to the Gods, but ſocial entertainments, for they are general, πάντες καλέσσι, "all the people of the realm invite "*Telemachus* to their feaſts;" And this ſeems to have been a right due to the chief Magiſtrate, for ἀλεγύνειν implies it, which word *Euſtathius* explains by ἐν λόγῳ παιεῖσθαι; "ſuch an honour as "ought not to be neglected," or

Grac'd

Thy fire in ſolitude foments his care:
The court is joyleſs, for thou art not there!
No coſtly carpets raiſe his hoary head,
No rich embroid'ry ſhines to grace his bed:
Ev'n when keen winter freezes in the ſkies,
Rank'd with his ſlaves, on earth the Monarch lies:
Deep are his ſighs, his viſage pale, his dreſs
The garb of woe and habit of diſtreſs.
And when the Autumn takes his annual round,
The leafy honours ſcatt'ring on the ground;
Regardleſs of his years, abroad he lies,
His bed the leaves, his canopy the ſkies.
Thus cares on cares his painful days conſume,
And bow his age with ſorrow to the tomb!
For thee my ſon, I wept my life away;
For thee thro' hell's eternal dungeons ſtray:
Nor came my fate by ling'ring pains and ſlow,
Nor bent the ſilver-ſhafted Queen her bow;
No dire diſeaſe bereav'd me of my breath;
Thou, thou my ſon wert my diſeaſe and death;
Unkindly with my love my ſon conſpir'd,
For thee I liv'd, for abſent thee expir'd.

*Grac'd with ſuch honours as become the Great.*

It gives a very happy image of thoſe ages of the world, when we obſerve ſuch an intercourſe between the King and the ſubject: The idea of power carries no terror in it, but the ruler himſelf makes a part of the public Joy.

Thrice

Thrice in my arms I ſtrove her ſhade to bind,
Thrice thro' my arms ſhe ſlipt like empty wind,
Or dreams, the vain illuſions of the mind.
Wild with deſpair, I ſhed a copious tide
Of flowing tears, and thus with ſighs reply'd.
Fly'ſt thou, lov'd ſhade, while I thus fondly mourn?
Turn to my arms, to my embraces turn!
Is it, ye pow'rs that ſmile at human harms!
Too great a bliſs to weep within her arms?

Or

V. 248. *Thrice in my arms I ſtrove her ſhade to bind,*
*Thrice thro' my arms——]*

This paſſage plainly ſhews that the vehicles of the departed were believed by the Antients to be of an aerial ſubſtance, and retain nothing of corporeal groſſneſs.

*Virgil* has borrowed theſe verſes.

*Ter conatus ibi collo dare brachia circum;*
*Ter fruſtra comprenſa manus effugit imago,*
*Par levibus ventis, volucrique ſimillima ſomno.*

*Scaliger* gives the preference to the *Roman* Poet, becauſe he uſes three verſes, at a time when the word *ter* occurs in the deſcription, whereas *Homer* concludes in little more than two lines. But this is not criticizing, but trifling; and aſcribing to an Author what the Author himſelf had no thought of. This puts me in mind of a ſtory in *Lucian*, where a perſon of a ſtrong imagination, thinking there was a myſtery in μῆνιν, the firſt word in the *Iliad*, is introduced enquiring of *Homer* in the regions of the dead, why he placed it in the beginning of his Poem? he anſwers, Becauſe it firſt came into his head. I doubt not but the number of the lines in this place in both Poets was equally accidental; *Virgil* adds nothing to the thought of *Homer*, though he uſes more words.

V. 256. ——*A bliſs to weep within her arms.*] This is almoſt a literal tranſlation; the words in the *Greek* are, τεταρπώμεσθα

γόοιο

Or has hell's Queen an empty Image ſent,
That wretched I might ev'n my joys lament?
O ſon of woe, the penſive ſhade rejoin'd,
Oh moſt inur'd to grief of all mankind!
'Tis not the Queen of Hell who thee deceives:
All, all are ſuch, when life the body leaves;
No more the ſubſtance of the man remains,
Nor bounds the blood along the purple veins:
Theſe the funereal flames in atoms bear,
To wander with the wind in empty air,
While the impaſſive ſoul reluctant flies
Like a vain dream to theſe infernal ſkies.
But from the dark dominions ſpeed thy way,
And climb the ſteep aſcent to upper day;
To thy chaſte bride the wond'rous ſtory tell,
The woes, the horrors, and the laws of Hell.
Thus while ſhe ſpoke, in ſwarms hell's Empreſs brings
Daughters and wives of Heroes and of Kings;
Thick, and more thick they gather round the blood,
Ghoſt throng'd on ghoſt (a dire aſſembly) ſtood!
Dauntleſs my ſword I ſeize: the airy crew,
Swift as it flaſh'd along the gloom, withdrew;

γόοιο, or *that we may delight ourſelves with ſorrow*, which *Euſtathius* explains by ſaying, *there is a pleaſure in weeping*: I ſhould rather underſtand the words to ſignify, that in the inſtant while he is rejoycing at the ſight of his mother, he is compelled to turn his joy into tears, to find the whole ſcene a deluſion.

Then

Then ſhade to ſhade in mutual forms ſucceeds,
Her race recounts, and their illuſtrious deeds.
*Tyro* began: whom great *Salmoneus* bred;
The royal partner of fam'd *Cretheus'* bed.

V. 279. *Then ſhade to ſhade ——— ſucceeds.*] Nothing can better ſhew the invention of *Homer*, than his capacity of furniſhing out a ſcene of ſuch great variety in this infernal region. He calls up the Heroes of former ages from a ſtate of inexiſtence to adorn and diverſify his Poetry. If it be aſked what relation this journey into hell has to the main action of the *Odyſſey?* the anſwer is, It has an Epiſodic affinity with it, and ſhews the ſufferings of *Ulyſſes* more than any of his voyages upon the Ocean, as it is more horrible and full of terrors. What a treaſury of antient Hiſtory and fables has he open'd by this deſcent? he lets us into a variety of different characters of the moſt famous perſonages recorded in antient ſtory; and at the ſame time lays before us a ſupplement to the *Iliad*. If *Virgil* paid a happy piece of flattery to the *Romans*, by introducing the greateſt perſons of the beſt families in *Rome*, in his deſcent in the *Æneid*; *Homer* no leſs happily intereſts the *Grecians* in his ſtory, by honouring the Anceſtors of the nobleſt families who ſtill flouriſhed in *Greece*, in the *Odyſſey*; a circumſtance that could not fail of being very acceptable to a *Grecian* or *Roman* Reader, but perhaps leſs entertaining to us, who have no particular intereſt in theſe ſtories.

V. 281. Tyro ——— *whom great* Salmoneus *bred.*] *Virgil* gives a very different character of *Salmoneus* from this of *Homer*: he deſcribes him as an impious perſon who preſumed to imitate the thunder of *Jupiter*, whereas *Homer* ſtiles him blameleſs, or ἀμύμων; an argiment, ſays *Euſtathius*, that the preceding ſtory is a fable invented ſince the days of *Homer*. This may perhaps be true, and we may naturally conclude it to be true from his ſilence of it, but not from the epithet ἀμύμων; for in the firſt book of the *Odyſſey*, *Jupiter* gives the ſame appellation to *Ægyſthus*, even while he condemns him of murder and adultery. *Euſtathius* adds, that *Salmoneus* was a great proficient in Mechanics, and inventor of a veſſel called βροντεῖον, which imitated thunder by rouling ſtones in it, which gave occaſion to the fictions of the Poets.

For fair *Enipeus*, as from fruitful urns
He pours his wat'ry ſtore, the Virgin burns;
Smooth flows the gentle ſtream with wanton pride,
And in ſoft mazes rouls a ſilver Tide:
As on his banks the maid enamour'd roves,
The Monarch of the deep beholds and loves;
In her *Enipeus*' form and borrow'd charms,
The am'rous God deſcends into her arms:
Around, a ſpacious arch of waves he throws,
And high in air the liquid mountain roſe;

V. 283. *For fair* Enipeus, *as from fruitful urns*
*He pours his wat'ry ſtore, the Virgin burns.*]

There are no fables in the Poets that ſeem more bold than theſe concerning the commerce between women and river Gods; but *Euſtathius* gives us a probable ſolution: I will tranſlate him literally. It was cuſtomary for young Virgins to reſort frequently to rivers to bathe in them; and the Antients have very well explained theſe fables about the intercourſe between them and the water Gods: *Receive my Virginity O* Scamander! ſays a Lady; but it is very apparent who this *Scamander* was: Her lover *Cimon* lay concealed in the reeds. This was a good excuſe for female frailty, in ages of credulity: for ſuch imaginary intercourſe between the fair ſex and Deities was not only believed, but eſteemed honourable. No doubt the Ladies were frequently deceived; their lovers perſonated the Deities, and they took a *Cimon* to their arms in the diſguiſe of a *Scamander*.

It is uncertain where this *Enipeus* flows: *Strabo* (ſays *Euſtathius*) imagines it to be a river of *Peloponneſus*, that diſembogues its waters into the *Alphæus*; for the *Theſſalian* river is *Eniſeus*, and not *Enipeus*: This riſes from mount *Othrys*, and receives into it the *Epidanus*. The former ſeems to be the river intended by *Homer*, for it takes its ſource from a village called *Salmone*; and what ſtrengthens this conjecture is the neighbourhood of the Ocean (or *Neptune* in this fable) to that river. *Lucian* has made this ſtory of *Enipeus* the ſubject of one of his Dialogues.

Thus in ſurrounding floods conceal'd he proves
The pleaſing tranſport, and compleats his loves.
Then ſoftly ſighing, he the fair addreſt,
And as he ſpoke her tender hand he preſt.
Hail happy nymph! no vulgar births are ow'd
To the prolific raptures of a God:
Lo! when nine times the moon renews her horn,
Two brother heroes ſhall from thee be born;
Thy early care the future worthies claim,
To point them to the arduous paths of fame;
But in thy breaſt th' important truth conceal,
Nor dare the ſecret of a God reveal:
For know, thou *Neptune* view'ſt! and at my nod
Earth trembles, and the waves confeſs their God.
He added not, but mounting ſpurn'd the plain,
Then plung'd into the chambers of the main.
Now in the time's full proceſs forth ſhe brings
*Jove*'s dread vicegerents, in two future Kings;
O'er proud *Iolcos Pelias* ſtretch'd his reign,
And god-like *Neleus* rul'd the *Pylian* plain:
Then fruitful, to her *Cretheus*' royal bed
She gallant *Pheres* and fam'd *Æſon* bred:
From the ſame fountain *Amytheon* roſe,
Pleas'd with the din of war, and noble ſhout of foes.
There mov'd *Antiope* with haughty charms,
Who bleſt th' Almighty Thund'rer in her arms;

Hence

Hence ſprung *Amphion*, hence brave *Zethus* came,
Founders of *Thebes*, and men of mighty name;
Tho' bold in open field, they yet ſurround
The town with walls, and mound inject on mound;
Here ramparts ſtood, there tow'rs roſe high in air,
And here thro' ſev'n wide portals ruſh'd the war.

V. 319. *Hence ſprung* Amphion —— ] The fable of *Thebes* built by the power of Muſic is not mentioned by *Homer*, and therefore may be ſuppoſed to be of later invention. *Homer* relates many circumſtances in theſe ſhort hiſtories differently from his ſucceſſors; *Epicaſte* is called *Jocaſta*, and the Tragedians have entirely varied the ſtory of *Oedipus*: They tell us he tore out his eyes, that he was driven from *Thebes*, and being conducted by his daughter *Antigone*, arrived at *Athens*, where entring the Temple of the Furies, he died in the midſt of a furious ſtorm, and was carried by it into Hell: Whereas *Homer* directly affirms, that he continued to reign in *Thebes* after all his calamities.

It is not eaſy to give a reaſon why the mother, and not the father, is ſaid to ſend the Furies to torment *Oedipus*, eſpecially becauſe he was the murderer of his father *Laius*: *Euſtathius* anſwers, that it was by accident that he ſlew *Laius*; but upon the diſcovery of his wickedneſs in marrying his mother *Jocaſta*, he uſed her with more barbarity and rigour than was neceſſary, and therefore ſhe purſues him with her vengeance. *Jocaſta* and *Dido* both die after the ſame manner by their own hands: I agree with *Scaliger*, that *Virgil* has deſcribed hanging more happily than *Homer*.

*Informis Lethi nodum trabe nectit ab altâ.*

Ἀψαμένη βρόχον αἰπὺν ἀφ' ὑψηλοῖο μελάθου

There is nothing like the *Informis Lethi nodus* in *Homer*: and as that Critic obſerves, *tam atrox res aliquo verborum ambitu ſtudioſius comprehendenda fuit.* The ſtory of *Oedipus* is this: *Laius* being informed by the Oracle, that he ſhould be ſlain by his ſon, cauſed *Oedipus* immediately to be expoſed by his ſhepherds to wild beaſts; but the ſhepherds preſerved him, and gave him education: When he came to years of maturity he went towards *Thebes* in ſearch of his father, but meeting *Laius* by the way, and a quarrel ariſing, he ſlew him ignorantly, and married *Jocaſta* his mother. This is the ſubject of two Tragedies in *Sophocles*.

There

There with ſoft ſtep the fair *Alcmena* trod,
Who bore *Alcides* to the thund'ring God;
And *Megara*, who charm'd the ſon of *Jove*,
And ſoften'd his ſtern ſoul to tender love.

Sullen and ſow'r with diſcontented mien
*Jocaſta* frown'd, th' inceſtuous *Theban* Queen;
With her own Son ſhe join'd in nuptial bands,
Tho' father's blood imbru'd his murd'rous hands:
The Gods and men the dire offence deteſt,
The Gods with all their furies rend his breaſt:
In lofty *Thebes* he wore th' imperial crown,
A pompous wretch! accurs'd upon a throne.
The wife ſelf-murder'd from a beam depends,
And her foul ſoul to blackeſt Hell deſcends;
Thence to her ſon the choiceſt plagues ſhe brings,
And the fiends haunt him with a thouſand ſtings.

And now the beauteous *Chloris* I deſcry,
A lovely ſhade, *Amphion*'s youngeſt joy!

341. ———*The beauteous* Chloris *I deſcry.*] A Critic ought not only to endeavour to point out the beauties in the ſenſe, but alſo in the verſification of a Poet: *Dionyſius Halicarn.* cites theſe two verſes as peculiarly flowing and harmonious.

Καὶ Χλῶριν εἶδον περικαλλέα, τήν ποτε Νελεὺς
Γῆμεν ἑὸν διὰ Κάλλος, ἐπεὶ πόρε μύρια ἕνδα.

There is not one eliſion, nor one rough vowel or conſonant, but they flow along with the utmoſt ſmoothneſs, and the beauty of the Muſe equals that of *Chloris.*

With

With gifts unnumber'd *Neleus* ſought her arms,
Nor paid too dearly for unequal'd charms;
Great in *Orchomenos*, in *Pylos* great,
He ſway'd the ſcepter with imperial ſtate.
Three gallant ſons the joyful monarch told,
Sage *Neſtor*, *Periclimenus* the bold,
And *Chromius* laſt; but of the ſofter race,
One nymph alone, a miracle of grace.
Kings on their thrones for lovely *Pero* burn,
The Sire denies, and Kings rejected mourn.
To him alone the beauteous prize he yields,
Whoſe arm ſhould raviſh from *Phylacian* fields

V. 345. *Great in* Orchomenos———] This is a very conſiderable city lying between *Bæotia* and *Phocis*, upon the river *Cephiſus*: *Homer* calls it the *Minyan Orchomenos*, becauſe the *Minyans* an antient people inhabited it: it was the colony of theſe *Minyans* that ſailed to *Iolcos*, and gave name to the *Argonauts*. *Euſtathius*.

V. 348. ——— Periclimenus *the bold*.] The reaſon why *Homer* gives this epithet to *Periclimeneus* may be learned from *Heſiod*: *Neptune* gave him the Power to change himſelf into all ſhapes, but he was ſlain by *Hercules*: *Periclimenus* aſſaulted that Hero in the ſhape of a bee, or fly, who diſcovering him in that diſguiſe, by the means of *Pallas* ſlew him with his club. This is the perſon of whom *Ovid* ſpeaks, but adds that he was ſlain in the ſhape of an eagle by *Hercules*.

*Mira Piriclimeni mors eſt, cui poſſe figuras*
*Sumere quas vellet, rurſuſque reponere ſumptas,*
*Neptunus dederat*, &c.

*Euphorion* ſpeaks of him in the ſhape of a bee or fly.

——— Ἄλλοτε δ' ἄὖτε μελισσῶν ἀγλαὰ φῦλα
Ἄλλοτε δεινὸς Ὄφις ———

The

The herds of *Iphyclus*, detain'd in wrong;
Wild, furious herds, unconquerably ſtrong!
This dares a Seer, but nought the Seer prevails,
In beauty's cauſe illuſtriouſly he fails;
Twelve moons the foe the captive youth detains
In painful dungeons, and coercive chains;

V. 357. *This dares a Seer* &c.] This ſtory is related with great obſcurity, but we learn from the 15th book that the name of this Prophet was *Melampus*. *Iphyclus* was the ſon of *Deioneus*, and Uncle to *Tyro*; he had ſeized upon the goods of *Tyro* the mother of *Neleus*, among which were many beautiful oxen: theſe *Neleus* demands, but is unjuſtly denied by *Iphyclus*: *Neleus* had a daughter named *Pero*, a great beauty who was courted by all the neighbouring Princes, but the father refuſes her unleſs to the man who recovers theſe oxen from *Iphyclus*: *Bias* was in love with *Pero*, and perſuades his brother *Melampus* a Prophet to undertake the Recovery; he attempts it, but being vanquiſhed, is thrown into priſon; but at laſt ſet at liberty, for telling *Iphyclus*, who was childleſs, how to procure iſſue. *Iphyclus* upon this gave him the oxen for a reward.

Nothing can be more ridiculous than the explanation of this ſtory in *Euſtathius*, which I will lay before the Reader for his entertainment. *Melampus*, after he was made a priſoner, was truſted to the care of a man and a woman; the man uſed him with mercy, and the woman with cruelty: One day he heard a low noiſe, and a family of *worms* in conference. (He underſtood the language of all the animal creation, beaſts and reptiles.) Theſe worms were diſcourſing how they had eaten through a great beam that lay over the head of *Melampus*: He immediately provides for his own ſafety, feigns a ſickneſs, and begs to be carried into the freſh air: The woman and the man immediately comply with this requeſt; at which inſtant the beam falling, kills the woman: An account of this is forthwith carried to *Iphyclus*, who ſending for *Melampus*, aſks who he is? He tells him, a Prophet, and that he came for the Oxen of *Neleus*: *Iphyclus* commands him to declare how he may have an heir? *Melampus* kills an Ox, and calls all the birds of the air to feaſt on it; they all appear except the vulture; he propoſes the caſe to them, but they give no ſatisfactory anſwer; at laſt the Vulture appears, and gives *Melampus* a full information: Upon this *Iphyclus* obtains a child, and *Melampus* the Oxen of *Neleus*.

The

The foe at laſt from durance where he lay,
His art revering gave him back to day;
Won by prophetick knowledge, to fulfill
The ſtedfaſt purpoſe of th' Almighty will.
With graceful port advancing now I ſpy'd
*Leda* the fair, the godlike *Tyndar*'s bride:
Hence *Pollux* ſprung who wields with furious ſway
The deathful gauntlet, matchleſs in the fray:
And *Caſtor* glorious on th' embattled plain
Curbs the proud ſteed, reluctant to the rein:
By turns they viſit this etherial ſky,
And live alternate, and alternate die:

V. 364. *The ſtedfaſt purpoſe of th' Almighty will.*] Theſe words Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλὴ, ſeem to come in without any connexion with the ſtory, and conſequently unneceſſarily; but *Homer* ſpeaks of it conciſely, as an adventure well known in his times, and therefore not wanting a further explication: But *Apollodorus* relates the whole at large, *lib.* 1. The reaſon why theſe words are inſerted is, to inform us that there were antient Prophecies concerning *Iphyclus*, that it was decreed by *Jupiter* he ſhould have no children 'till he had recourſe to a Prophet, who explaining theſe Prophecies to him ſhould ſhew him how to obtain that bleſſing: In this ſenſe the will of *Jupiter* may be ſaid to be fulfilled.

V. 372. *And live alternate, and alternate die.*] *Caſtor* and *Pollux* are called Διόσκουροι, or *the ſons of* Jupiter; but what could give occaſion to this fiction, of their living and dying alternately? *Euſtathius* informs us that it is a phyſical allegory: They repreſent the two Hemiſpheres of the world; the one of which is continually enlightened by the ſun, and conſequently the other is then in darkneſs: and theſe being ſucceſſively illuminated according to the order of the day and night, one of theſe ſons of *Jupiter* may be ſaid to revive when one part of the world riſes into day, and the other to die, when it deſcends into darkneſs. What makes this allegory the more probable is, that *Jupiter* denotes, in many allegories of *Homer*, the air, or the upper regions of it.

In

In hell beneath, on earth, in heav'n above
Reign the Twin-gods, the fav'rite ſons of *Jove.*
There *Ephimedia* trod the gloomy plain,
Who charm'd the Monarch of the boundleſs main;
Hence *Ephialtes,* hence ſtern *Otus* ſprung,
More fierce than Giants, more than Giants ſtrong;
The earth o'erburthen'd groan'd beneath their weight,
None but *Orion* e'er ſurpaſs'd their height:
The wond'rous youths had ſcarce nine winters told,
When high in air, tremendous to behold,
Nine ells aloft they rear'd their tow'ring head,
And full nine cubits broad their ſhoulders ſpread.

Proud

V. 383. *Nine ells aloft they rear'd their head.*] This is undoubtedly a very bold fiction, and has been cenſured by ſome Critics as monſtrous, and praiſed by others as ſublime. It may ſeem utterly incredible that any human creatures could be nine ells, that is, eleven yards and a quarter in height, at the age of nine years. But it may vindicate *Homer* as a Poet to ſay that he only made uſe of a fable, that had been tranſmitted down from the earlieſt times of the world; for ſo early the war between the Gods and Giants was ſuppoſed to be. There might a rational account be given of theſe apparent incredibilities; if I might be allowed to ſay what many authors of great name have conjectured, that theſe ſtories are only traditional, and all founded upon the ejection of the fallen Angels from Heaven, and the wars they had with the good Angels to regain their ſtations. If this might be allowed, we ſhall then have real Giants, who endeavoured to take Heaven by aſſault; then nothing can be invented by a Poet ſo boldly, as to exceed what may juſtly be believed of theſe beings: then the ſtories of heaping mountain upon mountain will come within the bounds of credibility. But without having recourſe to this ſolution, *Longinus* brings this paſſage as an inſtance of true ſublimity, *chap.* 6. He is proving that the Sublime is ſometimes found without the pathetic, for ſome paſſions are mean, as fear, ſadneſs, ſorrow, and conſequently incapable of ſublimity; and on the other hand, there are many things great and ſublime, in which there is no paſſion;

Proud of their ſtrength and more than mortal ſize, 385
The Gods they challenge, and affect the ſkies;

of this kind is what *Homer* ſays concerning *Otus*, and *Ephialtes*, with ſo much boldneſs.

*The Gods they challenge, and affect the ſkies.*

And what he adds concerning the ſucceſs of theſe Giants is ſtill bolder.

*Had they to manhood grown, the bright abodes*
*Of Heav'n had ſhook, and Gods been heap'd on Gods.*

*Virgil* was of the opinion of *Longinus*, for he has imitated *Homer*.

*Hic & Aloidas geminos immania vidi*
*Corpora, qui manibus magnum reſcindere cælum*
*Aggreſſi, ſuperiſque Jovem detrudere regnis.*

*Macrobius, lib.* 5. *Saturn. cap.* 13. judges theſe verſes to be inferior to *Homer*'s in Majeſty; in *Homer* we have the height and breadth of theſe Giants, and he happily paints the very ſize of their limbs in the run of his Poetry; two words, ἐννέωροι, and ἐννεαπήχεες, almoſt make one verſe, deſignedly choſen to expreſs their bulk in the turn of the words; but *Virgil* ſays only *immania corpora*, and makes no addition concerning the Giants, omitting entirely the circumſtance of their ſize: *Homer* relates the piling hill upon hill; *Virgil* barely adds, that they endeavoured to ſtorm the heavens.

*Scaliger* is firm and faithful to *Virgil*, and vindicates his favourite in the true ſpirit of criticiſm? I perſuade myſelf he glances at *Macrobius*, for he cavils at thoſe inſtances which he produces as beauties in *Homer*; I give his anſwer in his own words. *Admirantur Græculi pueriles menſuras; nimis ſæpe cogor exclamare, aliud eſſe Græculum circulatorem, aliud regiæ orationis authorem: Indignam cenſuit ſuâ majeſtate Virgilius hanc minutam ſuperſtitionem, &c.*

*Euſtathius* remarks that the Antients greatly admired the exact proportion of theſe Giants, for the body is of a due ſymmetry, when the thickneſs is three degrees leſs than the height of it. According to this account the Giants grew one cubit every year in bulk, and three in height. *Homer* ſays, that they fell by the ſhafts of *Apollo*, that is, they died ſuddenly; but other writers relate, that as they were hunting, *Diana* ſent a ſtag between them, at which both at once aiming their weapons, and ſhe withdrawing the ſtag, they fell by their own darts. *Euſtathius.*

Heav'd

Heav'd on *Olympus* tott'ring *Oſſa* ſtood;
On *Oſſa*, *Pelion* nods with all his wood:
Such were they Youths! had they to manhood grown,
Almighty *Jove* had trembled on his throne.
But ere the harveſt of the beard began
To briſtle on the chin, and promiſe man,
His ſhafts *Apollo* aim'd; at once they ſound,
And ſtretch the Giant-monſters o'er the ground.
There mournful *Phædra* with ſad *Procris* moves,
Both beauteous ſhades, both hapleſs in their loves;
And near them walk'd, with ſolemn pace and ſlow,
Sad *Ariadne*, partner of their woe;

V. 387. —— *On* Olympus *tott'ring* Oſſa *ſtood*, &c.] *Strabo* takes notice of the judgment of *Homer*, in placing the mountains in this order; they all ſtand in *Macedonia*; *Olympus* is the largeſt, and therefore he makes it the baſis upon which *Oſſa* ſtands, that being the next to *Olympus* in magnitude, and *Pelion* being the leaſt is placed above *Oſſa*, and thus they riſe pyramidically. *Virgil* follows a different regulation,

*Ter ſunt conati imponere Pelion Oſſæ,*
*Scilicet atque Oſſæ frondoſum imponere Olympum.*

Here the largeſt mountain is placed uppermoſt, not ſo naturally as in the order of *Homer*. There is a peculiar beauty in the former of theſe verſes, in which *Virgil* makes the two vowels in *conati imponere* meet without an eliſion, to expreſs the labour and ſtraining of the Giants in heaving mountain upon mountain. I appeal to the ear of every Reader, if he can pronounce theſe two words without a pauſe and ſtop; the difficulty in the flow of the verſe excellently repreſents the labour of the Giants ſtraining to ſhove *Pelion* upon *Oſſa*. *Dacier* remarks that *Virgil* follows the ſituation of the mountains, without regarding the magnitude; thus *Pelion* lies firſt on the north of *Macedonia*. *Oſſa* is the ſecond, and the third *Olympus*; but ſhe prefers *Homer*'s method as moſt rational.

The royal *Minos Ariadne* bred,
She *Theſeus* lov'd; from *Crete* with *Theſeus* fled;
Swift to the *Dian* Iſle the Hero flies,
And tow'rds his *Athens* bears the lovely prize;
There *Bacchus* with fierce rage *Diana* fires,
The Goddeſs aims her ſhaft, the Nymph expires.
There *Clymenè*, and *Mera* I behold,
There *Eriphylè* weeps, who looſely ſold
Her lord, her honour, for the luſt of gold.

V. 402. *And tow'ards his* Athens *bears the lovely prize.*] *Homer* juſtifies *Theſeus* from any crime with relation to *Ariadne*, he is guilty of no infidelity as ſucceeding Poets affirm; ſhe died ſuddenly in *Dia*, or *Naxos* (an Iſland lying between *Thera* and *Crete*); *Diana* ſlew her at the inſtigation of *Bacchus*, who accuſed her to that Goddeſs, for prophaning her temple by too free an intercourſe with *Theſeus*; this *Homer* calls μαρτυρίη Διονύσου. *Climene* was a daughter of *Mynias*, *Mæra* of *Prætus* and *Antæa*, who having made a vow to *Diana* of perpetual virginity, broke it; and therefore fell by that Goddeſs. *Phædra* was wife to *Theſeus*, and fell in love with her ſon *Hippolytus*. *Eriphyle* was the Daughter of *Taläus* and *Lyſimache*, wife of the Prophet *Amphiaraus*; who being brib'd with a collar of gold by *Polynices*, obliged her Huſband to go to the war of *Thebes*, though ſhe knew he was decreed to fall before that city: ſhe was ſlain by her ſon *Alcmæon*. *Euſtathius*.

*Ulyſſes* when he concludes, ſays it is time to repoſe.

*Here in the court, or yonder on the waves.*

To underſtand this the Reader muſt remember, that in the beginning of the eighth book all things were prepared for his immediate voyage, or as it is there expreſſed,

——*Ev'n now the gales*
*Call thee aboard, and ſtretch the ſwelling ſails.*

So that he deſires to repoſe in the ſhip, that he may begin his voyage early in the morning.

But

But ſhould I all recount, the night would fail,
Unequal to the melancholy tale:
And all-compoſing reſt my nature craves,
Here in the court, or yonder on the waves;
In you I truſt, and in the heav'nly pow'rs,
To land *Ulyſſes* on his native ſhores.
He ceas'd: but left ſo charming on their ear
His voice, that liſt'ning ſtill they ſeem'd to hear.
'Till riſing up, *Aretè* ſilence broke,
Stretch'd out her ſnowy hand, and thus ſhe ſpoke:
What wond'rous man heav'n ſends us in our gueſt!
Thro' all his woes the Hero ſhines confeſt;

V. 414. *He ceas'd: but left ſo charming on their ear*
*His voice* ——]

I cannot tell whether this pauſe, or break in the narration of *Ulyſſes* has a good effect or not; whether it gives a relief to the Reader, or is an unexpected diſappointment of the purſuit of the ſtory? But certainly what is inſerted during this ſhort interruption, is particularly well choſen; it unites the Epiſode with the main action, and ſhews how it contributes to the end of the *Odyſſey*, in influencing the *Phæacians* not only to reſtore *Ulyſſes*, but reſtore him with wealth and honour, which is the aim of the whole Poem.

V. 416. —— Aretè *ſilence broke.*] *Euſtathius* obſerves, that the two motives which the Queen uſes to move the *Phæacians* to liberality, is the relation *Ulyſſes* has to her, as her peculiar gueſt, (for *Nauſicaa* firſt recommended him to the Queen's protection) and their own wealth: (for ſo he renders ἕκαστος δ' ἐμμορε τιμῆς, and *Dacier* follows his interpretation) I have adventured to tranſlate it differently, in this ſenſe: "'Tis true, he is my peculiar gueſt, but you all ſhare in "the honour he does us, and therefore it is equitable to join in his aſſiſtance," then ſhe cloſes her ſpeech with reminding them of their abilities; which in the other ſenſe would be tautology.

His comely port, his ample frame expreſs
A manly air, majeſtic in diſtreſs,
He, as my gueſt, is my peculiar care,
You ſhare the pleaſure,——then in bounty ſhare;
To worth in miſery, a rev'rence pay,
And with a gen'rous hand reward his ſtay;
For ſince kind heav'n with wealth our realm has bleſt,
Give it to heav'n, by aiding the diſtreſt.

Then ſage *Echeneus*, whoſe grave, rev'rend brow
The hand of time had ſilver'd o'er with ſnow,
Mature in wiſdom roſe: Your words, he cries,
Demand obedience, for your words are wiſe.
But let our King direct the glorious way
To gen'rous acts; our part is to obey.

While Life informs theſe limbs, (the King reply'd)
Well to deſerve, be all my cares employ'd:
But here this night the royal gueſt detain,
'Till the ſun flames along th' ethereal plain:

V. 425.——*With a gen'rous hand reward his ſtay.*] This I am perſuaded is the true meaning of the paſſage; *Ulyſſes* had ſhewed a deſire immediately to go aboard, and the Queen draws an argument from this to induce the *Phæacians* to a greater contribution, and *Ulyſſes* to a longer ſtay; ſhe perſuades them to take time to prepare their preſents, which muſt occaſion the ſtay of *Ulyſſes* 'till they are prepared. They might otherwiſe (obſerves *Dacier*) have pretended to comply with the impatience of *Ulyſſes*, and immediately diſmiſſed him with a ſmall gratuity, under the pretext of not having time to prepare a greater. It muſt be confeſſed, to the reproach of human Nature, that this is but too juſt a picture of it: Self-intereſt makes the Great very ready to gratify their petitioners with a diſmiſſion, or to comply with them to their diſadvantage.

Be

Be it my taſk to ſend with ample ſtores
The ſtranger from our hoſpitable ſhores:
Tread you my ſteps! 'Tis mine to lead the race,
The firſt in glory, as the firſt in place.
To whom the Prince: This night with joy I ſtay,
O Monarch great in virtue as in ſway!
If thou the circling year my ſtay controul,
To raiſe a bounty noble as thy ſoul;
The circling year I wait, with ampler ſtores
And fitter pomp to hail my native ſhores:
Then by my realms due homage would be paid;
For wealthy Kings are loyally obey'd!

V. 444. *If thou the circling year,* &c.] This ſpeech of *Ulyſſes* has been condemned by the Critics, as avaricious; and therefore *Euſtathius* judges it to be ſpoken artfully and complimentally; *Didymus*, with a well-bred urbanity, or χαριέντως: I ſee nothing mean in it; what *Ulyſſes* ſpeaks proceeds from the gratitude of his ſoul; the heart of a brave man is apt to overflow while it acknowledges an obligation. *Spondanus* imagines that *Ulyſſes* may poſſibly ſpeak jocoſely, and aſks if it is probable that he could be induced to ſtay from his country out of a mean conſideration of a few preſents, who had already preferred it to immortality? But in truth, *Ulyſſes* never behaves with levity; and it would give us an ill idea of that Hero, ſhould he return the united kindneſs of the peers of *Phæacia* with ſcorn and deriſion: Beſides, *Ulyſſes* values theſe preſents no otherwiſe than as they may contribute to his re-eſtabliſhment in his country; for he directly ſays,

*So by my realms due homage ſhould be paid,*
*A wealthy Prince is loyally obey'd.*

This is an evidence, that the words of *Ulyſſes* flow not from ſo baſe a fountain as avarice, but that all his thoughts and actions center upon his country.

O King! for ſuch thou art, and ſure thy blood
Thro' veins (he cry'd) of royal fathers flow'd;
Unlike thoſe vagrants who on falſehood live,
Skill'd in ſmooth tales, and artful to deceive,
Thy better ſoul abhors the liar's part,
Wiſe is thy voice, and noble is thy heart.
Thy words like muſic every breaſt controul,
Steal thro' the ear, and win upon the ſoul;
Soft, as ſome ſong divine, thy ſtory flows,
Nor better could the Muſe record thy woes.

V. 454. *Thy better ſoul abhors the liar's part,*
*Wiſe is thy voice* ——]

This is an inſtance of the judgment of *Homer* in ſuſtaining his characters? the *Phæacians* were at firſt deſcribed as a credulous people, and he gives us here an inſtance of their credulity, for they ſwallow all theſe fables as ſo many realities. The verſe in the original is remarkable.

Σοὶ δ' ἐπὶ μὲν μορφὴ ἐπέων ἐπὶ δὲ φρενὲς ἔσθλαὶ.

Which *Euſtathius* thinks was uſed by *Alcinous*, to tell *Ulyſſes* that his fables were ſo well laid together as to have the appearance of truth; *Dacier* follows him, and (as uſual) delivers his opinion as her own ſentiment. But this cannot be *Homer*'s intention, for it ſuppoſes *Alcinous* to look upon theſe relations as fables, contrary to the univerſal character of their ignorant credulity; I therefore am perſuaded that μορφὴ ἐπέων ſignifies the pleaſantneſs or beauty of his relation, and φρενὲς ἔσθλαὶ the integrity of his heart in oppoſition to the character of a liar, or perhaps his wiſdom in general: and this excellently agrees with his reſembling him to a Muſician, (who always was a Poet in thoſe ages, and ſung the exploits of Heroes, *&c.* to the lyre.) In this view the ſweetneſs of the muſic repreſents the agreeableneſs of the narration, and the ſubject of the muſician's ſong the ſtory of his adventures.

But

But ſay, upon the dark and diſmal coaſt,
Saw'ſt thou the Worthies of the *Grecian* Hoſt?
The God-like leaders who in battle ſlain,
Fell before *Troy*, and nobly preſt the plain?
And lo! a length of night behind remains,
The evening ſtars ſtill mount th' etherial plains.
Thy tale with raptures I could hear thee tell,
Thy woes on earth, the wond'rous ſcenes in hell,
'Till in the vault of heav'n the ſtars decay,
And the ſky reddens with the riſing day.
O worthy of the pow'r the Gods aſſign'd,
(*Ulyſſes* thus replies) a King in mind!
Since yet the early hour of night allows
Time for diſcourſe, and time for ſoft repoſe,
If ſcenes of miſery can entertain,
Woes I unfold, of woes a diſmal train.
Prepare to hear of murther and of blood;
Of god-like Heroes who uninjur'd ſtood
Amidſt a war of ſpears in foreign lands,
Yet bled at home, and bled by female hands.
Now ſummon'd *Proſerpine* to hell's black hall
The heroine ſhades; they vaniſh'd at her call;
When lo! advanc'd the forms of Heroes ſlain
By ſtern *Ægyſthus*, a majeſtic train,
And high above the reſt, *Atrides* preſt the plain.

He quaff'd the gore: and ſtrait his ſoldier knew,
And from his eyes pour'd down the tender dew;
His arms he ſtretch'd; his arms the touch deceive,
Nor in the fond embrace, embraces give:
His ſubſtance vaniſh'd, and his ſtrength decay'd,
Now all *Atrides* is an empty ſhade.

Mov'd at the ſight, I for a ſpace reſign'd
To ſoft affliction all my manly mind,
At laſt with tears——O what relentleſs doom
Imperial Phantom, bow'd thee to the tomb?
Say while the ſea, and while the tempeſt raves,
Has fate oppreſs'd thee in the roaring waves,
Or nobly ſeiz'd thee in the dire alarms
Of war and ſlaughter, and the claſh of arms?

The Ghoſt returns: O chief of humankind
For active courage and a patient mind;
Nor while the ſea, nor while the tempeſt raves,
Has Fate oppreſs'd me on the roaring waves!
Nor nobly ſeiz'd me in the dire alarms,
Of war and ſlaughter, and the claſh of arms.
Stab'd by a murd'rous hand *Atrides* dy'd,
A foul adult'rer, and a faithleſs bride;
Ev'n in my mirth and at the friendly feaſt,
O'er the full bowl, the traitor ſtab'd his gueſt;
Thus by the goary arm of ſlaughter falls
The ſtately Ox, and bleeds within the ſtalls.

But not with me the direful murther ends,
Theſe, theſe expir'd! their crime, they were my friends:
Thick as the boars, which ſome luxurirous lord
Kills for the feaſt, to crown the nuptial board.
When war has thunder'd with its loudeſt ſtorms,
Death thou haſt ſeen in all her ghaſtly forms;
In duel met her, on the liſted ground,
When hand to hand they wound return for wound;
But never have thy eyes aſtoniſh'd view'd
So vile a deed, ſo dire a ſcene of blood.
Ev'n in the flow of joy, when now the bowl
Glows in our veins, and opens ev'ry ſoul,
We groan, we faint; with blood the dome is dy'd,
And o'er the pavement floats the dreadful tide——
Her breaſt all gore, with lamentable cries,
The bleeding innocent *Caſſandra* dies!
Then tho' pale death froze cold in ev'ry vein,
My ſword I ſtrive to wield, but ſtrive in vain;
Nor did my traitreſs wife theſe eyelids cloſe,
Or decently in death my limbs compoſe.
O Woman, woman, when to ill thy mind
Is bent, all hell contains no fouler fiend:
And ſuch was mine! who baſely plung'd her ſword
Thro' the fond boſom where ſhe reign'd ador'd!
Alas! I hop'd, the toils of war o'ercome,
To meet ſoft quiet and repoſe at home;

Deluſive hope! O wife, thy deeds diſgrace
The perjur'd ſex, and blacken all the race;
And ſhould poſterity one virtuous find,
Name *Clytemneſtra*, they will curſe the kind. 540
O injur'd

V. 539. *And ſhould poſterity one virtuous find,*
*Name* Clytemneſtra, *they will curſe the kind.*]

There cannot be a greater ſatyr upon the fair ſex than this whole conference between *Ulyſſes* and *Agamemnon*. *Terence* has fallen into the ſentiment with *Homer*.

*Ædepol, næ nos æquè ſumus omnes inviſæ viris*
*Propter paucas, quæ omnes faciunt dignæ ut videamur malo.*

But how is this to be reconciled to juſtice, and why ſhould the innocent ſuffer for the crimes of the guilty? We are to take notice, that *Agamemnon* ſpeaks with anger, an undiſtinguiſhing paſſion, and his words flow from reſentment, not reaſon; it muſt be confeſſed that *Agamemnon* had received great provocation, his wife had diſhonoured his bed, and taken his life away; it is therefore no wonder if he flies out into a vehemence of language; a Poet is obliged to follow nature, and give a fierceneſs to the features, when he paints a perſon in ſuch emotions, and add a violence to his colours.

It has been objected that *Homer*, and even *Virgil*, were enemies to the faireſt part of the creation; that there is ſcarce a good character of a woman in either of the Poets: But *Andromache* in the *Iliad*, and *Penelope*, *Arete*, and *Nauſicaa* in the *Odyſſey*, are inſtances to the contrary. I muſt own I am a little at a loſs to vindicate *Ulyſſes* in this place; he is ſpeaking before *Arete* and *Nauſicaa*, a Queen and her daughter; and entertains them with a ſatyr upon their own ſex, which may appear unpolite, and a want of decency; and be applied by *Alcinous* as a caution to beware of his ſpouſe, and not to truſt her in matters of importance with his ſecrets; for this is the moral that is naturally drawn from the fable. Madam *Dacier* gives up the cauſe, and allows the advice of not truſting women to be good; it comes from her indeed a little unwillingly, with *I will not ſay but the counſel may be right.* I for my part will allow *Ulyſſes* to be in an hundred faults, rather than lay ſuch an imputation upon the Ladies; *Ulyſſes* ought to be conſidered as having ſuffered twenty years calamities for that ſex in the cauſe of *Helen*, and this poſſibly may give a little acrimony to his language. He puts it indeed in the mouth of *Agamemnon*;

but

O injur'd ſhade, I cry'd, what mighty woes
To thy imperial race from woman roſe!
By woman here thou tread'ſt this mournful ſtrand,
And *Greece* by woman lies a deſart land.
Warn'd by my ills beware, the Shade replies,
Nor truſt the ſex that is ſo rarely wiſe;
When earneſt to explore thy ſecret breaſt,
Unfold ſome trifle, but conceal the reſt.
But in thy conſort ceaſe to fear a foe,
For thee ſhe feels ſincerity of woe:
When *Troy* firſt bled beneath the *Grecian* arms
She ſhone unrival'd with a blaze of charms,
Thy infant ſon her fragrant boſom preſt,
Hung at her knee, or wanton'd at her breaſt;
But now the years a num'rous train have ran;
The blooming boy is ripen'd into man;
Thy eyes ſhall ſee him burn with noble fire,
The ſire ſhall bleſs his ſon, the ſon his ſire:
But my *Oreſtes* never met theſe eyes,
Without one look the murther'd father dies;

but the objection returns, why does he chuſe to relate ſuch a ſtory before a Queen and her daughter? In ſhort, I think they ought to have torn him to pieces, as the Ladies of *Thrace* ſerved *Orpheus*.

V. 541. ——— *What mighty woes*
*To thy imperial race from woman roſe?*

*Ulyſſes* here means *Aëropè* the wife of *Atreus*, and mother of *Agamemnon*, who being corrupted by *Thyeſtes*, involved the whole family in the utmoſt calamities, *Euſtathius*.

Then

Then from a wretched friend this wiſdom learn,
Ev'n to thy Queen diſguis'd, unknown, return;
For ſince of womankind ſo few are juſt,
Think all are falſe, nor ev'n the faithful truſt.
But ſay, reſides my ſon in royal port,
In rich *Orchomenos*, or *Sparta*'s court?
Or ſay in *Pyle?* for yet he views the light,
Nor glides a Phantom thro' the realms of night.
Then I: Thy ſuit is vain, nor can I ſay
If yet he breathes in realms of chearful day;
Or pale or wan beholds theſe nether ſkies?
Truth I revere: For Wiſdom never lies.
Thus in a tide of tears our ſorrows flow,
And add new horror to the realms of woe;
'Till ſide by ſide along the dreary coaſt
Advanced *Achilles'* and *Patroclus'* ghoſt,

A friendly

V. 565. *But ſay, reſides my ſon* ———] *Euſtathius* gives us the reaſon why *Agamemnon* mentions *Pyle*, *Sparta*, and *Orchomenos*, as places where *Oreſtes* might make his reſidence: *Sparta* was under the dominion of his brother *Menelaus*: *Pyle*, of his old friend and faithful Counſellor *Neſtor*; and *Orchomenos* was a city of great ſtrength, and therefore of great ſecurity. We may evidently gather from this paſſage what notion the Antients had concerning a future ſtate: namely, that perſons after death were entirely ſtrangers to the affairs of this world; for *Oreſtes* his ſon had ſlain his murderer *Ægyſthus*, and reigned in peaceable poſſeſſion of his dominions; when *Agamemnon* is ignorant of the whole tranſaction, and deſires *Ulyſſes* to give him information.

V. 576. ———Achilles' *and* Patroclus' *ghoſt.*] *Homer* lets no opportunity paſs of celebrating his Hero *Achilles*, he cannot fail of awakening our attention to hear the ſtory of this great man after death, of whom alive we ſaw ſuch wonders. Beſides, the Poet pays

an

A friendly pair! near theſe the * *Pylian* ſtray'd,
And tow'ring *Ajax*, an illuſtrious ſhade! * *Antilochus.*
War was his joy, and pleas'd with loud alarms,
None but *Pelides* brighter ſhone in arms.
Thro' the thick gloom his friend *Achilles* knew,
And as he ſpeaks the tears deſcend in dew.
Com'ſt thou alive to view the *Stygian* bounds,
Where the wan Spectres walk eternal rounds;
Nor fear'ſt the dark and diſmal waſte to tread,
Throng'd with pale ghoſts, familiar with the dead?
To whom with ſighs: I paſs theſe dreadful gates
To ſeek the *Theban*, and conſult the Fates:
For ſtill diſtreſt I rove from coaſt to coaſt,
Loſt to my friends, and to my country loſt.
But ſure the eye of time beholds no name
So bleſt as thine in all the rolls of fame;
Alive we hail'd thee with our guardian Gods,
And, dead thou rul'ſt a King in theſe abodes.
Talk not of ruling in this dol'rous gloom,
Nor think vain words (he cry'd) can eaſe my doom;

an honour to true friendſhip: The perſon whom *Achilles* beſt loved on earth, is his chief companion in the other world: a very ſtrong argument to cultivate friendſhip with ſincerity. *Achilles* here literally fulfils what he promiſed in the *Iliad*.

*If in the melancholy ſhades below*
*The flames of friends, and lovers ceaſe to glow,*
*Yet mine ſhall ſacred laſt; mine undecay'd*
*Burn on thro' death, and animate my ſhade.*

Rather

Rather I chuſe laborioufly to bear
A weight of woes, and breath the vital air,
A ſlave to ſome poor hind that toils for bread,
Than reign the ſcepter'd monarch of the dead. 600

V. 599. *A ſlave to ſome poor hind who toils for bread,*
*Than reign the ſcepter'd Monarch of the dead.*]

Nothing ſure can give us a more diſadvantagious image of a future ſtate, than this ſpeech which *Homer* puts into the mouth of ſo great a Hero as *Achilles*. If the Poet intended to ſhew the vanity of that deſtructive glory which is purchaſed by the ſword, and read a lecture to all the diſturbers of mankind, whom we abſurdly honour as Heroes, it muſt be allowed he has done it effectually: If this was not his deſign, the remark of *Plato* 3 *Repub.* is not without a foundation; he there proſcribes this whole paſſage as dangerous to morals, and blames the Poet for making *Achilles* ſay he prefers miſery and ſervitude to all the honours which the dead are capable of enjoying. For what, ſays he, can make death more terrible to young perſons? and will it not diſpoſe them to ſuffer all calamities to avoid it, deter them from expoſing themſelves to danger, even in defence of their country, and teach them to be cowards and ſlaves? *Lucian* was of *Plato*'s opinion, for he mentions this paſſage, and ridicules it in his dialogues. *Dacier* gives a different turn to it, and endeavours to ſhew that there is no danger of ſuch conſequences, as *Plato* draws from it: "*Achilles*, adds ſhe, ſpeaks directly contrary to his declared ſenti- "ments and actions, and therefore there is no danger he ſhould "perſuade mankind to prefer ſervitude before death, when he him- "ſelf died rather than not revenge his friend *Patroclus*. Such words "which are contradicted both by the ſentiments and actions of him "that ſpeaks, have on the contrary a very good effect." But I cannot come into her opinion; I will let *Achilles* anſwer for himſelf out of *Lucian*; "In the other world I was ignorant, ſays he, "of the ſtate of the dead, I had not experienced the difference "between the two ſtates, when I preferred a little empty glory to "life." This is an anſwer to what *Dacier* advances, for *Achilles* ſpeaks with experience, and yet prefers miſery and life before glory and death. I know not how to vindicate *Homer*, unleſs it be a vindication to ſay, that he wrote according to the opinions that antiently prevailed in the world; or that like *Hercules*, while the vehicle of *Achilles* is in this ſtate of horror, his ſoul may be in heaven; eſpecially ſince he received divine honours after death, as well as *Hercules*. *Tull. Nat. Deor.* 3. *Aſtypalæa Achillem ſanctiſſimè colit, qui ſi Deus eſt, & Orpheus, &c.*

But ſay, if in my ſteps my ſon proceeds,
And emulates his god-like father's deeds?
If at the claſh of arms, and ſhout of foes,
Swells his bold heart, his boſom nobly glows?
Say if my ſire, the rev'rend *Peleus* reigns
Great in his *Pthia*, and his throne maintains;
Or weak and old, my youthful arm demands,
To fix the ſcepter ſtedfaſt in his hands?
O might the lamp of life rekindled burn,
And death releaſe me from the ſilent urn!
This arm that thunder'd o'er the *Phrygian* plain,
And ſwell'd the ground with mountains of the ſlain,
Should vindicate my injur'd father's fame,
Cruſh the proud rebel, and aſſert his claim.
Illuſtrious ſhade, (I cry'd) of *Peleus'* fates
No circumſtance the voice of fame relates:
But hear with pleas'd attention the renown,
The wars and wiſdom of thy gallant ſon:
With me from *Scyros* to the field of fame
Radiant in arms the blooming Hero came:
When *Greece* aſſembled all her hundred ſtates
To ripen counſels, and decide debates,
Heav'ns! how he charm'd us with a flow of ſenſe,
And won the heart with manly Eloquence!

He firſt was ſeen of all the Peers to riſe,
The third in wiſdom where they all were wiſe;
But when to try the fortune of the day,
Hoſt mov'd tow'rd hoſt in terrible array,
Before the van, impatient for the fight,
With martial port he ſtrode, and ſtern delight;
Heaps ſtrow'd on heaps beneath his faulchion groan'd,
And monuments of dead deform'd the ground.
The time would fail ſhould I in order tell
What foes were vanquiſh'd, and what numbers fell:
How, loſt thro' love, *Eurypylus* was ſlain,
And round him bled his bold *Cetæan* train.

To

V. 626. *The third in wiſdom* ——— ] I have not ventured to render the *Greek* literally; *Ulyſſes* ſays that *Neoptolemus* was ſo wiſe, that only he himſelf and *Neſtor* were wiſer; a truth that would appear more graceful, if ſpoken by any other perſon than *Ulyſſes*. But perhaps the Poet puts theſe words into his mouth, only becauſe he is ſpeaking to the *Phæacians*, who loved themſelves to boaſt, and were full of vain glory; and conſequently they could not think ſelf-praiſe a crime in *Ulyſſes*; on the contrary, it could not fail of having a very good effect, as it ſets him off as a perſon of conſummate wiſdom.

The Poet excellently ſuſtains the character of *Achilles* in this interview: In the *Iliad* he is deſcribed a dutiful ſon, and always expreſſing a tender affection for his father *Peleus*; in the *Odyſſey* he is drawn in the ſame ſoft colours: In the *Iliad* he is repreſented as a man of a ſtrong reſentment; in the *Odyſſey*, he firſt imagines that his father ſuffers, and upon this imagination he immediately takes fire, and flies into threats and fury.

*Dictys*, *lib.* 6. relates, that *Peleus* was expulſed from his kingdom by *Acaſtus*, but that *Pyrrhus* the ſon of *Achilles* afterwards revenged the injury.

V. 635. *How, loſt thro' love,* Eurypylus *was ſlain.*] It muſt be owned that this paſſage is very intricate: *Strabo* himſelf complains of it's obſcurity: The Poet (ſays that Author) rather propoſes an

*Ænigma,*

To *Troy* no Hero came of nobler line,
Or if of nobler, *Memnon*, it was thine.

When

*Ænigma*, than a clear History: for who are these *Cetæans*, and what are these *presents of women?* and adds, that the Grammarians darken, instead of clearing the obscurity. But it is no difficulty to solve these objections from *Eustathius*.

It is evident from *Strabo* himself, that *Eurypylus* reigned near the river *Caïcus*, over the *Mysians*, and *Pliny* confines it to *Teuthrany*; this agrees with what *Ovid* writes, *Metam.* 2.

——— *Teuthrantæusque Caïcus,*

And *Virgil* shews us that *Caïcus* was a river of *Mysia*. *Georg.* 4.

*Saxosumque sonans Hypanis, Mysusque Caïcus.*

But what relation has *Caïcus* to the *Cetæans? Hesychius* informs us, that they are a people of *Mysia*, so called from the river *Cetium*, which runs thro' their country; Κήτειοι, γένος Μυσῶν, ἀπὸ τοῦ παῤῥέοντος ποταμοῦ Κήτεος. This river discharges itself into the *Caïcus*, and consequently the *Cetæans* were *Mysians*, over whom *Eurypylus* reigned. It would be endless to transcribe the different opinions of writers cited by *Eustathius*; some read the verse thus:

Κήτειοι κλεινοῖο γυναικῶν, εἵνεκα δώρων.

Then the meaning will be, *How they fell far from their wives, for the sake of a reward*; that is, for their pay from *Hector*, who, as it appears from the *Iliad*, taxed the *Trojans* to pay the auxiliaries, one of whom was *Eurypylus*. Others think the word signifies, *Great of stature*, and in this sense we find it used in the first line of the fourth *Odyssey*.

——— Λακεδαίμονα Κητώεσσαν.

But I have followed the first opinion, as appearing most probable and natural.

But how are we to explain the second objection, or γυναικῶν εἵνεκα δώρων? Some (says *Eustathius*) understand the expression as apply'd to *Neoptolemus*, and not *Eurypylus*; namely, *Eurypylus* and his soldiers fell by means of the *gifts of women*; that is, *Neoptolemus* was led to the war by the promise of having *Hermione* in mar-

riage,

When *Ilion* in the horſe received her doom,
And unſeen armies ambuſh'd in its womb;
*Greece* gave her latent warriors to my care,
'Twas mine on *Troy* to pour the impriſon'd war:
Then when the boldeſt boſom beat with fear,
When the ſtern eyes of Heroes dropp'd a tear;
Fierce in his look his ardent valour glow'd,
Fluſh'd in his cheek, or ſally'd in his blood;
Indignant in the dark receſs he ſtands,
Pants for the battle, and the war demands;
His voice breath'd death, and with a martial air
He graſp'd his ſword, and ſhook his glitt'ring ſpear.

riage, the daughter of *Menelaus*, which promiſe occaſioned the death of *Eurypylus*, by bringing *Neoptolemus* to the ſiege of *Troy*. Others underſtand it to be ſpoken of a golden vine, ſent by *Priam* to his ſiſter *Aſtyoche* the mother of *Eurypylus*, to induce her to perſuade her ſon to undertake this expedition to *Troy*, where he was ſlain by the ſon of *Achilles*; this vine was ſaid to be given to *Tros* the father of *Priam* by *Jupiter*, as a recompence for his carrying away his ſon *Ganymede* to be his cup-bearer; but this is too much a fable to be followed. Others more probably aſſert, that *Priam* had promiſed one of his daughters to *Eurypylus*, to engage his aſſiſtance in the war; and this agrees very well with *Homer*'s manner of writing in many places of the *Iliad*; and there is a great reſemblance between *Erypylus* in the *Odyſſey* and *Othryoneus* in the *Iliad*, *lib.* 13. 460.

Caſſandra's *love he ſought, with boaſts of pow'r,*
*And promis'd conqueſt was the profer'd dow'r.*

*Spondanus* cites a paſſage from *Dictys*, *lib.* 4. that very well explains theſe difficulties: *Inter quæ tam læta, (nimirum mortem Achillis, &c.) Priamo ſupervenit nuncius Eurypylum Telephi filium ex Myſia adventare, quem rex multis anteà illectum præmiis, ad poſtremum oblatione Caſſandræ confirmaverat, addiderat etiam auream vitem, & ob id per populos memorabilem.*

And

And when the Gods our arms with conqueſt crown'd,
When *Troy*'s proud bulwarks ſmok'd upon the ground,
*Greece* to reward her ſoldier's gallant toils
Heap'd high his navy with unnumber'd ſpoils.
Thus great in glory from the din of war
Safe he return'd, without one hoſtile ſcar;
Tho' ſpears in iron tempeſts rain'd around,
Yet innocent they play'd, and guiltleſs of a wound.
While yet I ſpoke, the Shade with tranſport glow'd,
Roſe in his majeſty and nobler trod;
With haughty ſtalk he ſought the diſtant glades
Of warrior Kings, and join'd th' illuſtrious ſhades.
Now without number ghoſt by ghoſt aroſe,
All wailing without unutterable woes.
Alone, apart, in diſcontented mood
A gloomy ſhade, the ſullen *Ajax* ſtood;
For ever ſad with proud diſdain he pin'd,
And the loſt arms for ever ſtung his mind;
Tho' to the conteſt *Thetis* gave the laws,
And *Pallas*, by the *Trojans*, judg'd the cauſe.

O why

V. 669. *Tho' to the conteſt* Thetis *gave the laws,*
*And* Pallas, *by the* Trojans, *judg'd the cauſe.*]

There are two particulars which want explication in theſe verſes: How did *Thetis* give the law to the conteſt between *Ajax* and *Ulyſſes?* and how could the *Trojans* be made judges to determine between two *Grecian* Heroes? *Thetis* the mother of *Achilles* was a Goddeſs, and out of honour to her, the Chiefs of the *Grecian* army propos'd the arms of her ſon as a reward to the moſt worthy; and

Poetry,

O why was I victorious in the ſtrife;
O dear-bought honour with ſo brave a life!
With him the ſtrength of war, the ſoldiers pride,
Our ſecond hope to great *Achilles* dy'd!
Touch'd at the ſight from tears I ſcarce refrain,
And tender ſorrow thrills in ev'ry vein;
Penſive and ſad I ſtand, at length accoſt,
With accents mild th' inexorable ghoſt.
Still burns thy rage? and can brave ſouls reſent
Ev'n after death? relent, great Shade, relent!
Periſh thoſe arms which by the Gods decree
Accurs'd our army with the loſs of thee!

Poetry, to give a magnificence to the ſtory, introduces the Goddeſs as acting in perſon what is done upon her account. *Thetis* may properly be ſaid to be deſirous that the memory of her ſon ſhould be honour'd; and *Homer* to expreſs this deſire poetically, tells us it was the act of that Goddeſs, to propoſe the arms of *Achilles* as a reward to the moſt worthy of the *Grecian* Heroes.

The ſecond difficulty is fully explain'd by *Euſtathius*: *Agamemnon* finding it an invidious affair to give the preference to any one of the *Grecian* Heroes, and being willing to avoid the reproach of partiality, commanded the *Trojan* priſoners to be brought before the whole army, and aſk'd from which of the two Heroes, *Ajax* or *Ulyſſes*, they had receiv'd the greater detriment; they immediately reply'd from *Ulyſſes*; thus the *Trojans* adjudg'd the cauſe. The Poet adds, that this was done by *Minerva*; that is, the affair was conducted with wiſdom, the reſult of which in Poetry is uſually aſcrib'd to the Goddeſs of it; and no doubt but the Goddeſs of Wiſdom muſt always prefer Wiſdom to mere Valour, or an *Ulyſſes* to an *Ajax*. This deciſion is related in a very different manner by other Poets; in particular, by *Ovid* in his *Metamorphoſis*; but *Lucian* in his Dialogues agrees with *Homer* in every point very circumſtantially; and conſequently, with ſome obſcurity; but what I have here ſaid fully explains that dialogue of *Lucian*, as well as this paſſage of *Homer*.

With

With thee we fell; *Greece* wept thy hapleſs fates;
And ſhook aſtoniſh'd thro' her hundred ſtates;
Not more, when great *Achilles* preſt the ground,
And breath'd his manly ſpirit thro' the wound.
O deem thy fall not ow'd to man's decree,
*Jove* hated *Greece*, and puniſh'd *Greece* in thee!
Turn then, oh peaceful turn, thy wrath controul,
And calm the raging tempeſt of thy ſoul.
While yet I ſpeak, the ſhade diſdains to ſtay,
In ſilence turns, and ſullen ſtalks away.

Touch'd

V. 691. ——— *The ſhade diſdains to ſtay,*
*In ſilence turns, and ſullen ſtalks away.*]

This ſilence of *Ajax* was very much admir'd by the Antients, and *Longinus* propoſes it as an inſtance of the true ſublimity of thought, which ſprings from an elevation of ſoul, and not from the diction; for a man may be truly ſublime without ſpeaking a word: Thus in the ſilence of *Ajax* there is ſomething more noble, than in any thing he could poſſibly have ſpoken. Monſieur *Rapin* agrees with *Longinus*: The ſtubborn untractable *Ajax* (ſays that Author) could not have made a better return to the compliments full of ſubmiſſion which were paid him by *Ulyſſes*, than by a diſdainful and contemptuous ſilence: *Ajax* has more the air of grandeur and majeſty, when he ſays nothing, than when the Poet makes him ſpeak. *Virgil* was ſenſible of the beauty of it, and paints *Dido* in the attitude of *Ajax*. *Fraguier* infinitely prefers the ſilence of *Dido* to that of *Ajax*; ſhe was a woman diſappointed in love, and therefore no wonder if ſhe was greatly paſſionate, and ſunk under the weight of the calamity; but *Ajax* was a Heroe, and ought to have freed himſelf by his courage from ſuch an unworthy degree of reſentment. But to me there appears no weight in this objection: We muſt remember what an Hero *Ajax* is, a ſour, ſtubborn, untractable Hero; and upon all occaſions given to taciturnity; this is his univerſal and notorious character thro' the whole *Iliad*: The Poet therefore adapts his deſcription to it, and he is the ſame *Ajax* in the *Odyſſey* as he was in the

Touch'd at his four retreat, thro' deepeſt night,
Thro' hell's black bounds I had purſu'd his flight,
And forc'd the ſtubborn ſpectre to reply;
But wond'rous viſions drew my curious eye.
High on a throne tremendous to behold,
Stern *Minos* waves a mace of burniſh'd gold;
Around ten thouſand thouſand ſpectres ſtand
Thro' the wide dome of *Dis*, a trembling band.
Still as they plead, the fatal lots he rowls,
Abſolves the juſt, and dooms the guilty ſouls.
There huge *Orion* of portentous ſize,
Swift thro' the gloom a Giant-hunter flies;
A pond'rous

the *Iliad*. Had this been ſpoken of any other Hero, the criticiſm had been more juſt, but in *Ajax* this ſtubborn ſilence is proper and noble.

V. 701. *Still as they plead*———] The expreſſion in the *Greek* is remarkable, Ἥμενοι, ἑσταότες τε; that is, "ſtanding and ſitting:" this is to be referr'd to different perſons; the ἑσταότες were the συνδικασαὶ, or perſons who pleaded the cauſe of the guilty or innocent before the infernal judges: The ἥμενοι were the perſons for whom they pleaded, or thoſe who were about to receive judgment. I doubt not but this was a cuſtom obſerv'd in the courts of Judicature in the days of *Homer*. *Euſtathius*.

V. 703. ——— Orion *of portentous ſize,*
*Swift thro' the gloom a giant-hunter flies.*]

The diverſion of this infernal hunter may ſeem extraordinary in purſuing the ſhades of beaſts; but it was the opinion of the Antients, that the ſame paſſions to which men were ſubject on earth continued with them in the other world; and their ſhades were liable to be affected in the ſame manner as their bodies: Thus we frequently ſee them

A pond'rous mace of braſs with direful ſway
Aloft he whirls, to cruſh the ſavage prey;
Stern beaſts in trains that by his truncheon fell,
Now grifly forms, ſhoot o'er the lawns of hell.

them ſhedding tears, and *Siſyphus* ſweats, in rolling the ſtone up the mountain. *Virgil.*

*Stant terra defixæ haſtæ, paſſimque ſoluti*
*Per campos paſcuntur equi, quæ cura nitentes*
*Paſcere equos, eadem ſequitur tellure repoſtos.*

And again,

——— *Curæ non ipſâ in morte relinquunt.*

I cannot but be of opinion that *Milton* has far ſurpaſs'd both the *Greek* and the *Roman* Poet, in the deſcription of the employment of the fall'n Angels in Hell, as the Ideas are more noble and ſuitable to the characters he deſcribes.

*Part on the plain, or in the air ſublime*
*Upon the wing, or in ſwift race contend,*
*As at th'* Olympian *games or* Pythian *fields:*
*Part curb the fiery ſteeds, or ſhun the goal*
*With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.*
*Others with vaſt* Typhæan *rage more fell*
*Rend up both rocks, and hills, and ride the air*
*In whirlwind: Hell ſcarce holds the wild uproar.*
——— *others more mild*
*Retreated in a ſilent valley, ſing*
*With notes Angelical to many an harp,*
*Their own heroic deeds* ———
*The ſong was partial, but the harmony*
*Suſpended Hell, and took with raviſhment*
*The thronging audience,* &c.

There

There *Tityus* large and long, in fetters bound,
O'erſpreads nine acres of infernal ground; 710

Two

V. 709. *There* Tityus ———] It is needleſs to mention that *Virgil* has adorn'd his deſcent into Hell with moſt of theſe fables borrow'd from *Homer*; It is equally unneceſſary to relate what antiquity ſays of theſe fabled perſons, and their hiſtories; but the moral of them all is obſerv'd by *Euſtathius*, and fully explain'd by *Lucretius*, which I will lay together from Mr. *Dryden*'s tranſlation.

——— *The diſmal tales that Poets tell*
*Are verify'd on earth, and not in hell;*
*No* Tantalus *looks with a fearful eye,*
*Or dreads th' impending rock to cruſh him from on high*
*No* Tityus, *torn by Vultures, lies in hell,*
*Nor could the lobes of his rank liver ſwell*
*To that prodigious maſs, for their eternal meal.*
*But he's the* Tityus, *who, by love oppreſs'd,*
*Or tyrant paſſion preying on his breaſt,*
*And ever anxious thoughts, is robb'd of reſt.*
*The* Siſyphus *is he, whom noiſe and ſtrife*
*Seduce from all the ſoft retreats of life,*
*To vex the government, diſturb the laws,*
*Drunk with the fumes of popular applauſe,*
*He courts the giddy crowd to make him great,*
*And ſweats and toils in vain, to mount the ſov'reign ſeat,*
*For ſtill to aim at pow'r, and ſtill to fail,*
*Ever to ſtrive, and never to prevail,*
*What is it but in reaſon's true account,*
*To heave the ſtone againſt the riſing mount?*

I will only add the reaſon from *Euſtathius*, why *Tityus* was fabled to be the ſon of the earth; it was from his being immers'd in worldly cares, and from his centring all his affections upon the earth, as if he had ſprung from it; this is alluded to by the expreſſion κείμενον ἐν δαπέδῳ. *Spondanus* gives us another reaſon; *Elara* being pregnant

Two rav'nous vultures furious for their food
Scream o'er the fiend, and riot in his blood,
Inceſſant gore the liver in his breaſt,
Th' immortal liver grows, and gives th' immortal feaſt.
For as o'er *Panopé*'s enamel'd plains
*Latona* journey'd to the *Pythian* fanes,
With haughty love th' audacious monſter ſtrove
To force the Goddeſs, and to rival *Jove*.
There *Tantalus* along the *Stygian* bounds
Pours out deep groans; (with groans all hell reſounds)
Ev'n in the circling floods refreſhment craves,
And pines with thirſt amidſt a ſea of waves:
When to the water he his lip applies,
Back from his lip the treach'rous water flies.
Above, beneath, around his hapleſs head,
Trees of all kinds delicious fruitage ſpread;

nant by *Jupiter*, he to avoid the jealouſy of *Juno* conceal'd her in a cavern of the earth, where *Tityus* being born, is fabled to be the ſon of the earth: He adds, that the fiction of his covering nine acres, aroſe from that ſpace of ground which was encloſed for his place of burial. Perhaps the ſtory of *Tantalus* was invented ſolely to paint the nature of a covetous perſon, who ſtarves amidſt p'enty, like, *Tantalus* in the midſt of water. Thus *Horace* applies it, *Satyr* 1. *v.* 70.

*Tantalus a labris ſitiens fugientia captat*
*Flumina. quid rides? mutato nomine de te*
*Fabula narratur. congeſtis undique ſaccis*
*Indormis inhians, & tanquam parcere ſacris*
*Cogeris* ———

There figs ſky-dy'd, a purple hue diſcloſe,
Green looks the olive, the pomegranate glows,
There dangling pears exalted ſcents unfold,
And yellow apples ripen into gold;
The fruit he ſtrives to ſeize: but blaſts ariſe,
Toſs it on high, and whirl it to the ſkies.
I turn'd my eye, and as I turn'd ſurvey'd
A mournful viſion! the *Siſyphian* ſhade;
With many a weary ſtep, and many a groan,
Up the high hill he heaves a huge round ſtone;

The

V. 736. *Up the high hill he heaves a huge round ſtone.*] This is a very remarkable inſtance of the beauty of *Homer*'s verſification; it is taken notice of by *Euſtathius*, but copiouſly explain'd by *Dionyſius Halicarn.* in his treatiſe of placing of words.

Λᾶαν βασάζοντα πελώριον ἀμφοτέρῃσιν,
Ἧτοι ὃ μὲν σκηριπτόμενος χερσίν τε ποσίν τε,
Λᾶαν ἄνω ὤθεσκε——

Here (ſays *Dionyſius*) we ſee in the choice and diſpoſition of the words the fact which they deſcribe; the weight of the ſtone, and the ſtriving to heave it up the mountain: To effect this, *Homer* clogs the verſe with Spondees or long ſyllables, and leaves the vowels open, as in λᾶαν, and in ἄνω ὤθεσκε, which two words it is impoſſible to pronounce without heſitation and difficulty; the very words and ſyllables are heavy, and as it were make reſiſtance in the pronunciation, to expreſs the heavineſs of the ſtone, and the difficulty with which it is forced up the mountain. To give the *Engliſh* Reader a faint Image of the beauty of the original in the tranſlation, I have loaded the verſe with monoſyllables, and theſe almoſt all begin with *Aſpirates*.

*Up the high hill he heaves a huge round ſtone.*

*Homer*

The huge round ſtone, reſulting with a bound,
Thunders impetuous down, and ſmoaks along the ground.
Again the reſtleſs orb his toil renews,
Duſt mounts in clouds, and ſweat deſcends in dews.
Now I the ſtrength of *Hercules* behold,
A tow'ring ſpectre of gigantic mold,
A ſhadowy form! for high in heav'n's abodes
Himſelf reſides, a God among the Gods;

There

*Homer* is no leſs happy in deſcribing the ruſhing down of the ſtone from the top of the mountain.

Αὖτις ἔπειτα πέδονδε κυλίνδετο λᾶας ἀναιδὴς.

Is it not evident, (continues *Dionyſius*) that the ſwiftneſs of the verſe imitates the celerity of the ſtone in its deſcent; nay, that the verſe runs with the greater rapidity? What is the cauſe of this? It is becauſe there is not one monoſyllable in the line, and but two diſſyllables, ten of the ſyllables are ſhort, and not one ſpondee in it, except one that could not be avoided at the concluſion of it; there is no hiatus or gap between word and word, no vowels left open to retard the celerity of it: the whole ſeems to be but one word, the ſyllables melt into one another, and flow away with the utmoſt rapidity in a torrent of Dactyls. I was too ſenſible of the beauty of this not to endeavour to imitate it, tho' unſucceſsfully: I have therefore thrown it into the ſwiftneſs of an *Alexandrine*, to make it of a more proportionable number of ſyllables with the *Greek*.

I refer the Reader for a fuller explication of theſe verſes to *Dionyſius*.

V. 743. ——— Hercules, *a ſhadowy form.*] This is the paſſage formerly referr'd to in theſe annotations, to prove that *Hercules* was in heaven, while his ſhade was in the infernal regions; a full evidence of the partition of the human compoſition into three parts: The body is buried in the earth; the image or εἴδωλον deſcends into the regions of the departed; and the ſoul, or the divine part of man, is receiv'd into Heaven: Thus the body of *Hercules* was conſumed in the flames, his image is in Hell, and his ſoul in Heaven. There is a beautiful moral couch'd in the fable of his being married to *Hebe*,

There in the bright aſſemblies of the ſkies,
He Nectar quaffs, and *Hebe* crowns his joys.
Here hovering ghoſts, like fowl, his ſhade ſurround,
And clang their pinions with terrific ſound;
Gloomy as night he ſtands, in act to throw
Th' aerial arrow from the twanging bow.
Around his breaſt a wond'rous Zone is rowl'd,
Where woodland monſters grin in fretted gold,
There ſullen Lions ſternly ſeem to roar,
The bear to growl, to foam the tuſky boar,
There war and havock and deſtruction ſtood,
And vengeful murther red with human blood.
Thus terribly adorn'd the figures ſhine,
Inimitably wrought with ſkill divine.

The

or *youth*, after death: to imply, that a perpetual youth or a reputation which never grows old, is the reward of thoſe Heroes, who like *Hercules* employ their courage for the good of humankind.

V. 758. *Inimitably wrought with ſkill divine* ] This verſe is not without obſcurity; *Euſtathius* gives us ſeveral interpretations of it.

Μὴ τεχνησάμενος, μὴ δ' Αλλό τι τεχνήσαιτο.

The negative μὴ, by being repeated, ſeems to be redundant; and this in a great meaſure occaſions the difficulty; but in the *Greek* language two negatives more ſtrongly deny; this being premis'd, we may read the verſe as if the former μὴ were abſent, and then the meaning will be, "He that made this Zone, never made any thing "equal to it", as if we ſhould ſay, that *Phidias* who made the ſtatue of *Jupiter* never made any other ſtatue like it; that is, he employed the whole power of his ſkill upon it. Others underſtand the verſe as an execration: *Oh never, never may the hand that made it, make any thing again ſo terrible as this Zone:* And this will give ſome reaſon for the repetition of the negative particles. *Dacier* approves

of

The mighty ghoſt advanc'd with awful look,
And turning his grim viſage, ſternly ſpoke.
O exercis'd in grief! by arts refin'd!
O taught to bear the wrongs of baſe mankind!
Such, ſuch was I! ſtill toſt from care to care,
While in your world I drew the vital air!
Ev'n I who from the Lord of thunders roſe,
Bore toils and dangers, and a weight of woes;
To a baſe Monarch ſtill a ſlave confin'd,
(The hardeſt bondage to a gen'rous mind!)
Down to theſe worlds I trod the diſmal way,
And dragg'd the three-mouth'd dog to upper day;

of this latter explication, and moralizes upon it: It proceeds (ſays ſhe) from a tender ſentiment of humanity in *Ulyſſes*, who wiſhes that there may never more be occaſion for ſuch a deſign, as the artiſt executed in this belt of *Hercules*: that there may be no more giants, to conquer, no more monſters to tame or no more human blood be ſhed. I wiſh that ſuch a pious and well natur'd explication were to be drawn from the paſſage! But how is it poſſible that the artiſt who made this Zone ſhould ever make another, when he had been in his grave ſome Centuries? (for ſuch a diſtance there was between the days of *Hercules* and *Ulyſſes*;) and conſequently it would be impertinent to wiſh it. I have therefore followed the former interpretation. I will only add, that this belt of *Hercules* is the reverſe of the girdle of *Venus*; in that there is a collection of every thing that is amiable, in this, a variety of horrors; but both are maſter-pieces in their kind.

V. 769. *Down to theſe worlds I trod the diſmal way.*] Nothing can be more artfully inſerted than the mention of this deſcent of *Hercules* into the regions of the dead: *Ulyſſes* ſhews by it at leaſt that it was a vulgar opinion, and conſequently within the degrees of poetical probability; a Poet being at liberty to follow common fame: In particular, it could not fail of having a full effect upon his *Phæacian* auditors, not only as it in ſome meaſure ſets him upon a level with *Hercules*, but as it is an example of a like undertaking with this which he has been relating, and therefore a probable method to gain their believe of it. *Euſtathius.*

Ev'n hell I conquer'd, thro' the friendly aid
Of *Maia*'s offspring and the martial Maid.
Thus he, nor deign'd for our reply to ſtay,
But turning ſtalk'd with giant ſtrides away.
Curious to view the Kings of antient days, 775
The mighty dead that live in endleſs praiſe,
Reſolv'd I ſtand; and haply had ſurvey'd
The god-like *Theſeus*, and *Perithous*' ſhade;

V. 777. ——— *And haply had ſurvey'd*
*The god-like* Theſeus ———]

*Plutarch* in his life of *Theſeus* informs us, that this verſe has been thought not genuine; but added to the *Odyſſey* in honour of the *Athenians* by *Piſiſtratus*.

The Poet ſhews us that he had ſtill a noble fund of invention, and had it in his power to open new ſcenes of wonder and entertainment; but that this infernal Epiſode might not be too long, he ſhifts the ſcene: The invention of the Gorgon, which terrifies him from a longer abode in theſe realms of darkneſs gives a probable reaſon for his immediate return. *Euſtathius* informs us from *Athenæus*, that *Alexander* the *Mydian* writes in his Hiſtory of Animals, that there really was a creature in *Lybia*, which the *Nomades* called a Gorgon; it reſembled a wild Ram, or as ſome affirm a calf; whoſe breath was of ſuch a poiſonous nature, as to kill all that approached it: In the ſame region the *Catoblepton* is found, a creature like a bull, whoſe eyes are ſo fixed in the head as chiefly to look downward; *Pliny* calls it *Catoblepas*, *lib.* 8. *cap.* 21. which is likewiſe ſuppoſed to kill with its eyes: The Gorgon (proceeds *Athenæus*) has its hair hanging over its eyes down from the forehead, of ſuch thickneſs that it ſcarce is able to remove it, to guide itſelf from danger; but it kills not by its breath, but with emanations darted from its eyes: The beaſt was well known in the time of *Marius*, for certain of his ſoldiers ſeeing it, miſtook it for a wild ſheep, and purſued to take it; but the hair being removed by the motion of its flying, it ſlew all upon whom it looked: at length the *Nomades*, who knew the nature of the beaſt, deſtroyed it with darts at a diſtance, and carried it to the General *Marius*. Howſoever little truth there be in this ſtory, it is a ſufficient ground for poetical fictions, and all the fables that are aſcrib'd to the Gorgon.

But ſwarms of ſpectres roſe from deepeſt hell,
With bloodleſs viſage, and with hideous yell,
They ſcream, they ſhriek; ſad groans and diſmal ſounds
Stun my ſcar'd ears, and pierce hell's utmoſt bounds.
No more my heart the diſmal din ſuſtains,
And my cold blood hangs ſhiv'ring in my veins;
Leſt *Gorgon* riſing from th' infernal lakes,
With horrors arm'd, and curls of hiſſing ſnakes,
Should fix me, ſtiffen'd at the monſtrous ſight,
A ſtony image, in eternal night!
Strait from the direful coaſt to purer air
I ſpeed my flight, and to my mates repair.
My mates aſcend the ſhip; they ſtrike their oars;
The mountains leſſen, and retreat the ſhores;
Swift o'er the waves we fly; the freſh'ning gales
Sing thro' the ſhrouds, and ſtretch the ſwelling ſails.

V. 789. —— *To purer air*
*I ſpeed my flight.*——]

It may not probably be unpleaſant to the Reader, to obſerve the manner how the two great Poets *Homer* and *Virgil* cloſe the ſcene of their infernal adventures, by reſtoring their Heroes to the earth. *Ulyſſes* returns by the ſame way he deſcended, of which we have a plain deſcription in the beginning of this book: *Virgil* takes a different method, he borrows his concluſion from another part of *Homer*; in which he deſcribes the two gates of ſleep; the one is ivory, the other of horn: Through the ivory gate, iſſue falſhoods, through the gate of horn, truths: *Virgil* diſmiſſes *Æneas* through the gate of falſhood: Now what is this, but to inform us that all he relates is nothing but a dream, and that dream a falſhood? I ſubmit it to the Critics who are more diſpoſed to find fault than I am, to determine whether *Virgil* ought to be cenſured for ſuch an acknowledgment, or praiſed for his ingenuity?

BOOK XI. MOVEMENT

# THE

# TWELFTH BOOK

## OF THE

# ODYSSEY.

# The ARGUMENT.

*The* Sirens, Scylla, *and* Charybdis,

*He relates, how after his return from the Shades, he was sent by* Circe *on his voyage, by the coast of the* Sirens, *and by the streight of* Scylla *and* Charybdis: *The manner in which he escaped those dangers: How being cast on the Island* Trinacria, *his companions destroy'd the* Oxen *of the Sun: The vengeance that followed; how all perished by shipwreck except himself, who swimming on the mast of the ship, arriv'd on the Island of* Calypso. *With which his narration concludes.*

THE

*How* Ulisses *escap'd the Syrens*

*P. Fourdrinier Sculp.*

# THE TWELFTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

THUS o'er the rolling surge the vessel flies,
'Till from the waves th' *Ææan* hills arise.
Here the gay morn resides in radiant bow'rs,
Here keeps her revels with the dancing *Hours*;

Here

We are now drawing to a conclusion of the Episodic narration of the *Odyssey*; it may therefore not be unentertaining to speak something concerning the nature of it, before we dismiss it.

There are two ways of relating past subjects: the one, simply and methodically by a plain rehearsal, and this is the province of History; the other artificially, where the Author makes no appearance in person, but introduces speakers, and this is the Practice of Epic Poetry,

Here *Phœbus* rising in th' etherial way,
Thro' heav'n's bright portals pours the beamy day.

At

Poetry. By this method the Poet brings upon the ſtage thoſe very perſons who performed the action he repreſents: he makes them ſpeak and act over again the words and actions they ſpoke or performed before, and in ſome ſort tranſports his auditors to the time when, and the places where, the action was done. This method is of ſo great uſe, it prevents the Poet from delivering his ſtory in a plain ſimple way like an Hiſtorian, it makes the Auditors witneſſes of it, and the action diſcovers itſelf. Thus for inſtance, it is not *Homer*, but *Ulyſſes* who ſpeaks; the Poet is withdrawn, and the Hero whoſe ſtory we hear is as it were raiſed from the grave, and relates it in perſon to the audience. *Ariſtotle* obſerves, that the Epic Poem ought to be Dramatic, that is active; *Homer* (ſays that Author) ought to be eſpecially commended for being the only Poet who knew exactly what to do; he ſpeaks little himſelf, but introduces ſome of his perſons, a man or a woman, a God or a Goddeſs; and this renders his Poem active or dramatic. Narration is the very ſoul that animates the Poem, it gives an opportunity to the Poet to adorn it with different Epiſodes; it has, as it were, the whole world for its ſtage, and gives him liberty to ſearch through the Creation for incidents or adventures for the employment of his Heroes. Thus for inſtance, he was at liberty to aſcribe the ſeveral dangers of *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, of *Polypheme* and *Antiphates*, to *Ulyſſes*, though that Hero had been as unacquainted with thoſe dangers, as *Æneas* was in reality with *Dido*; the choice of the Epiſodes being not eſſential, but arbitrary.

In ſhort, it is from this Epiſodic narration that the Poet could at all find room to place theſe Epiſodes in the *Odyſſey*. *Ariſtotle*, I confeſs, has ſet no preciſe limits to the time of the action, but the Critics in general confine it to one Campain; at leaſt, they affirm this to be the moſt perfect duration, according to the model of the *Iliad* and *Odyſſey*. Now this Epiſodic narration gives the Poet an opportunity to relate all that is contained in four books without breaking in upon the time of the action; for all that we read between the eighth book and the thirteenth comprehends only the ſpace of one evening; namely, the evening of the thirty-third day. The Poet inſerts all the adventures that happened to *Ulyſſes* in almoſt ten years from his departure from *Troy*, into the compaſs of one evening by way of narration, and ſo maintains the Unity both of the time and action.

I ſpeak not of the narration in general; concerning which the curious may conſult *Boſſu*, or *Dryden*'s preface to the tranſlation of the *Æneis*.

At once we fix our haulſers on the land,
At once deſcend, and preſs the deſart ſand;
There

V. 1. *Thus o'er the rolling ſurge*———] The words in the original are ποταμοῖο ῥόον ὠκεανοῖο, which *Strabo* judges to mean no more than a *part* of the ocean, for if it be otherwiſe underſtood it will be a tautology, and who would write that *he went out of the ocean into the ocean*, as it muſt be render'd if ποταμὸς be the ſame with θάλασσα in the next line? but it is perhaps better to underſtand the paſſage literally and plainly, only to denote the place from whence *Ulyſſes* return'd from his infernal voyage; that is, from the extremity of the Ocean. It is uſual for the waves of the ſea to bear violently and rapidly upon ſome ſhores, the waters being pent up by the nearneſs of the land, and therefore form a current, or ῥόον. So that the expreſſion means no more than *Ulyſſes* ſurmounted this current and then gain'd the wide Ocean.

It is likewiſe evident from the beginning of this book, that *Ulyſſes* paſs'd only one night in Hell; for he arriv'd at the *Cimmerians* in one day, ſaw the viſions of Hell in the following night, and in the ſpace of the next day returned from the *Cimmerians* in the evening to *Circe*'s Iſland, as appears from his going to repoſe immediately upon his landing.

It may be further prov'd that this was a Nocturnal interview, from the nature of the magical incantations which were always perform'd by night; all ſacrifices were offer'd by night to the infernal powers, the offering itſelf was black, to repreſent the kingdom of darkneſs: Thus alſo in other Poets the Moon is ſaid to turn pale at theſe magical rites, or as *Virgil* expreſſes it,

*Carmina vel cælo poſſunt deducere lunam,*

And indeed, as *Euſtathius* obſerves (from whom this note is chiefly tranſlated) it would have been abſurd to have repreſented the realms of darkneſs ſurvey'd by the light of the day.

V. 3. *Here the gay Morn reſides in radiant bow'rs,*
*Here keeps her revels* ———]

This paſſage is full of obſcurity: For how is it poſſible to ſuppoſe this Iſland of *Circe* to be the reſidence of the Morning; that is for the day to riſe immediately upon it, when it is known to lie in a weſtern ſituation? Some have imagin'd that this is ſpoken ſolely with reſpect to *Ulyſſes*, who returning from the ſhades, might properly ſay that he arriv'd at the place where the day reſides, that is to a place enlighten'd by the ſun. Others underſtand it comparatively,
with

There worn and waſted, loſe our cares in ſleep
To the hoarſe murmurs of the rowling deep.

Soon

with reſpect to the *Cimmerians*, or rather to the realms of death, which *Homer* places in the weſt; with regard to theſe, *Ææa* may be ſaid to lie in the eaſt, or in the poetical language, to be the reſidence of the morning. Beſides, the *Circæan* promontory is of an extraordinary altitude, and conſequently the beams at ſun-riſing may fall upon it; nay, it is ſaid to be illuſtrated by the Sun even by night. Others have conjectur'd, that what is here ſaid implies no more than that *Ulyſſes* landed upon the eaſtern parts of the Iſland; and laſtly, others not improbably refer the whole to the word *Ocean* in the former line, and then the whole paſſage will be clear, and agree with the fable of the Sun's riſing and ſetting in the Ocean. This is what *Euſtathius* remarks, who adds, that the Antients underſtood χόροι not to ſignify *dances*, but χώροι, the *regions of the morning*. I have tranſlated it in the former ſenſe, according to the conſent of moſt interpreters: And I am perſuaded it is uſed to denote the pleaſure and gaiety which the Sun reſtores to the whole Creation, when diſpelling the melancholy darkneſs, he reſtores light and gladneſs to the earth; which is imag'd to us by the playing or dancing of the firſt beams of the Sun; or rather of *Aurora*, who properly may be ſaid to dance, being a Goddeſs. *Dacier* renders χόροι, dances; but judges that *Homer* here follows a fabulous Geography, and that as he tranſported the *Cimmerians* with all their darkneſs from the *Boſphorus* to *Campania*; ſo likewiſe he now removes *Ææa* with all its light from *Cholchis* into *Italy:* and therefore the Poet gives the properties and ſituation to the Iſland of *Circe*, which are only true of the eaſtern *Cholchis*.

It is very evident (continues ſhe) that *Homer* was perfectly acquainted with the *Phænician* ſtory; he tells us that *Elpenor* was buried upon the promontory on the ſea-ſhores, and that it was called by his name, *Elpenor*. Now the *Phænicians*, who endeavour'd to naturalize all names in their own language, affirm'd, according to *Bochart*, that this promontory was not ſo call'd from *Elpenor*, but from their word *Hilbinor*, which ſignifies, *ubi albeſcit lux matutina*; that is, "where the dawning of the day begins to appear." This promontory being of great height, the rays of the morning might fall upon it; and this tradition might furniſh *Homer* with his fiction of the bowers, and dances of it.

What may ſeem to confirm *Dacier*'s opinion of the tranſportation of *Cholchis* into *Italy*, is the immediate mention the Poet makes of *Jaſon*, and *Æætes* King of *Cholchis*: Beſides the Antients believ'd *Phaſis*,

Soon as the morn reſtor'd the day, we pay'd
Sepulchral honours to *Elpenor*'s ſhade.
Now by the axe the ruſhing foreſt bends,
And the huge pyle along the ſhore aſcends.
Around we ſtand a melancholy train,
And a loud groan re-echoes from the main.
Fierce o'er the Pyre, by fanning breezes ſpread,
The hungry flame devours the ſilent dead.
A riſing tomb, the ſilent dead to grace,
Faſt by the roarings of the main we place;
The riſing tomb a lofty column bore,
And high above it roſe the tapering oar.
Mean time the * Goddeſs our return ſurvey'd * *Circe.*
From the pale ghoſts, and hell's tremendous ſhade.

*Phaſis*, a river of *Cholchis*, to be the bounds of the habitable oriental world: and *Ææa* being the capital of it, lying upon the *Phaſis*, it might very rationally be miſtaken for the place where the Sun roſe; thus *Mimnermus* writes,

Ἀιήταο πόλιν τόθι τ' ὠκεός ἠελίοιο
Ἀκτῖνες χρυσέῳ κείαται ἔν θαλάμῳ
Ὠκεανῷ παρὰ χείλεσ' ἰὼν ἵκετο θεῖος Ἰήσων.

That is, "the city of *Æëtes* where the rays of the Sun appear in "a bed of gold, above the margin of the Ocean, where the divine "*Jaſon* arriv'd." This is an evidence that the Poet was well acquainted with Antiquity, and that (as *Strabo* judges) his aſtoniſhing fictions have truth for their foundation.

Swift

Swift ſhe deſcends: A train of nymphs divine
Bear the rich viands and the generous wine:
In act to ſpeak the * Pow'r of magic ſtands, * *Circe.*
And graceful thus accoſts the liſt'ning bands.

O ſons of woe! decreed by adverſe fates
Alive to paſs thro' hell's eternal gates!
All, ſoon or late, are doom'd that path to tread;
More wretched you! twice number'd with the dead!
This day adjourn your cares; exalt your ſouls,
Indulge the taſte, and drein the ſparkling bowls:
And when the morn unveils her ſaffron ray,
Spread your broad ſails, and plow the liquid way;
Lo I this night, your faithful guide, explain
Your woes by land, your dangers on the main.

The Goddeſs ſpoke; in feaſts we waſte the day,
'Till *Phœbus* downward plung'd his burning ray;
Then ſable Night aſcends, and balmy reſt
Seals ev'ry eye, and calms the troubled breaſt.
Then curious ſhe commands me to relate
The dreadful ſcenes of *Pluto*'s dreary ſtate,
She ſat in ſilence while the tale I tell,
The wond'rous viſions, and the laws of Hell.

Then thus: The lot of man the Gods diſpoſe;
Theſe ills are paſt; now hear thy future woes.
O Prince attend! ſome fav'ring pow'r be kind,
And print th' important ſtory on thy mind!

Next,

Next, where the *Sirens* dwell, you plow the ſeas;
Their ſong is death, and makes deſtruction pleaſe.
Unbleſt

V. 51. *Next, where the* Sirens *dwell* ———] The Critics have greatly labour'd to explain what was the foundation of this fiction of the *Sirens*. We are told by ſome, that the *Sirens* were Queens of certain ſmall Iſlands, named *Sirenuſæ*, that lie near *Capreæ* in *Italy*, and chiefly inhabited the promontory of *Minerva*, upon the top of which that Goddeſs had a temple, as ſome affirm, built by *Ulyſſes*, according to this verſe of *Seneca*, *Epiſt.* 77.

*Alta procelloſo ſpeculatur vertice Pallas.*

Here, there was a renown'd Academy in the reign of the *Sirens*, famous for Eloquence and the liberal Sciences, which gave occaſion for the invention of this fable of the ſweetneſs of the voice, and attracting ſongs of the *Sirens*. But why then are they fabled to be deſtroyers, and painted in ſuch dreadful colours? We are told that at laſt the Students abus'd their knowledge, to the colouring of wrong, the corruption of manners, and ſubverſion of government; that is, in the language of Poetry, they were feign'd to be transform'd into monſters, and with their muſic to have entic'd paſſengers to their ruin, who there conſum'd their patrimonies, and poiſon'd their virtues with riot and effeminacy. The place is now call'd *Maſſa*. In the days of *Homer* the *Sirens* were fabled to be two only in number, as appears from his ſpeaking of them in the dual, as ὄπα Σειρήνοιϊν, νῆσον Σειρήνοιϊν; their names (adds *Euſtathius*) were *Thelxiepæa*, and *Aglaopheme*. Other writers, in particular *Lycophron*, mention three *Sirens*, *Ligæa*, *Parthenope*, and *Leucoſia*. Some are of opinion (continues the ſame author) that they were ψαλτρίας καὶ ἑταιρίδας; that is, "ſinging women and harlots," who by the ſweetneſs of their voices drew the unwary to ruin their health and fortune. Others tell us of a certain Bay contracted within winding ſtreights and broken cliffs, which by the ſigning of the winds, and beating of the waters, returns a delightful harmony; that allures the paſſenger to approach, who is immediately thrown againſt the rocks, and ſwallow'd up by the violent eddies.

But others underſtand the whole paſſage allegorically, or as a fable containing an excellent moral, to ſhew that if we ſuffer our ſelves to be too much allur'd by the pleaſures of an idle life, the end will be deſtruction: thus *Horace* moralizes it;

——— *Vitanda eſt improba Siren*
*Deſidia* ———

But

Unbleſt the man, whom muſic wins to ſtay
Nigh the curſt ſhore, and liſten to the lay;
No more that wretch ſhall view the joys of life,
His blooming offspring, or his beauteous wife!
In verdant meads they ſport, and wide around
Lie human bones, that whiten all the ground;
The ground polluted floats with human gore,
And human carnage taints the dreadful ſhore.
Fly ſwift the dang'rous coaſt; let ev'ry ear
Be ſtop'd againſt the ſong! 'tis death to hear!
Firm to the maſt with chains thy ſelf be bound,
Nor truſt thy virtue to th' enchanting ſound.
If mad with tranſport, freedom thou demand,
Be every fetter ſtrain'd, and added band to band.

But the fable may be apply'd to all pleaſures in general, which if too eagerly purſu'd betray the uncautious into ruin; while wiſe men, like *Ulyſſes*, making uſe of their reaſon ſtop their ears againſt their inſinuations.

V. 57. ——— *Around*
*Lie human bones that whiten all the ground.*]

There is a great ſimilitude between this paſſage and the words of *Solomon* in the *Proverbs*, where there is a moſt beautiful deſcription of an harlot, in the eighth and ninth chapters.

*I beheld among the ſimple ones, I diſcerned among the youths, a young man void of underſtanding; and behold there met him a woman with the attire of an harlot, and ſubtle of heart, &c. With her much fair ſpeech ſhe cauſed him to yield, ſhe forced him with the flattering of her lips; he goeth after her ſtraitway, as an Ox goeth to the ſlaughter, but he knoweth not that the dead are there, and her gueſts are in the depths of Hell.*

This may ſerve for a comment upon *Homer*, and it is an inſtance, that without any violence the nature of Harlots may be conceal'd under the fables of the *Sirens*.

Theſe

These seas o'erpass'd, be wise! but I refrain
To mark distinct thy voyage o'er the main:
New horrors rise! let prudence be thy guide,
And guard thy various passage thro' the tyde.
High o'er the main two Rocks exalt their brow,
The boiling billows thund'ring roll below;

Thro'

V. 71. *High o'er the main two Rocks* —— ] There is undoubtedly a great amplification in the description of *Scylla* and *Charybdis*; it may not therefore be unnecessary to lay before the Reader, what is truth and what fiction.

*Thucydides*, *lib.* 4. thus describes it. "This streight is the sea "that flows between *Rhegium* and *Messenè*, where at the narrowest "distance, *Sicily* is divided from the Continent; and this is that "part of the sea which *Ulysses* is said to have pass'd, and 'tis call'd "*Charybdis*: This sea, by reason of the streights, and the concourse "of the *Tyrrhene* and *Sicilian* seas breaking violently into it, and "there raising great commotions, is with good reason called χαλεπὴ, "or destructive." *Charybdis* stands on the coast of *Sicily*; *Scylla* on the coast of *Italy*.

Mr. *Sandys* examin'd these rocks and seas with a particular view to the descriptions of the Poets: Speaking of *Charybdis*, he writes, "When the winds begin to ruffle, especially from the south, it "forthwith runs round with violent eddies, so that many vessels "miscarry by it. The stream thro' the streight runs toward the "*Ionian*, and part of it sets into the haven, which turning about, "and meeting with other streams makes so violent an encounter "that ships are glad to prevent the danger by coming to an anchor. "*Scylla*, adds he, is seated in the midst of a bay, upon the neck of "a narrow mountain, which thrusts it self into the sea, having at "the uppermost end a steep high rock, so celebrated by the Poets, "and hyperbolically described by *Homer* as unaccessible. The fables "are indeed well fitted to the place, there being divers little sharp "rocks at the foot of the greater: These are the dogs that are said "to bark there, the waters by their repercussion from them make a "noise like the barking of dogs; and the reason why *Scylla* is said "to devour the fishes, as *Homer* expresses it.

*When stung with hunger she embroils the flood,*
*The Sea-dog and the Dolphin are her food;*
*She makes the huge Leviathan her prey,*
*And all the monsters of the wat'ry way.*

"The-

Thro' the vaſt waves the dreadful wonders move,
Hence nam'd *Erratic* by the Gods above.

No

" The reaſon of this is, becauſe theſe rocks are frequented by Lam-
" prons, and greater fiſhes, that devour the bodies of the drown'd.
" But *Scylla* is now without danger, the current not ſetting upon
" it; and I much wonder at the proverb,

*Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdim,*

" when they ſtand twelve miles diſtant: I rather conjecture, adds
" he, that there has been more than one *Charybdis*, occaſion'd by
" the recoiling ſtreams: As one there is between the ſouth end of
" this bay of *Scylla* and the oppoſite point of *Sicily*; there the waves
" juſtling make a violent eddy, which when the winds are rough,
" more than threaten deſtruction to ſhips, as I have heard from the
" *Scyllians*, when ſeeking perhaps to avoid the then more impetuous
" turning, they have been driven by weather upon the not far di-
" ſtant *Scylla*.

*Strabo* (as *Euſtathius* remarks) ſpeaking of the *Leontines*, ſays, that they were an unhoſpitable people, *Cyclopeans*, and *Læſtrigons*: and adds, that *Scylla* and *Charybdis* were inhabited by robbers and murderers. From the terrible ſituation of thoſe rocks, and the murders and depredations of the robbers, theſe fictions might ariſe: they might murder ſix of the companions of *Ulyſſes*, and throw them into the ſea from *Scylla*, which may be expreſſed in their being ſaid to be ſwallow'd up by that monſter.

*Bochart* judges the names of *Scylla* and *Charybdis* are of *Phænician* extract, the one derived from *Sool*, which ſignifies loſs and ruin, the other from *Chorobdam*, which implies the abyſs of deſtruction.

It is highly probable that theſe rocks were more dangerous formerly than at theſe times, the violence of the waters may not only have enlarg'd their channel by time, but by throwing up banks and ſands have diverted their courſe from bearing upon theſe rocks with the ſame violence as antiently; add to this, that men by art may have contributed to render theſe ſeas more ſafe, being places of great reſort and navigation. Beſides, the unſkilfulneſs of the Antients in ſea affairs, and the ſmallneſs and form of their veſſels, might render thoſe ſeas very dangerous to them, which are ſafe to modern navigators.

V. 74. *Hence nam'd* Erratic ——— | It will reconcile the Reader in ſome meaſure to the boldneſs of theſe fictions, if he conſiders that *Homer*, to render his Poetry more marvellous, joins what has been related of the *Symplegades*, to the deſcription of *Scylla* and *Charybdis*:

No bird of air, no dove of ſwifteſt wing,
That bears *Ambroſia* to th' Ætherial King,
Shuns the dire rocks: In vain ſhe cuts the ſkies,
The dire rocks meet, and cruſh her as ſhe flies;
Not the fleet bark, when proſp'rous breezes play,
Plows o'er that roaring ſurge its deſperate way;
O'erwhelm'd it ſinks: while round a ſmoke expires,
And the waves flaſhing ſeem to burn with fires.
Scarce the fam'd *Argo* paſs'd theſe raging floods,
The ſacred *Argo*, fill'd with demigods!

Ev'n

*rybdis:* ſuch a fiction of the juſtling of theſe rocks could not be ſhocking to the ears of the Antients, who had before heard of the ſame property in the *Symplegades*. The whole fable is perhaps grounded upon appearance: Navigators looking upon theſe rocks at a diſtance, might in different views, according to the poſition of the ſhip, ſometimes ſee them in a direct line, and then they would appear to join, and after they had paſs'd a little further they might look upon them obliquely, and then they would be diſcovered to be at ſome diſtance; and this might give occaſion to the fable of their meeting and recoiling alternately. *Strabo* agrees, that *Homer* borrow'd his deſcription of *Scylla* and *Charybdis* from the *Symplegades*; *Homer* (ſays he) deſcribes theſe, like the *Cyanean* rocks; he continually lays the foundation of his fables upon ſome well known Hiſtory: thus he feigns theſe rocks to be full of dangers and horrors, according to the relations of the *Cyanean*, which from their juſtling are called *Symplegades*.

V. 75. —— *No dove of ſwifteſt wing,*
*That bears* Ambroſia *to th' Ætherial King.*]

What might give *Homer* this notion, might be what is related of the *Symplegades*. *Phineus* being aſk'd by *Jaſon* if he could paſs thoſe rocks with ſafety, he deſires to know how ſwift the veſſel was; *Jaſon* anſwers, as ſwift as a dove; Then, ſaid *Phineus*, ſend a dove between the rocks, and if ſhe eſcapes, you may paſs in ſafety: *Jaſon* complies, and the pigeon in her paſſage loſt only her tail, that Hero

immediately

Ev'n ſhe had ſunk, but *Jove*'s imperial bride
Wing'd her fleet ſail, and puſh'd her o'er the tide.

High in the air the rock its ſummit ſhrouds,
In brooding tempeſts, and in rowling clouds;
Loud ſtorms around and miſts eternal riſe,
Beat its bleak brow, and intercept the ſkies.
When all the broad expanſion bright with day
Glows with th' autumnal or the ſummer ray,
The ſummer and the autumn glows in vain,
The ſky for ever low'rs, for ever clouds remain.
Impervious to the ſtep of man it ſtands,
Tho' born by twenty feet, tho' arm'd with twenty hands;

immediately ſets ſail, and eſcapes with the loſs only of his rudder: This ſtory being reported of the *Symplegades*, might give *Homer* the hint of applying the cruſhing of the doves to *Scylla* and *Charybdis*. You may find in *Euſtathius* ſeveral far-fetch'd notions upon this paſſage, but I ſhall paſs them over in ſilence. *Longinus* blames it, and I have ventur'd in the tranſlation to omit that particular which occaſion'd his cenſure.

V. 85. —— Jove's *imperial bride*
*Wing'd her fleet ſail* ——]

A Poet ſhould endeavour to raiſe his images and expreſſions, as far as poſſible above meanneſs and vulgarity: In this reſpect no Poet was ever more happy than *Homer*: This place is an inſtance of it; it means no more than that while *Jaſon* made his voyage he had favourable winds and ſerene air. As *Juno* is frequently uſed in *Homer* to denote the air, he aſcribes the proſperous wind to that Goddeſs, who preſides over the air: Thus in Poetry, *Juno*

*Wing'd her fleet ſail, and puſh'd her o'er the tide.*

Euſtathius.

Smooth

Smooth as the poliſh of the mirrour riſe
The ſlippery ſides, and ſhoot into the ſkies.
Full in the center of this rock diſplay'd,
A yawning cavern caſts a dreadful ſhade:
Nor the fleet arrow from the twanging bow,
Sent with full force, could reach the depth below.
Wide to the weſt the horrid gulph extends,
And the dire paſſage down to hell deſcends.
O fly the dreadful ſight! expand thy ſails,
Ply the ſtrong oar, and catch the nimble gales;
Here *Scylla* bellows from her dire abodes,
Tremendous peſt! abhorr'd by man and Gods!
Hideous her voice, and with leſs terrors roar
The whelps of Lions in the midnight hour.

Twelve

V. 104. *And the dire paſſage down to hell deſcends.*] *Homer* means by Hell, the regions of Death, and uſes it to teach us that there is no paſſing by this rock without deſtruction, or in *Homer*'s words it is a ſure paſſage into the kingdom of death.

*Euſtathius.*

V. 109. ——— *With leſs terrors roar*
*The whelps of Lions* ———]

The words in the original are, σκύλακος νεογιλῆς, which in the proper and immediate ſenſe do not confine it to the whelps of a Lion, but to whelps in general, and perhaps chiefly of the canine kind: νεογιλὸν *Euſtathius* interprets νεωστὶ γινόμνον, or newly whelp'd, and in the latter ſenſe the paſſage is underſtood by that Author; for he writes, φωνὴ σκύλακος ὀλίγη, Σκύλλη δὲ μεγὰ κακὸν; that is, "the voice of a whelp is low, but *Scylla* is deſcrib'd as an huge "monſter;" and the Poet uſes it as we do this expreſſion; *The voice of a wicked man is ſoft, but his deeds are miſchievous and abominable.* I have adventur'd to tranſlate the words in the other ſenſe, after

Twelve feet deform'd and foul the fiend diſpreads;
Six horrid necks ſhe rears, and ſix terrific heads;
Her jaws grin dreadful with three rows of teeth;
Jaggy they ſtand, the gaping den of death;
Her parts obſcene the raging billows hide;
Her boſom terribly o'erlooks the tide.
When ſtung with hunger ſhe embroils the flood,
The ſea dog and the Dolphin are her food;
She makes the huge Leviathan her prey,
And all the monſters of the wat'ry way;

after moſt interpreters, for *Homer* expreſſes the voice of *Scylla* by Δεινὸν λελαχυῖα, or *uttering a dreadful noiſe:* Now what he calls her voice, is nothing but the roaring of the waves in ſtorms when they beat againſt that rock; and this being very loud, is better repreſented by the roaring of a Lion, than the complaining of a young whelp. *Chapman* follows *Euſtathius.*

*For here the whuling* Scylla *ſhrouds her face,*
*That breathes a voice, at all parts, no more baſe*
*Than are a newly-kitten'd kittling's cries.*

Which is really burleſque enough. *Dacier* renders the word by *rugiſſement d'un jeune Lion,* or the roarings of a young Lion.

V. 118. *The Sea-dog and the Dolphin are her food.*] *Polybius* (as *Strabo* remarks) contends, that *Homer* in all his fictions alludes to the cuſtoms of Antiquity: For inſtance, *Scylla* was a famous fiſhery for taking ſuch fiſhes as *Homer* mentions: This was the manner of taking the Sea-dog; ſeveral ſmall boats went out only with two men in it, the one rowed, the other ſtood with his inſtrument ready to ſtrike the fiſh; all the boats had one ſpeculator in common, to give notice when the fiſh approach'd, which uſually ſwum with more than half of the body above water: *Ulyſſes* is this ſpeculator, who ſtands arm'd with his ſpear; and it is probable, adds *Polybius,* that *Homer* thought *Ulyſſes* really viſited *Scylla,* ſince he aſcribes to *Scylla* that manner of fiſhing which is really practis'd by the *Scyllians.*

The ſwifteſt racer of the azure plain
Here fills her ſails and ſpreads her oars in vain;
Fell *Scylla* riſes, in her fury roars,
At once ſix mouths expands, at once ſix men devours.
Cloſe by, a rock of leſs enormous height
Breaks the wild waves, and forms a dang'rous ſtreight;
Full on its crown a fig's green branches riſe,
And ſhoot a leafy foreſt to the ſkies;
Beneath, *Charybdis* holds her boiſt'rous reign
'Midſt roaring whirlpools, and abſorbs the main,
Thrice in her gulphs the boiling ſeas ſubſide,
Thrice in dire thunders ſhe refunds the tide.

Oh

V. 127. *Full on its crown a fig's green branches riſe.*] Theſe particularities, which ſeem of no conſequence, have a very good effect in Poetry, as they give the relation an air of truth and probability. For what can induce a Poet to mention ſuch a tree, if the tree were not there in reality? Neither is this fig-tree deſcribed in vain, it is the means of preſerving the life of *Ulyſſes* in the ſequel of the ſtory. The Poet deſcribes the fig-tree loaded with leaves; even this circumſtance is of uſe, for the branches would then bend downward to the ſea by their weight, and be reach'd by *Ulyſſes* more eaſily. It ſhews likewiſe, that this ſhipwreck was not in winter, for then the branches are naked. *Euſtathius.*

*Dacier* gathers from hence, that the ſeaſon was Autumn, meaning the time when *Ulyſſes* arrived among the *Phæacians*; but this is a miſtake, for he was caſt upon the *Ogygian* coaſt by this ſtorm, and there remain'd with *Calypſo* many years. The branch with which *Ulyſſes* girds his loins in the ſixth book is deſcrib'd with leaves, and that is indeed a full proof that he was thrown upon the *Phæacian* ſhores before the ſeaſon in which trees ſhed their leaves, and probably in the Autumn.

V. 131. *Thrice in her gulphs the boiling ſeas ſubſide,*
*Thrice in dire thunders ſhe refunds the tide.*]

*Strabo* quotes this paſſage to prove, that *Homer* underſtood the flux and reflux of the Ocean. "An inſtance, ſays he, of the care that "Poet

Oh if thy veſſel plow the direful waves
When ſeas retreating roar within her caves,
Ye periſh all! tho' he who rules the main
Lend his ſtrong aid, his aid he lends in vain.
Ah ſhun the horrid gulph! by *Scylla* fly,
'Tis better ſix to loſe, than all to die.

I then: O nymph propitious to my pray'r,
Goddeſs divine, my guardian pow'r declare,
Is the foul fiend from human vengeance freed?
Or if I riſe in arms, can *Scylla* bleed?

Then ſhe: O worn by toils, oh broke in fight,
Still are new toils and war thy dire delight?
Will martial flames for ever fire thy mind,
And never, never be to Heav'n reſign'd?

" Poet took to inform himſelf in all things, is what he writes con-
" cerning the tides, for he calls the reflux ἄψοῤῥον or the *revolu-*
" *tion of the waters:* He tells us, that *Scylla* (it ſhould be *Charyb-*
" *dis)* thrice ſwallows, and thrice refunds the waves; this muſt be
" underſtood of regular tides." There are indeed but two tides in a day, but this is the error of the Librarians, who put τρὶς for δὶς. *Euſtathius* ſolves the expreſſion of the three tides differently, it ought to be underſtood of the νυχθήμερος, of the ſpace of the night and day, and then there will be a regular flux and reflux thrice in that time, or every eight hours periodically.

V. 142. *Or if I riſe in arms, can* Scylla *bleed?*] This ſhort Queſtion, excellently declares the undaunted ſpirit of this Hero; *Circe* lays before him the moſt affrighting danger; *Ulyſſes* immediately offers to encounter it, to revenge the death of his friends, and the Poet artfully at the ſame time makes that Goddeſs launch out into the praiſe of his Intrepidity; a judicious method to exalt the character of his Hero. *Dacier.*

How

How vain thy efforts to avenge the wrong?
Deathleſs the peſt! impenetrably ſtrong!
Furious and fell, tremendous to behold!
Ev'n with a look ſhe withers all the bold!
She mocks the weak attempts of human might;
O fly her rage! thy conqueſt is thy flight.
If but to ſeize thy arms thou make delay,
Again the fury vindicates her prey,
Her ſix months yawn, and ſix are ſnatch'd away.
From her foul womb *Cratæis* gave to air
This dreadful Peſt! To her direct thy pray'r,
To curb the monſter in her dire abodes,
And guard thee thro' the tumult of the floods.
Thence to *Trinacria*'s ſhore you bend your way,
Where graze thy herds, illuſtrious ſource of day!

Sev'n

V. 156. —— Cratæis *gave to air*
*This dreadful Peſt* ——]

It is not evident who this *Cratæis* is whom the Poet makes the mother of *Scylla: Euſtathius* informs us that it is *Hecate*, a Goddeſs very properly recommended by *Circe*; ſhe, like *Circe*, being the preſident over ſorceries and enchantments. But why ſhould ſhe be ſaid to be the mother of *Scylla? Dacier* imagines that *Homer* ſpeaks ænigmatically, and intends to teach us that theſe monſters are merely the creation or offspring of magic, or Poetry.

V. 161. *Where graze thy herds* ——] This fiction concerning the immortal herds of *Apollo*, is bold, but founded upon truth and reality. Nothing is more certain than that in antient times whole herds of cattle were conſecrated to the Gods, and were therefore ſacred and inviolable: Theſe being always of a fix'd number, neither more nor leſs than at the firſt conſecration, the Poet feigns that they never bred or increas'd: and being conſtantly ſupply'd upon any vacancy, they were fabled to be immortal, or never to decay; (for the

 ſame

Sev'n herds, ſev'n flocks enrich the ſacred plains,
Each herd, each flock full fifty heads contains;
The wond'rous kind a length of age ſurvey,
By breed increaſe not, nor by death decay.
Two ſiſter Goddeſſes poſſeſs the plain,
The conſtant guardians of the woolly train;
*Lampetie* fair, and *Phaethuſa* young,
From *Phœbus* and the bright *Neæra* ſprung:
Here watchful o'er the flocks, in ſhady bow'rs
And flow'ry meads they waſte the joyous hours.
Rob not the God! and ſo propitious gales
Attend thy voyage, and impell thy ſails;
But if thy impious hands the flocks deſtroy,
The Gods, the Gods avenge it, and ye die!
'Tis thine alone (thy friends and navy loſt)
Thro' tedious toils to view thy native coaſt.
She ceas'd: And now aroſe the morning ray;
Swift to her dome the Goddeſs held her way.

Then

ſame cauſe one of the moſt famous *legions* of Antiquity was call'd *immortal.*) *Euſtathius* informs us, that they were labouring oxen employ'd in tillage, and it was eſteemed a particular prophanation to deſtroy a labouring ox, it was criminal to eat of it, nay it was forbid to be offer'd even in ſacrifices to the Gods; and a crime puniſhable with death by the laws of *Solon*: ſo that the moral intended by *Homer* in this fable of the violation of the herds of *Apollo* is, that in our utmoſt neceſſity we ought not to offend the Gods. As to the flocks of ſheep, *Herodotus* informs us, that in *Apollonia* along the *Ionian* gulph, flocks of ſheep were conſecrated to that Deity, and were therefore inviolable.

V. 179. *Swift to her dome the goddeſs held her way.*] It is very judicious in the Poet not to amuſe us with repeating the compliments

that

Then to my mates I meaſur'd back the plain,
Climb'd the tall bark, and ruſh'd into the main;
Then bending to the ſtroke, their oars they drew
To their broad breaſts, and ſwift the galley flew.
Up ſprung a briſker breeze; with freſhning gales
The friendly Goddeſs ſtretch'd the ſwelling ſails;
We drop our oars; at eaſe the pilot guides;
The veſſel light along the level glides.
When riſing ſad and ſlow, with penſive look,
Thus to the melancholy train I ſpoke:
O friends, oh ever partners of my woes,
Attend while I what Heav'n foredooms diſcloſe,
Hear all! Fate hangs o'er all! on you it lies
To live, or periſh! to be ſafe, be wiſe!
In flow'ry meads the ſportive *Sirens* play,
Touch the ſoft lyre, and tune the vocal lay;

that paſs'd between theſe two lovers at parting: The commerce *Ulyſſes* held with *Circe* was ſo far from contributing to the end of the *Odyſſey*, that it was one of the greateſt impediments to it; and therefore *Homer* diſmiſſes that ſubject in a few words, and paſſes on directly to the great ſufferings and adventures of his Hero, which are eſſential to the Poem. But it may not be unneceſſary to obſerve how artfully the Poet connects this Epiſode of *Circe* with the thread of it; he makes even the Goddeſs who detains him from his country, contribute to his return thither, by the advice ſhe gives him how to eſcape the dangers of the Ocean, and how to behave in the difficult emergencies of his voyages: 'Tis true ſhe detains him out of fondneſs, but yet this very fondneſs is of uſe to him, ſince it makes a Goddeſs his inſtructor, and as it were a guide to his country.

Me, me alone, with fetters firmly bound,
The Gods allow to hear the dangerous ſound.
Hear and obey: If freedom I demand,
Be ev'ry fetter ſtrain'd, be added band to band.
While yet I ſpeak the winged gally flies,
And lo! the *Siren* ſhores like miſts ariſe.
Sunk were at once the winds; the air above,
And waves below, at once forgot to move!
Some Demon calm'd the air, and ſmooth'd the deep,
Huſh'd the loud winds, and charm'd the waves to ſleep.
Now ev'ry ſail we furl, each oar we ply;
Laſh'd by the ſtroke the frothy waters fly.
The ductile wax with buſy hands I mold,
And cleft in fragments, and the fragments roll'd;
Th' aereal region now grew warm with day,
The wax diſſolv'd beneath the burning ray;
Then ev'ry ear I barr'd againſt the ſtrain,
And from acceſs of phrenzy lock'd the brain.
Now round the maſt my mates the fetters roll'd,
And bound me limb by limb, with fold on fold.
Then bending to the ſtroke, the active train
Plunge all at once their oars, and cleave the main.
While to the ſhore the rapid veſſel flies,
Our ſwift approach the *Siren* quire deſcries;
Celeſtial muſic warbles from their tongue,
And thus the ſweet deluders tune the ſong.

O ſtay, oh pride of *Greece! Ulyſſes* ſtay!
O ceaſe thy courſe, and liſten to our lay!
Bleſt is the man ordain'd our voice to hear,
The ſong inſtructs the ſoul, and charms the ear.
Approach! thy ſoul ſhall into raptures riſe!
Approach! and learn new wiſdom from the wiſe!
We know whate'er the Kings of mighty name
Atchiev'd at *Ilion* in the field of fame;

V. 222. *O ſtay, oh pride of* Greece! Ulyſſes *ſtay!*] There are ſeveral things remarkable in this ſhort ſong of the *Sirens:* One of the firſt words they ſpeak is the name of *Ulyſſes*, this ſhews that they had a kind of Omniſcience; and it could not fail of raiſing the curioſity of a wiſe man, to be acquainted with perſons of ſuch extenſive knowledge: the ſong is well adapted to the character of *Ulyſſes:* it is not pleaſure or dalliance with which they tempt that Hero, but a promiſe of Wiſdom, and a recital of the war of *Troy* and his own glory. *Cicero* was ſo pleaſed with theſe verſes, that he tranſlated them, *lib.* 5. *de finibus bon. & mal.*

*O Decus Argolicum, quin puppim flectis Ulyſſes,*
*Auribus ut noſtros poſſis agnoſcere cantus?*
*Nam nemo hæc unquam eſt tranſvectus cærula curſu,*
*Quin prius adſtiterit vocum dulcedine captus;*
*Poſt, variis avido ſatiatus pectore Muſis,*
*Doctior ad patrias lapſus pervenerit oras.*
*Nos grave certamen belli, clademque tenemus*
*Græcia quam Trojæ divino numine vexit,*
*Omniaque elatis rerum veſtigia terris.*

*Homer* ſaw (ſays *Tully*) that his fable could not be approved, if he made his Hero to be taken with a mere ſong: The *Sirens* therefore promiſe Knowledge, the deſire of which might probably prove ſtronger than the love of his country: To deſire to know all things, whether uſeful or trifles, is a faulty curioſity; but to be led from the contemplation of things great and noble, to a thirſt of knowledge, is an inſtance of a greatneſs of ſoul.

Whate'er beneath the ſun's bright journey lies.
O ſtay and learn new wiſdom from the wiſe!
Thus the ſweet charmers warbled o'er the main;
My ſoul takes wing to meet the heav'nly ſtrain;
I give the ſign, and ſtruggle to be free:
Swift row my mates, and ſhoot along the ſea;
New chains they add, and rapid urge the way,
'Till dying off, the diſtant ſounds decay:
Then ſcudding ſwiftly from the dang'rous ground,
The deafen'd ear unlock'd, the chains unbound.
Now all at once tremendous ſcenes unfold;
Thunder'd the deeps, the ſmoaking billows roll'd!

V. 241. ——— *The ſmoaking billows roll'd.*] What is to be underſtood by the ſmoke of the billows? Does the Poet mean a real fire ariſing from the rocks? Moſt of the Critics have judg'd that the rock vomited out flames; for *Homer* mentions in the beginning of this book,

——— Πυρὸς τ' ὀλοοῖο θύελλαι.

I have taken the liberty to tranſlate both theſe paſſages in a different ſenſe; by the ſmoke I underſtand the miſts that ariſe from the commotion and daſhing of the waters, and by the *ſtorms of fire,* (as *Homer* expreſſes it) the reflexions the water caſts in ſuch agitations that reſemble flames; thus in ſtorms literally

——— *Ardeſcunt ignibus undæ.*

*Scylla* and *Charybdis* are in a continual ſtorm, and may therefore be ſaid to emit flames. I have ſoft'ned the expreſſion in the tranſlation by inſerting the word *ſeem.*

*Ulyſſes* continues upon one of theſe rocks ſeveral hours; that is, from morning till noon, as appears from the concluſion of this book; for leaping from the float, he laid hold upon a fig-tree that grew upon *Charybdis*; but both the fig tree and *Ulyſſes* muſt have been conſumed, if the rock had really emitted flames.

Tumultuous

Tumultuous waves embroil'd the bellowing flood,
All trembling, deafen'd, and aghaſt we ſtood!
No more the veſſel plow'd the dreadful wave,
Fear ſeiz'd the mighty, and unnerv'd the brave;
Each drop'd his oar: But ſwift from man to man
With look ſerene I turn'd, and thus began.
O friends! Oh often try'd in adverſe ſtorms!
With ills familiar in more dreadful forms!
Deep in the dire *Cyclopean* den you lay,
Yet ſafe return'd——*Ulyſſes* led the way.

Learn

V. 250. *Deep in the dire* Cyclopean *den you lay,*
*Yet ſafe return'd*——Ulyſſes *led the way.*]

*Plutarch* excellently explains this paſſage in his Diſſertation, *How a man may praiſe himſelf without blame or envy:* "*Ulyſſes* (ſays that "Author) ſpeaks not out of vanity; he ſaw his companions terri- "fy'd with the noiſe, tumult, and ſmoke of the gulphs of *Scylla* "and *Charybdis*; he therefore to give them courage, reminds them "of his wiſdom and valour, which they found had frequently extri- "cated them from other dangers: This is not vain glory or boaſt- "ing, but the dictate of Wiſdom; to infuſe courage into his friends, "he engages his virtue, proweſs and capacity for their ſafety, and "ſhews what confidence they ought to repoſe in his conduct." *Virgil* puts the words of *Ulyſſes* in the mouth of *Æneas*.

*O ſocii, neque enim ignari ſumus ante malorum,*
*O paſſi graviora; dabit deus his quoque finem.*
*Vos & Scyllæam rabiem penituſque ſonantes*
*Acceſtis ſcopulos: vos & Cyclopea ſaxa*
*Experti, revocate animos, mæſtumque timorem*
*Mittite. Forſan & hæc olim meminiſſe juvabit.*

It muſt be allow'd, that *Virgil* has improv'd what he borrows; it tends more to confirm the courage of his friends than what *Ulyſſes* ſpeaks:

Learn courage hence! and in my care confide:
Lo! ſtill the ſame *Ulyſſes* is your guide!
Attend my words! your oars inceſſant ply;
Strain ev'ry nerve, and bid the veſſel fly.
If from yon juſtling rocks and wavy war
*Jove* ſafety grants; he grants it to your care.
And thou whoſe guiding hand directs our way,
Pilot, attentive liſten and obey!
Bear wide thy courſe, nor plow thoſe angry waves
Where rolls yon ſmoke, yon tumbling ocean raves;
Steer by the higher rock; left whirl'd around
We ſink, beneath the circling eddy drown'd.
While yet I ſpeak, at once their oars they ſeize,
Stretch to the ſtroke, and bruſh the working ſeas.
Cautious the name of *Scylla* I ſuppreſt;
That dreadful ſound had chill'd the boldeſt breaſt.

ſpeaks: *Macrobius* is of this opinion; *Saturn. lib.* 5. *cap.* 11. *Ulyſſes* lays before his companions only one inſtance of his conduct in eſcaping dangers, *Æneas* mentions a ſecond: there is ſomething more ſtrong in

——— *Forſan & hæc olim meminiſſe juvabit,*

than in κἠ πϑ τῶν μνήσεσϑαι ὀΐω; not only as it gives them hope to eſcape, but as it is an aſſurance that this very danger ſhall be a pleaſure, and add to their future happineſs: it is not only an argument of reſolution but conſolation. *Scaliger* agrees with *Macrobius*, *Ex ipſis periculis proponit voluptatem: nihil enim jucundius eâ memoriâ quæ periculorum evaſionem, victoriamque recordatione repræſentat.*

Mean

Mean time forgetful of the voice divine,
All dreadful bright my limbs in armour ſhine;
High on the deck I take my dang'rous ſtand,
Two glitt'ring javelins lighten in my hand;
Prepar'd to whirl the whizzing ſpear I ſtay,
'Till the fell fiend ariſe to ſeize her prey.
Around the dungeon, ſtudious to behold
The hideous peſt, my labouring eyes I roll'd;
In vain! the diſmal dungeon dark as night
Veils the dire monſter, and confounds the ſight.
Now thro' the rocks, appal'd with deep diſmay,
We bend our courſe, and ſtem the deſp'rate way;
Dire *Scylla* there a ſcene of horror forms,
And here *Charybdis* fills the deep with ſtorms.

V. 268. ——— *Forgetful of the voice divine,*
*All dreadful bright my limbs in armour ſhine.*]

This ſeemingly ſmall circumſtance is not without a good effect: It ſhews that *Ulyſſes* even by the injunctions of a Goddeſs, cannot lay aſide the Hero. It is not out of a particular care of his own ſafety that he arms himſelf, for he takes his ſtand in the moſt open and dangerous part of the veſſel. It is an evidence likewiſe that the death of his companions is not owing to a want of his protection; for it is plain that, as *Horace* expreſſes it,

*Dum ſibi, dum ſociis reditum parat, aſpera multa*
*Pertulit* ———

By this conduct we ſee likewiſe, that all the parts of the *Odyſſey* are conſiſtent, and that the ſame care of his companions, which *Homer* aſcribes to *Ulyſſes* in the firſt lines of it, is viſible thro' the whole Poem.

When

When the tide ruſhes from her rumbling caves
The rough rock roars; tumultuous boil the waves;
They toſs, they foam, a wild confuſion raiſe,
Like waters bubbling o'er the fiery blaze;
Eternal miſts obſcure th' aereal plain,
And high above the rock ſhe ſpouts the main;
When in her gulphs the ruſhing ſea ſubſides,
She dreins the ocean with the refluent tides:
The rock rebellows with a thund'ring ſound;
Deep, wond'rous deep, below appears the ground.
Struck with deſpair, with trembling hearts we view'd
The yawning dungeon, and the tumbling flood;
When lo! fierce *Scylla* ſtoop'd to ſeize her prey,
Stretch'd her dire jaws, and ſwept ſix men away;
Chiefs of renown! loud echoing ſhrieks ariſe;
I turn and view them quivering in the ſkies;
They call, and aid with out-ſtretch'd arms implore:
In vain they call! thoſe arms are ſtretch'd no more.

V. 283. *The rough rock roars*———] I doubt not every reader who is acquainted with *Homer*, has taken notice in this book, how he all along adapts his verſes to the horrible ſubject he deſcribes, and paints the roarings of the Ocean in words as ſonorous as that element. Δεινὸν ἀνερρύιβδησε—τρὶς ἀναροιβδεῖ—ἀναβρόξειε—βόμβησεν, &c. *Subjicit rem oculis, & aurium noſtrarum dominus eſt*, ſays *Scaliger*. It is impoſſible to preſerve the beauty of *Homer*, in a language ſo much inferior; but I have endeavour'd to imitate what I could not equal. I have clogg'd the verſe with the roughneſs and identity of a letter, which is the harſheſt our language affords; and clogg'd it with Monoſyllables, that the concourſe of the rough letters might be more quick and cloſe in the pronunciation, and the moſt open and ſounding vowel occur in every word.

As from ſome rock that overhangs the flood,
The ſilent fiſher caſts th' inſidious food,
With fraudful care he waits the finny prize,
And ſudden lifts it quivering to the ſkies:
So the foul monſter lifts her prey on high,
So pant the wretches, ſtruggling in the ſkie;
In the wide dungeon ſhe devours her food,
And the fleſh trembles while ſhe churns the blood.
Worn as I am with griefs, with care decay'd;
Never, I never, ſcene ſo dire ſurvey'd!
My ſhiv'ring blood congeal'd forgot to flow,
Aghaſt I ſtood, a monument of woe!
Now from the rocks the rapid veſſel flies,
And the hoarſe din like diſtant thunder dies;
To *Sol*'s bright Iſle our voyage we purſue,
And now the glitt'ring mountains riſe to view.
There ſacred to the radiant God of day
Graze the fair herds, the flocks promiſcuous ſtray;

V. 300. *As from ſome rock that overhangs the flood,*
*The ſilent fiſher* ——]

Theſe tender and calm ſimilitudes have a peculiar beauty, when introduc'd to illuſtrate ſuch images of terror as the Poet here deſcribes: they ſet off each the other by an happy contraſt, and become both more ſtrong by oppoſition. *Euſtathius* remarks, that there is always a peculiar ſweetneſs in alluſions that are borrow'd from calm life, as fiſhing, hunting, and rural affairs.

V. 314. *To* Sol's *bright Iſle* ——] This Iſle is evidently *Sicily*; for he has already informed us, that theſe herds were on *Trinacria*, (ſo antiently call'd from the three promontories of *Lilybæum*, *Pelorus*, and *Pachynus*.)

Then

Then ſuddenly was heard along the main
To low the ox, to bleat the woolly train,
Strait to my anxious thoughts the ſound convey'd
The words of *Circe* and the *Theban* Shade;
Warn'd by their awful voice theſe ſhores to ſhun,
With cautious fears oppreſt, I thus begun.

O friends! oh ever exercis'd in care!
Hear heav'n's commands, and rev'rence what ye hear!
To fly theſe ſhores the preſcient *Theban* Shade
And *Circe* warns! O be their voice obey'd:
Some mighty woe relentleſs heav'n forebodes:
Fly theſe dire regions, and revere the Gods!'

While yet I ſpoke, a ſudden ſorrow ran
Thro' ev'ry breaſt, and ſpread from man to man,
'Till wrathful thus *Eurylochus* began.

O cruel thou! ſome fury ſure has ſteel'd
That ſtubborn ſoul, by toil untaught to yield!
From ſleep debarr'd, we ſink from woes to woes;
And cruel, envieſt thou a ſhort repoſe?
Still muſt we reſtleſs rove, new ſeas explore,
The ſun deſcending, and ſo near the ſhore?

V. 332. *'Till wrathful thus* Eurylochus *began.*] *Homer* has found out a way to turn reproach into praiſe. What *Eurylochus* ſpeaks in his wrath againſt *Ulyſſes* as a fault, is really his glory; it ſhews him to be indefatigable, patient in adverſity, and obedient to the decrees of the Gods. And what ſtill heightens the panegyric is, that it is ſpoken by an enemy, who muſt therefore be free from all ſuſpicion of flattery. *Dacier.*

And

And lo! the night begins her gloomy reign,
And doubles all the terrors of the main.
Oft in the dead of night loud winds ariſe,
Laſh the wild ſurge, and bluſter in the ſkies;
Oh ſhould the fierce ſouth-weſt his rage diſplay,
And toſs with riſing ſtorms the wat'ry way,
Tho' Gods deſcend from heav'n's aereal plain
To lend us aid, the Gods deſcend in vain:
Then while the night diſplays her awful ſhade,
Sweet time of ſlumber! be the night obey'd!
Haſte ye to land! and when the morning ray
Sheds her bright beams, purſue the deſtin'd way.
A ſudden joy in every boſom roſe;
So will'd ſome Demon, miniſter of woes!
To whom with grief —— O ſwift to be undone,
Conſtrain'd I act what wiſdom bids me ſhun.
But yonder herds, and yonder flocks forbear;
Atteſt the heav'ns, and call the Gods to hear:
Content, an innocent repaſt diſplay,
By *Circe* giv'n, and fly the dang'rous prey.
Thus I: and while to ſhore the veſſel flies,
With hands uplifted they atteſt the ſkies;
Then where a fountain's gurgling waters play,
They ruſh to land, and end in feaſts the day:

They

They feed; they quaff; and now (their hunger fled)
Sigh for their friends devour'd, and mourn the dead.
Nor ceaſe the tears, 'till each in ſlumber ſhares
A ſweet forgetfulneſs of human cares.
Now far the night advanc'd her gloomy reign,
And ſetting ſtars roll'd down the azure plain:
When, at the voice of *Jove*, wild whirlwinds riſe,
And clouds and double darkneſs veil the ſkies;
The moon, the ſtars, the bright ætherial hoſt
Seem as extinct, and all their ſplendors loſt;
The furious tempeſt roars with dreadful ſound:
Air thunders, rolls the ocean, groans the ground.
All night it rag'd; when morning roſe, to land
We haul'd our bark, and moor'd it on the ſtrand,

V. 363. ——*And now (their hunger fled)*
*Sigh for their friends devour'd, and mourn the dead.*]

This conduct may ſeem ſomewhat extraordinary; the companions of *Ulyſſes* appear to have forgot their loſt friends, they entertain themſelves with a due refreſhment, and then find leiſure to mourn; whereas a true ſorrow would more probably have taken away all appetite. But the practiſe of *Ulyſſes*'s friends is conſonant to the cuſtoms of Antiquity: It was eſteemed a prophanation and a piece of ingratitude to the Gods, to mix ſorrow with their entertainments: The hours of repaſt were allotted to joy, and thankſgiving to heaven for the bounty it gave to man by ſuſtenance. Beſides, this practice bears a ſecret inſtruction, *viz.* that the principal care is owing to the living; and when that is over, the dead are not to be neglected. *Æneas* and his friends are drawn in the ſame attitude by *Virgil*:

*Poſtquam exempta fames epulis, menſæque remotæ,*
*Amiſſos longo ſocios ſermone requirunt;*
*Præcipuè pius Æneas, nunc acris Oronti,*
*Nunc Amyci caſum gemit, &c.*

Where

Where in a beauteous Grotto's cool receſs
Dance the green *Nereids* of the neighb'ring ſeas.
There while the wild winds whiſtled o'er the main,
Thus careful I addreſt the liſt'ning train.
O friends be wiſe! nor dare the flocks deſtroy
Of theſe fair paſtures: If ye touch, ye die.
Warn'd by the high command of heav'n, be aw'd;
Holy the flocks, and dreadful is the God!
That God who ſpreads the radiant beams of light,
And views wide earth and heav'n's unmeaſur'd height.
And now the moon had run her monthly round,
The ſouth-eaſt bluſt'ring with a dreadful ſound;
Unhurt the beeves, untouch'd the woolly train
Low thro' the grove, or range the flow'ry plain:
Then fail'd our food; then fiſh we make our prey,
Or fowl that ſcreaming haunt the wat'ry way.
'Till now from ſea or flood no ſuccour found,
Famine and meagre want beſieg'd us round.
Penſive and pale from grove to grove I ſtray'd,
From the loud ſtorms to find a ſylvan ſhade;

There

V. 395. *Penſive and pale from grove to grove I ſtray'd.*] It was neceſſary (remarks *Euſtathius*) for the Poet to invent ſome pretext to remove *Ulyſſes:* If he had been preſent, his companions dared not to have diſobeyed him openly; or if they had, it would have ſhewed a want of authority, which would have been a diſparagement to that Hero. Now what pretext could be more rational than to ſuppoſe him withdrawn to offer up his devotions to the Gods? his affairs are brought to the utmoſt extremity, his companions murmur, and

hunger

There o'er my hands the living wave I pour;
And heav'n and heav'n's immortal thrones adore,
To calm the roarings of the ſtormy main,
And grant me peaceful to my realms again.
Then o'er my eyes the Gods ſoft ſlumber ſhed,
While thus *Eurylochus* ariſing ſaid.

O friends, a thouſand ways frail mortals lead
To the cold tomb, and dreadful all to tread;
But dreadful moſt, when by a ſlow decay
Pale hunger waſtes the manly ſtrength away.
Why ceaſe ye then t'implore the pow'rs above,
And offer hecatombs to thund'ring *Jove?*
Why ſeize ye not yon beeves, and fleecy prey?
Ariſe unanimous; ariſe and ſlay!
And if the Gods ordain a ſafe return,
To *Phœbus'* ſhrines ſhall riſe, and altars burn.

But

hunger oppreſſes. The Poet therefore, to bring about the crime of theſe offenders by probable methods, repreſents *Ulyſſes* retiring to ſupplicate the Gods; a conduct which they ought to have imitated: Beſides there is a poetical juſtice obſerved in the whole relation, and by the piety of *Ulyſſes*, and the guilt of his companions, we acknowledge the equity when we ſee them periſh, and *Ulyſſes* preſerved from all his dangers.

412. *To* Phœbus *ſhrines ſhall riſe,*———] *Eurylochus* puts on an air of piety to perſuade his companions to commit ſacrilege: *Let us ſacrifice*, ſays he, *to the Gods:* as if obedience were not better than ſacrifice. *Homer* underſtood the nature of man, which is ſtudious to find excuſes to juſtify our crimes; and we often offend, merely thro' hopes of a pardon. *Dacier.*

The word in the original is ἀγάλματα which does not ſignify ſtatues, but ornaments, ἀναθήματα, hung up, or repoſited in the temples; ſuch as

——'Αγλαΐης

But ſhould the pow'rs that o'er mankind preſide,
Decree to plunge us in the whelming tide,
Better to ruſh at once to ſhades below,
Than linger life away, and nouriſh woe!
Thus he: the beeves around ſecurely ſtray,
When ſwift to ruin they invade the prey;
They ſeize, they kill!——but for the rite divine,
The barley fail'd, and for libations, wine.
Swift from the oak they ſtrip the ſhady pride;
And verdant leaves the flow'ry cake ſupply'd.
With pray'r they now addreſs th' æthereal train,
Slay the ſelected beeves, and flea the ſlain:
The thighs, with fat involv'd, divide with art,
Strow'd o'er with morſels cut from ev'ry part.
Water, inſtead of wine, is brought in urns,
And pour'd prophane! as the victim burns.
The thighs thus offer'd, and the entrails dreſt,
They roaſt the fragments, and prepare the feaſt.

——— Ἀγλαΐης ἕνεκα κομόωσιν ἄναχτες,

or as it is expreſſed in the *Iliad*.

——— Βασιλῆι κεῖται ἄγαλμα.

*Heſychius* interprets ἄγαλμα to be, πᾶν ἐφ' ᾧ τις ἀγάλλεται, ἢ ὡς συνηθείᾳ ζόανον; that is, ἄγαλμα ſignifies every ornament with which a perſon is delighted or adorned; not a ſtatue, as it is underſtood by the generality. *Dacier. Euſtathius.*

'Twas

'Twas then ſoft ſlumber fled my troubled brain;
Back to the bark I ſpeed along the main.
When lo! an odour from the feaſt exhales,
Spreads o'er the coaſt, and ſcents the tainted gales;
A chilly fear congeal'd my vital blood,
And thus obteſting Heav'n I mourn'd aloud.
O Sire of men and Gods, immortal *Jove!*
Oh all ye bliſsful pow'rs that reign above!
Why were my cares beguil'd in ſhort repoſe?
O fatal ſlumber, paid with laſting woes!
A deed ſo dreadful all the Gods alarms,
Vengeance is on the wing, and heav'n in arms!
Mean-time *Lampetie* mounts th' aereal way,
And kindles into rage the God of day:
Vengeance ye pow'rs, (he cries) and thou whoſe hand
Aims the red bolt, and hurls the writhen brand!
Slain are thoſe herds which I with pride ſurvey,
When thro' the ports of heav'n I pour the day,
Or deep in Ocean plunge the burning ray.
Vengeance, ye Gods! or I the ſkies forego,
And bear the lamp of heav'n to ſhades below.

To

V. 451. *And bear the lamp of heav'n to ſhades below.*] This is a very bold fiction, for how can the Sun be imagined to illuminate the regions of the dead; that is, to ſhine within the earth, for there the realm of *Pluto* is placed by *Homer?* I am perſuaded the meaning is only that he would no more riſe, but leave the earth and heavens in perpetual darkneſs. *Erebus* is placed in the weſt, where the Sun ſets, and conſequently when he diſappears he may be ſaid to be ſunk into the realms of darkneſs or *Erebus*.

Perhaps

To whom the thund'ring Pow'r: O ſource of day!
Whoſe radiant lamp adorns the azure way,
Still may thy beams thro' heav'n's bright portals riſe,
The joy of earth, and glory of the ſkies;
Lo! my red arm I bare, my thunders guide,
To daſh the offenders in the whelming tide.
To fair *Calypſo*, from the bright abodes,
*Hermes* convey'd theſe councils of the Gods.

Mean-

Perhaps the whole fiction might be founded really upon the obſervation of ſome unuſual darkneſs of the Sun, either from a total eclipſe or other cauſes, which happened at a time when ſome remarkable crime was committed, and gave the Poets liberty to feign that the Sun withdrew his light from the view of it. Thus at the death of *Cæſar* the globe of the Sun was obſcured, or gave but a weak light, (ſays *Plutarch*) a whole year; and *Plin. lib.* 2. 80. *fiunt prodigioſi & longiores ſolis defectus, totius pænè anni pallore continuo.* This *Virgil* directly applies to the horror the Sun conceived at the death of *Cæſar*, *Georg.* 1.

*Ille etiam extincto miſeratus Cæſare Romam,*
*Cum caput obſcurâ nitidum ferrugine texit,*
*Impiaque æternam timuerunt ſecula noctem.*

And if *Virgil* might ſay that the Sun withdrew his beams at the impiety of the *Romans*, why may not *Homer* ſay the ſame, concerning the crime of the companions of *Ulyſſes*? *Dacier* imagines that *Homer* had heard of the Sun's ſtanding ſtill at the voice of *Joſhua*; for if (ſays ſhe) he could ſtand ſtill in the upper region, why may not he do the ſame in the contrary Hemiſphere, that is, in the language of *Homer*, *bear his lamps to ſhades below?* But this ſeems to be ſpoken without any foundation, there being no occaſion to have recourſe to that miraculous event for a ſolution.

V. 458. *To fair* Calypſo *from the bright abodes,*
Hermes *convey'd theſe councils of the Gods.*]

Theſe lines are inſerted (as *Euſtathius* obſerves) ſolely to reconcile the ſtory to credibility; For how was it poſſible for *Ulyſſes* to arrive at

the

Mean-time from man to man my tongue exclaims,
My wrath is kindled, and my ſoul in flames.
In vain! I view perform'd the direful deed,
Beeves, ſlain by heaps, along the ocean bleed.
Now heav'n gave ſigns of wrath; along the ground
Crept the raw hides, and with a bellowing ſound
Roar'd the dead limbs; the burning entrails groan'd.

Six

the knowledge of what was done in heaven, without a diſcovery made by ſome of the Deities? The perſons by whom theſe diſcourſes of the Gods are diſcovered are happily choſen; *Mercury* was the meſſenger of heaven, and it is this God who deſcends to *Calypſo* in the fifth of the *Odyſſey*: ſo that there was a correſpondence between *Calypſo* and *Mercury*; and therefore he is a proper perſon to make this diſcovery to that Goddeſs, and ſhe, out of affection to *Ulyſſes*.

V. 464. *Now heav'n gave ſigns of wrath; along the ground*
*Crept the raw hides* ———]

This paſſage (ſays *Euſtathius*) gave an occaſion of laughter to men diſpoſed to be merry, Λάβας γελοιασμῶ δέδωκε τοῖς παιζειν ἐθέλουσι. He adds, that the terrors of a guilty conſcience drove the companions of *Ulyſſes* into theſe imaginations: Guilt is able to create a phantom in a moment, ſo that theſe appearances were nothing but the illuſions of a diſturb'd imagination. He cites a paſſage from the *Calliope* of *Herodotus* to vindicate *Homer*: *Artayctes* a *Perſian* General had plunder'd a temple in which was the tomb of *Proteſilaus*, where great riches were depoſited; afterwards he was beſieg'd in *Seſtus*, and taken priſoner: One day, one of his guards was boiling ſalted fiſhes (πάριχοι) and they leap'd, and moved as if they had been alive, and newly taken out of the water: Divers perſons crouded about the place, and wonder'd at the miracle; when *Artayctes* ſaid, *Friends, you are not at all concern'd in this miracle:* Proteſilaus, *tho' dead, admoniſhes me by this ſign, that the Gods have given him power to revenge the injury I offer'd to his monument in* Eleus. But this is juſtifying one fable by another; and this looks alſo like the effects of a guilty conſcience.

This is not among the paſſages condemn'd by *Longinus*; and indeed it was no way blameable, if we conſider the times when it was

ſpoken

Six guilty days my wretched mates employ
In impious feasting, and unhallow'd joy;
The seventh arose, and now the Sire of Gods
Rein'd the rough storms, and calm'd the tossing floods:
With speed the bark we climb; the spacious sails
Loos'd from the yards invite th' impelling gales.
Past sight of shore, along the surge we bound,
And all above is sky, and ocean all around!
When lo! a murky cloud the thund'rer forms
Full o'er our heads, and blackens heav'n with storms.

spoken, and the persons to whom it is related: I mean *Phæacians*, who were delighted with such wonders. What was said injudiciously by a great Writer, may very properly be apply'd to these people, *Credo, quia impossibile est.* But we need not have recourse to their credulity for a vindication of this story: *Homer* has given us an account of all the abstruse arts, such as Necromancy, Witchcraft, and natural portents; here he relates a prodigy, the belief of which universally prevail'd among the Antients: Let any one read *Livy*, and he will find innumerable instances of prodigies, equally incredible as this, which were related by the wise, and believ'd at least by the vulgar. Thus we read of speaking Oxen, the sweating of the statues of the Gods, in the best *Roman* Histories. If such wonders might have a place in History, they may certainly be allow'd room in Poetry, whose Province is fable: it signifies nothing whether a story be true or false, provided it be established by common belief, or common fame; this is a sufficient foundation for Poetry. *Virgil, Georg.* I. 475.

——— *Pecudesque locutæ*
*Infandum! sistunt amnes, &c.*

The days of wonder are now over, and therefore a Poet would be blameable to make use of such impossibilities in these ages: They are now almost universally disbeliev'd, and therefore would not be approv'd as bold fictions, but exploded as wild extravagancies.

Night

Night dwells o'er all the deep: and now out flies
The gloomy Weſt, and whiſtles in the ſkies.

The

V. 477. ——— *And now out flies*
*The gloomy Weſt*, &c.]

*Longinus*, while he condemns the *Odyſſey* as wanting fire, thro' the decay of *Homer*'s fancy, excepts the deſcriptions of the Tempeſts, which he allows to be painted with the boldeſt and ſtrongeſt ſtrokes of Poetry. Let any perſon read that paſſage in the 5th Book, and he will be convinc'd of the fire of *Homer*'s fancy.

Ὡς εἰπων σίναγεν νεφέλας ἐτάραξε δὲ πόντον,
Χερσὶ τρίαιναν ἔλων, πάσας δ' ὀρόθυνεν ἀέλλας
Παντοίων ἀνέμων, σὺν δὲ νεφέεσσι κάλυψε
Γαῖαν ὁμῶ καὶ πόντον. ὀρώρει δ' ἀρανόθεν νύξ.

The two laſt lines are here repeated; and *Scaliger*, a ſecond *Zoilus* of *Homer*, allows them to be *omnia pulchra, plena, gravia*, p. 469. There is a ſtorm in the very words, and the horrors of it are viſible in the verſes.

*Virgil* was maſter of too much judgment, not to embelliſh his *Æneid* with this deſcription.

*Incubuere mari, totumque a ſedibus imis*
*Unà Euruſque Notuſque ruunt, creberque procellis*
*Africus, & vaſtos volvunt ad littora fluctus,*
*Eripiunt ſubito nubes cœlumque diemque*
*Teucrorum ex oculis: ponto nox incubat atra.*

Theſe are almoſt literally tranſlated from the abovementioned verſes of *Homer*, and theſe following.

Σὺν δ' Εὖρος τε Νότος τ' ἔπεσε, Ζεφυρός τε δυσαὴς
Καὶ Βορέης αἰθρηγενέτης, μέγα κῦμα κυλίνδων.

*Scaliger* calls the verſes of *Homer*, *divina oratio*, but prefers thoſe of *Virgil*. *Totumque a ſedibus imis*, is ſtronger than ἐτάραξε πόντον, &c. and Αἰθρηγενέτης is an ill choſen Epithet, to be uſed to de-

ſcribe

The mountain billows roar! the furious blaſt
Howls o'er the ſhroud, and rends it from the maſt:
The maſt gives way, and crackling as it bends,
Tears up the deck; then all at once deſcends:
The pilot by the tumbling ruin ſlain,
Daſh'd from the helm falls headlong in the main.

Then

ſcribe a ſtorm, for it carries an image of ſerenity. But that is to be underſtood of the general nature of that wind: As a river may be ſaid to be gentle, tho' capable to be ſwell'd into a flood. But I leave the preference to the Reader's judgment.

V. 483. *The Pilot by the tumbling ruin ſlain,*] There is a great ſimilitude between this paſſage and ſome verſes in *Virgil*, in which, as *Scaliger* judges, and perhaps with reaſon, the preference is to be given to the *Roman* Poet. *Tenuiſſimâ*, ſays that Critic, *& leviſſimâ utitur narratione Homerus.*

Πλῆξε κυβερνήτεω κεφαλὴν, σὺν δ' ὀστέα ἄραξε
Πάντ' ἀμυδις κεφαλῆς, ὅ δ' ἀργεύτῃρι ἐοικὼς
Κάππεσε

And again

——πετον δ' ἐκ νηὸς ἑταῖροι
Οἱ δε κορώνησιν, ἴκιλοι περὶ νῆα μέλαιναν
Κύμασιν ἐμφορέονλο.

——*Ingens a vertice Pontus*
*In puppim ferit; excutitur, pronuſque magiſter*
*Volvitur in caput.*

——*Aſt illam ter fluctus ibidem*
*Torquet agens circum, & rapidus vorat æquore vertex,*
*Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vaſto.*

There is certainly better verſification in theſe lines of *Virgil*, than in thoſe of *Homer:* There is better colouring, and they ſet the thing they deſcribe full before our eyes. *Virgil* has omitted the two ſhort ſimilitudes of the Diver, and the Sea-mews, deſpairing perhaps to

Then *Jove* in anger bids his thunders roll,
And forky lightnings flaſh from pole to pole;
Fierce at our heads his deadly bolt he aims,
Red with uncommon wrath, and wrapt in flames:
Full on the bark it fell; now high, now low,
Toſs'd and retoſs'd, it reel'd beneath the blow;
At once into the main the crew it ſhook:
Sulphureous odours roſe, and ſmould'ring ſmoke.
Like fowl that haunt the floods, they ſink, they riſe,
Now loſt, now ſeen, with ſhrieks and dreadful cries;
And ſtrive to gain the bark; but *Jove* denies.
Firm at the helm I ſtand, when fierce the main
Ruſh'd with dire noiſe, and daſh'd the ſides in twain;
Again impetuous drove the furious blaſt,
Snapt the ſtrong helm, and bore to ſea the maſt.
Firm to the maſt with cords the helm I bind
And ride aloft, to Providence reſign'd,
Thro' tumbling billows, and a war of wind.
Now ſunk the Weſt, and now a ſouthern breeze
More dreadful than the tempeſt, laſh'd the ſeas;
For on the rocks it bore where *Scylla* raves,
And dire *Charybdis* rolls her thund'ring waves.

make them ſhine in the *Roman* language. There is a third ſimile in *Homer* of the Bat or Bird of night Νύκτερις, which is introduc'd to repreſent *Ulyſſes* clinging round the Fig-tree. 'Tis true the whole three are taken from low ſubjects, but they very well paint the thing they were intended to illuſtrate.

All night I drove; and at the dawn of day
Faſt by the rocks beheld the deſp'rate way:
Juſt when the ſea within her gulphs ſubſides,
And in the roaring whirlpools ruſh the tides.
Swift from the float I vaulted with a bound,
The lofty fig tree ſeiz'd, and clung around.
So to the beam the bat tenacious clings,
And pendant round it claſps his leathern wings.
High in the air the tree its boughs diſplay'd,
And o'er the dungeon caſt a dreadful ſhade,
All unſuſtain'd between the wave and ſky,
Beneath my feet the whirling billows fly.
What time the Judge forſakes the noiſy bar
To take repaſt, and ſtills the wordy war;

*Charybdis*

V. 519. *What time the Judge forſakes the noiſy bar*
*To take repaſt* ———]

This paſſage has been egregiouſly miſunderſtood by Monſ. *Perrault*. *Ulyſſes* being carried (ſays that Author) on his maſt towards *Charybdis*, leaps from it, and clings like a Bat round a Fig-tree, waiting till the return of the maſt from the gulphs of it; and adds, that when he ſaw it, he was as glad as a Judge when he riſes from his ſeat to go to dinner, after having try'd ſeveral cauſes. But *Boileau* fully vindicates *Homer* in his reflections on *Longinus*: Before the uſe of dials or clocks the Antients diſtinguiſh'd the day by ſome remarkable offices or ſtated employments: as from the dining of the labourer.

——*What time in ſome ſequeſter'd vale*
*The weary woodman ſpreads his ſparing meal.*

*Iliad* XI. ver. 119. See the Annotation; ſo here from the riſing of the Judges, and both denote the Mid-day, or Noontide hour. Thus it

*Charybdis* rumbling from her inmoſt caves,
The maſt refunded on her refluent waves.
Swift from the tree, the floating maſt to gain,
Sudden I drop'd amidſt the flaſhing main;
Once more undaunted on the ruin rode,
And oar'd with lab'ring arms along the flood.
Unſeen I paſs'd by *Scylla*'s dire abodes:
So *Jove* decreed, (dread Sire of men and Gods)
Then nine long days I plow'd the calmer ſeas,
Heav'd by the ſurge and wafted by the breeze.

it is uſed by *Hippocrates*, who ſpeaking of a perſon wounded with a Javelin in the Liver, ſays he dy'd πρὶν ἀγορὴν λυθῆναι, a little before the breaking up of the aſſembly, or before the Judge riſes from his tribunal: or as ſome underſtand it, a little before the finiſhing of the market: There is a parallel expreſſion in *Xenophon*, καὶ ἤδη τε ἀμφὶ ἀγορὰν πλήθουσαν. This riſing of the Judge *Perrault* miſtakes for a compariſon, to expreſs the joy which *Ulyſſes* conceiv'd at the ſight of the return of his maſt; than which nothing can be more diſtant from *Homer*'s ſentiment.

From this deſcription we may preciſely learn the Time that paſſed while *Ulyſſes* clung round the Fig-tree.

——— *At the dawn of Day*
*Faſt by the Rocks I plow'd the deſp'rate way.*

So that at Morning he leap'd from his float, and about Noon recover'd it: Now *Euſtathius* affirms, that in the ſpace of twenty-four hours there are three Tides, and dividing that time into three parts, *Ulyſſes* will appear to have remain'd upon the Rock eight hours. The exact time when the Judge roſe from his tribunal is not apparent: *Boileau* ſuppoſes it to be about three a Clock in the Afternoon, *Dacier* about two; but the time was certain among the Ancients, and is only dubious to us, as we are ignorant of the hour of the day when the Judge enter'd his Tribunal, and when he left it.

Weary

Weary and wet th' *Ogygian* ſhores I gain,
When the tenth ſun deſcended to the main.

There

V. 532. *When the tenth ſun deſcended to the main.*] This account is very extraordinary. *Ulyſſes* continued upon the Maſt ten days, and conſequently ten days without any nouriſhment. *Longinus* brings this paſſage as an inſtance of the decay of *Homer*'s Genius, and his launching out into extravagant Fables. I wonder *Euſtathius* ſhould be ſilent about this Objection; but *Dacier* endeavours to vindicate *Homer*, from a ſimilar place in the *Acts of the Apoſtles*, *Cap.* 27. *ver.* 33. where Saint *Paul* ſays to the Sailors, *This is the fourteenth day that ye have tarried, and continued faſting, having taken nothing.* Now if the Sailors in the *Acts* could faſt fourteen days, why might not *Ulyſſes* faſt ten? But this place by no means comes up to the point. The words are τεσσαρεσκαιδεκάτην σήμερον ἡμέραν προσδοκῶντες, that is, expecting the fourteenth day, (which is to-day) you continue without eating; ſo the meaning is, they had taken no food all that day; the danger was ſo great that they had no leiſure to think upon hunger. This is the literal conſtruction of the Words, and implies that out of expectation of the fourteenth Day, (which they look'd upon as a critical time when their danger would be at the higheſt) they had forgot to take their uſual repaſt; and not, that they had faſted fourteen Days. But if any Perſon thinks that the faſting is to be apply'd to the whole fourteen days, it muſt be in that latitude wherein Interpreters expound *Heſiod*.

——— οὐδέ τε σῖτον
Ἤσθιον———

which ſignifies not that they eat no Meat at all, but that they had not leiſure thro' their danger to obſerve the uſual and ſtated hours of repaſt: They eat in their arms, with their hands foul'd with blood. But I take the former ſenſe to be the better. Beſides, it is impoſſible to make this place of any ſervice to *Homer*; for if theſe men continued ſo long faſting, it was a miraculous faſt; and how can this be apply'd to *Ulyſſes*, who is not imagined to owe his power of faſting to any ſupernatural aſſiſtance? But it is almoſt a demonſtration that the ſailors in the *Acts* eat during the tempeſt: Why ſhould they abſtain? It was not for want of food; for at St. *Paul*'s injunction they take ſome ſuſtenance: Now it is abſurd to imagine a miracle to be performed, when common and eaſy means were at hand to make ſuch a ſupernatural act unneceſſary. If they had been without food, then indeed a miracle might have been ſuppoſed to

There in *Calypso*'s ever-fragrant bow'rs
Refreſh'd I lay, and Joy beguil'd the hours.
My following fates to thee, oh King, are known,
And the bright partner of thy royal throne.
Enough: In miſery can words avail?
And what ſo tedious as a twice-told tale?

ſupply it. If they had died thro' faſting, when meat was at hand, they would have been guilty of ſtarving themſelves. If therefore we ſuppoſe a miracle, we muſt ſuppoſe it to be wrought, to prevent men from being guilty of wilful ſelf-murder, which is an abſurdity.

Beſides, the word ἄσιτος is uſed to denote a perſon who takes no food for the ſpace of one day only, as μονόσιτος ſignifies a perſon who eats but one meal in the compaſs of one day; this therefore is an evidence, that the ſailors in the *Acts* had not been without ſuſtenance fourteen days.

In ſhort, I am not in the number of thoſe who think *Homer* has no faults; and unleſs we imagine *Ulyſſes* to have faſted ten days by the aſſiſtance of the Gods, this paſſage muſt be allowed to be extravagant: 'Tis true, *Homer* ſays, the Gods guided him to the *Ogygian* ſhores; but he ſays not a word to ſoften the incredibility of the faſting of *Ulyſſes*, thro' an aſſiſtance of the Gods. I am therefore inclin'd to ſubſcribe to the opinion of *Longinus*, that this relation is faulty; but ſay with *Horace*,

——— *Non ego paucis*
*Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,*
*Aut humana parum cavit natura.*

THE

# THE

# THIRTEENTH BOOK

## OF THE

# ODYSSEY.

# The ARGUMENT.

## *The Arrival of* Ulyſſes *in* Ithaca.

Ulyſſes *takes his leave of* Alcinous *and* Arete, *and embarks in the evening. Next morning the ſhip arrives at* Ithaca; *where the ſailors, as* Ulyſſes *is yet ſleeping, lay him on the ſhore with all his treaſures. On their return,* Neptune *changes their ſhip into a rock. In the mean-time* Ulyſſes *awaking, knows not his native* Ithaca, *by reaſon of a miſt which* Pallas *had caſt round him. He breaks into loud lamentations; 'till the Goddeſs appearing to him in the form of a Shepherd, diſcovers the country to him, and points out the particular places. He then tells a feign'd ſtory of his adventures, upon which ſhe manifeſts herſelf, and they conſult together of the meaſures to be taken to deſtroy the ſuitors. To conceal his return, and diſguiſe his perſon the more effectually, ſhe changes him into the figure of an old Beggar.*

THE

Ulyſſes *embark'd for* Ithaca *is left aſleep upon the Coaſt.* Minerva *appears to him in the Shape of a Young Shepherd & gives him advice.*

# THE
# THIRTEENTH BOOK
## OF THE
# ODYSSEY.

HE ceas'd; but left ſo pleaſing on their ear
His voice, that liſt'ning ſtill they ſeem'd to hear.
A pauſe of ſilence huſh'd the ſhady rooms:
The grateful conf'rence then the King reſumes.

Whatever

V. 3. —— *The ſhady rooms*]

The Epithet in the original is σκιόεντα, or *gloomy*: It is here uſed with a peculiar propriety, to keep in the Reader's mind the exact time when *Ulyſſes* made his narration to the *Phæacians*, namely, in the evening, of the thirty-third day: we may likewiſe gather from this diſtinction of times, the exact ſtay of *Ulyſſes* among the *Phæa-*

 *cians*;

Whatever toils the great *Ulyſſes* paſt,
Beneath this happy roof they end at laſt;
No longer now from ſhore to ſhore to roam,
Smooth ſeas, and gentle winds, invite him home.
But hear me, Princes! whom theſe walls incloſe,
For whom my chanter ſings, and goblet flows
With wines unmixt, (an honour due to Age,
To chear the grave, and warm the Poet's rage)
Tho' labour'd gold and many a dazzling veſt
Lie heap'd already for our god-like gueſt;
Without new treaſures let him not remove,
Large, and expreſſive of the publick love:
Each peer a tripod, each a vaſe beſtow,
A gen'ral tribute, which the State ſhall owe.

*ɑi ans*; he was thrown upon their ſhores on the thirty-firſt day in the evening, and lands about day break on the thirty-fifth day in his own country; ſo that he ſtaid three days and three nights only with *Alcinous*, one night being ſpent in his voyage to *Ithaca* from *Phæacia*.

V. 10. *For whom my chaunter ſings, and goblet flows*
*With Wine unmixt*, &c.]

*Homer* calls the wine γερήσιον, or wine drank at the entertainment of Elders, γερόντων, or men of diſtinction, ſays *Euſtathius*; by the bard, he means *Demodocus*.

The ſame Critic further remarks, that *Homer* judiciouſly ſhortens every circumſtance before he comes to the diſmiſſion of *Ulyſſes*: Thus he omits the deſcription of the ſacrifice, and the ſubject of the ſong of *Demodocus*; theſe are circumſtances that at beſt would be but uſeleſs ornaments, and ill agree with the impatience of *Ulyſſes* to begin his voyage toward his country. Theſe therefore the Poet briefly diſpatches.

This

This ſentence pleas'd: Then all their ſteps addreſt
To ſep'rate manſions, and retir'd to reſt.
Now did the roſy-finger'd Morn ariſe,
And ſhed her ſacred light along the ſkies.
Down to the haven and the ſhips in haſte
They bore the treaſures, and in ſafety plac'd.
The King himſelf the vaſes rang'd with care:
Then bad his followers to the feaſt repair.
A victim Ox beneath the ſacred hand
Of great *Alcinous* falls, and ſtains the ſand.
To *Jove* th' Eternal, (pow'r above all pow'rs!
Who wings the winds, and darkens heav'n with ſhow'rs)
The flames aſcend: 'Till evening they prolong
The rites, more ſacred made by heav'nly ſong:
For in the midſt, with publick honours grac'd,
Thy lyre divine, *Demodocus!* was plac'd.
All, but *Ulyſſes*, hear'd with fix'd delight:
He ſat, and ey'd the ſun, and wiſh'd the night;
Slow ſeem'd the ſun to move, the hours to roll,
His native home deep imag'd in his ſoul.
As weary plowman ſpent with ſtubborn toil,
Whoſe oxen long have torn the furrow'd ſoil,

Sees

V. 39. *As weary plowman*, &c.] The ſimile which *Homer* chuſes is drawn from low life, but very happily ſets off the impatience of *Ulyſſes*: It is familiar, but expreſſive. *Horace* was not of the judgment of thoſe who thought it mean, for he uſes it in his Epiſtles.

——*dieſque*

Sees with delight the ſun's declining ray,
When home with feeble knees, he bends his way
To late repaſt, (the day's hard labour done:)
So to *Ulyſſes* welcome ſet the Sun.
Then inſtant, to *Alcinous* and the reſt,
(The *Scherian* ſtates) he turn'd, and thus addreſt.
O thou, the firſt in merit and command!
And you the Peers and Princes of the land!
May ev'ry joy be yours! nor this the leaſt,
When due libation ſhall have crown'd the feaſt,
Safe to my home to ſend your happy gueſt.
Compleat are now the bounties you have giv'n,
Be all thoſe bounties but confirm'd by Heav'n!

——*dieſque*
*Longa videtur opus debentibus: ut piger annus*
*Pupillis, quos dura premit cuſtodia matrum;*
*Sic mihi tarda fluunt, ingrataque tempora, quæ ſpem*
*Conſiliumque morantur, &c.*

It was very neceſſary to dwell upon this impatience of *Ulyſſes* to return: it would have been abſurd to have repreſented him cool, or even moderately warm upon this occaſion; he had refuſed immortality through the love of his country; it is now in his power to return to it; he ought therefore conſiſtently with his former character to be drawn with the utmoſt earneſtneſs of ſoul, and every moment muſt appear tedious that keeps him from it; it ſhews therefore the judgment of *Homer* to deſcribe him in this manner, and not to paſs it over curſorily, but force it upon the notice of the Reader, by inſiſting upon it ſomewhat largely, and illuſtrating it by a proper ſimilitude, to fix it more ſtrongly upon our memory.

V. 53. *Be all thoſe bounties but confirm'd by Heav'n!*] This is a pious and inſtructive ſentence, and teaches, that though riches were heap'd upon us with the greateſt abundance and ſuperfluity; yet unleſs Heaven adds its benediction, they will prove but at beſt a burthen and calamity.

So

So may I find, when all my wand'rings ceaſe,
My conſort blameleſs, and my friends in peace.
On you be ev'ry bliſs, and ev'ry day
In home-felt joys delighted roll away;
Your ſelves, your wives, your long deſcending race,
May ev'ry God enrich with ev'ry grace!
Sure fixt on Virtue may your nation ſtand,
And publick evil never touch the land!

His words well weigh'd, the gen'ral voice approv'd
Benign, and inſtant his diſmiſſion mov'd.
The Monarch to *Pontonous* gave the ſign,
To fill the goblet high with roſy wine:
Great *Jove* the Father, firſt (he cry'd) implore,
Then ſend the ſtranger to his native ſhore.

The luſcious wine th' obedient herald brought;
Around the manſion flow'd the purple draught:
Each from his ſeat to each Immortal pours,
Whom glory circles in th' *Olympian* bow'rs.
*Ulyſſes* ſole with air majeſtic ſtands,
The bowl preſenting to *Arete*'s hands;

Then

V. 73. *The bowl preſenting to* Arete's *hands*;
*Then thus* ——]

It may be aſked why *Ulyſſes* addreſſes his words to the Queen rather than the King: The reaſon is, becauſe ſhe was his patroneſs, and had firſt received him with hoſpitality, as appears from the 7th book of the *Odyſſey*.

*Ulyſſes* makes a libation to the Gods, and preſents the bowl to the Queen: This was the pious practice of Antiquity upon all ſolemn occaſions:

Then thus: O Queen farewell! be ſtill poſſeſt
Of dear remembrance, bleſſing ſtill and bleſt!
'Till age and death ſhall gently call thee hence,
(Sure fate of ev'ry mortal excellence!)
Farewell! and joys ſucceſſive ever ſpring
To thee, to thine, the people, and the King!
Thus he; then parting prints the ſandy ſhore
To the fair port: A herald march'd before,
Sent by *Alcinous*: Of *Arete*'s train
Three choſen maids attend him to the main;
This does a tunic and white veſt convey,
A various caſket that, of rich inlay,
And bread and wine the third. The chearful mates
Safe in the hollow deck diſpoſe the cates:
Beneath the feats, ſoft painted robes they ſpread,
With linen cover'd, for the Heroe's bed.
He climb'd the lofty ſtern; then gently preſt
The ſwelling couch, and lay compos'd to reſt.
Now plac'd in order, the *Phæacian* train
Their cables looſe, and launch into the main:
At once they bend, and ſtrike their equal oars,
And leave the ſinking hills, and leſs'ning ſhores.

occaſions: *Ulyſſes* here does it, becauſe he is to undertake a voyage, and it implies a prayer for the proſperity of it. The reaſon why he preſents the bowl to the Queen is, that ſhe may firſt drink out of it, for ſo προπίνειν properly and originally ſignifies, τὸ πρὸ ἑαυτοῦ διδόναι τινὶ πίνειν, ſays *Euſtathius*. *Propino* is uſed differently by the *Romans*.

While

While on the deck the Chief in ſilence lies,
And pleaſing ſlumbers ſteal upon his eyes.
As fiery courſers in the rapid race
Urg'd by fierce drivers thro' the duſty ſpace,
Toſs

V. 98. *As fiery courſers in the rapid race*
*Toſs their high heads*, &c.]

The Poet introduces two ſimilitudes to repreſent the ſailing of the *Phæacian* veſſel: The former deſcribes the motion of it, as it bounds and riſes over the waves, like horſes toſſing their heads in a race; and alſo the ſteddineſs of it, in that it ſails with as much firmneſs over the billows, as horſes tread upon the ground. The latter compariſon is ſolely to ſhew the ſwiftneſs of the veſſel.

The word in the original is τετράοροι; an inſtance, that four horſes were ſometimes join'd to the chariot. *Virgil* has borrow'd this compariſon, *Æn.* 5.

*Non tam præcipites bijugo certamine campum*
*Corripuere, ruuntque effuſi carcere currus,*
*Nec ſic immiſſis aurigæ undantia lora*
*Concuſſere jugis, pronique in verbera pendent.*

It muſt be allow'd that nothing was ever more happily executed than this deſcription, and the copy far exceeds the original. *Macrobius, Saturnal. lib.* 5. gives this as his opinion, and his reaſons for it. The *Greek* Poet (ſays that Author) paints only the ſwiftneſs of the horſes when ſcourged by the driver; *Virgil* adds, the ruſhing of the chariot, the fields as it were devour'd by the rapidity of the horſes; we ſee the throwing up of the reins, in *undantia lora*; and the attitude of the driver, leaning forward in the act of laſhing of the horſes, in the words, *Pronique in verbera pendent.* 'Tis true, nothing could be added more elegantly than the ὕψοσ' ἀειρόμενοι, in *Homer*; it paints at once the ſwiftneſs of the race, and the riſing poſture of the horſes in the act of running; but *Virgil* is more copious, and has omitted no circumſtance, and ſet the whole race fully before our eyes; we may add, that the verſification is as beautiful as the deſcription compleat; every ear muſt be ſenſible of it.

I will only further obſerve the judgment of *Homer* in ſpeaking of every perſon in his particular character. When a vain glorious

*Phæacian*

Toſs their high heads, and ſcour along the plain;
So mounts the bounding veſſel o'er the main.
Back to the ſtern the parted billows flow,
And the black Ocean foams and roars below.

Thus with ſpread ſails the winged gally flies;
Leſs ſwift an eagle cuts the liquid ſkies;
Divine *Ulyſſes* was her ſacred load,
A Man, in wiſdom equal to a God!
Much danger, long and mighty toils he bore,
In ſtorms by ſea, and combats on the ſhore;
All which ſoft ſleep now baniſh'd from his breaſt,
Wrapt in a pleaſing, deep, and death-like reſt.

But when the morning Star with early ray
Flam'd in the front of heav'n, and promis'd day;
Like diſtant clouds the mariner deſcries
Fair *Ithaca*'s emerging hills ariſe.

*Phæacian* deſcrib'd the ſailing of his own veſſels, they were ſwift as thought, and endued with reaſon; when *Homer* ſpeaks in his own perſon to his readers, they are ſaid only to be as ſwift as hawks or horſes: *Homer* ſpeaks like a Poet, with ſome degree of amplification, but not with ſo much hyperbole as *Alcinous*. No people ſpeak ſo fondly as ſailors of their own Ships to this day, and particularly are ſtill apt to talk of them as of living creatures.

V. 112. *But when the morning ſtar with early ray*
*Flam'd in the front of heav'n* ——— ]

From this paſſage we may gather, that *Ithaca* is diſtant from *Corcyra* or *Phæacia* no farther than a veſſel ſails in the compaſs of one night; and this agrees with the real diſtance between thoſe Iſlands; an inſtance that *Homer* was well acquainted with Geography: This is the morning of the thirty-fifth day.

Far

Far from the town a ſpacious port appears,
Sacred to *Phorcys*' power, whoſe name it bears:
Two craggy rocks projecting to the main,
The roaring wind's tempeſtuous rage reſtrain;
Within, the waves in ſofter murmurs glide,
And ſhips ſecure without their haulſers ride.
High at the head a branching Olive grows,
And crowns the pointed cliffs with ſhady boughs.
Beneath, a gloomy Grotto's cool receſs
Delights the *Nereids* of the neighb'ring ſeas;

Where

V. 116. —— *A ſpacious port appears,*
*Sacred to* Phorcys ——]

*Phorcys* was the ſon of *Pontus* and *Terra*, according to *Heſiod*'s genealogy of the Gods; this Haven is ſaid to be ſacred to that Deity, becauſe he had a temple near it, from whence it receiv'd its appellation.

The whole voyage of *Ulyſſes* to his country, and indeed the whole *Odyſſey*, has been turn'd into allegory; which I will lay before the Reader as an inſtance of a trifling induſtry and ſtrong imagination. *Ulyſſes* is in ſearch of true felicity, the *Ithaca* and *Penelope* of *Homer*: He runs thro' many difficulties and dangers; this ſhews that happineſs is not to be attain'd without labour and afflictions. He has ſeveral companions, who periſh by their vices, and he alone eſcapes by the aſſiſtance of the *Phæacians*, and is tranſported in his ſleep to his country; that is, the *Phæacians*, whoſe name implies blackneſs, φαίοι, are the mourners at his death, and attend him to his grave: The ſhip is his grave, which is afterwards turned into a rock; which repreſents his monumental marble; his ſleep means death, thro' which alone man arrives at eternal felicity. *Spondamus.*

V. 124. —— *A gloomy Grotto's cool receſs*] *Porphyry* has wrote a volume to explain this cave of the Nymphs, with more piety perhaps than judgment; and another perſon has perverted it into the utmoſt obſcenity, and both allegorically. *Porphyry* (obſerves *Euſtathius*) is of opinion, that the cave [means the world; it is called gloomy, but agreeable, becauſe it was made out of darkneſs, and afterwards ſet in this agreeable order by the hand of the Deity. It is conſecrated

Where bowls and urns were form'd of living ſtone,
And maſſy beams in native marble ſhone;
On which the labours of the nymphs were roll'd,
Their webs divine of purple mix'd with gold.
Within the cave, the cluſtring bees attend
Their waxen works, or from the roof depend.
Perpetual waters o'er the pavement glide;
Two marble doors unfold on either ſide;
Sacred the ſouth, by which the Gods deſcend,
But mortals enter at the northern end.

Thither

conſecrated to the Nymphs; that is, it is deſtin'd to the habitation of ſpiritual ſubſtances united to the body: The bowls and urns of living ſtone, are the body which are form'd out of the earth; the bees that make their honey in the cave are the ſouls of men, which perform all their operations in the body, and animate it; the beams on which the Nymphs roll their webs, are the bones over which the admirable embroidery of nerves, veins, and arteries are ſpread; the fountains which water the cave are the ſeas, rivers and lakes that water the world; and the two gates, are the two poles; thro' the northern the ſouls deſcend from Heaven to animate the body, thro' the ſouthern they aſcend to Heaven, after they are ſeparated from the body by death. But I confeſs I ſhould rather chuſe to underſtand the deſcription poetically, believing that *Homer* never dream'd of theſe matters, tho' the age in which he flouriſh'd was addicted to Allegory. How often do Painters draw from the imagination only, merely to pleaſe the eye? And why might not *Homer* write after it, eſpecially in this place where he manifeſtly indulges his fancy, while he brings his Hero to the firſt dawning of happineſs? He has long dwelt upon a ſeries of horrors, and his imagination being tired with the melancholy ſtory, it is not impoſſible but his ſpirit might be enliven'd with the Subject while he wrote, and this might lead him to indulge his fancy in a wonderful, and perhaps fabulous deſcription. In ſhort, I ſhould much rather chuſe to believe that the memory of the things to which he alludes in the deſcription of the cave is loſt, than credit ſuch a labour'd and diſtant Allegory.

V. 134. *Sacred the ſouth, by which the Gods deſcend.*] *Virgil* has imitated the deſcription of this haven, *Æn. lib.* 1.

Eſt

Thither they bent, and haul'd their ſhip to land,
(The crooked keel divides the yellow ſand)

*Ulyſſes*

*Eſt in ſeceſſu longo locus, inſula portum*
*Efficit, objectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto*
*Frangitur, &c.*

*Within a long receſs there lies a bay,*
*An Iſland ſhades it from the rolling ſea,*
*And forms a port ſecure for ſhips to ride,*
*Broke by the jutting land on either ſide,*
*In double ſtreams the briny waters glide.*
*Betwixt two rows of rocks, a* ſylvan *ſcene*
*Appears above, and groves for ever green:*
*A Grot is form'd beneath with moſſy ſeats,*
*To reſt the* Nereids, *and exclude the heats;*
*Down from the crannies of the living walls*
*The cryſtal ſtreams deſcend in murmuring falls,*
*No haulſers need to bind the veſſels here,*
*Nor bearded anchors, for no ſtorms they fear.*

Dryden.

*Scaliger* infinitely prefers the *Roman* Poet: *Homer*, ſays he, ſpeaks *humilia humiliter*, *Virgilius grandiora magnifice*; but what I would chiefly obſerve is, not what *Virgil* has imitated, but what he has omitted; namely, all that ſeems odd or leſs intelligible; I mean the works of the bees in a cave ſo damp and moiſt; and the two gates thro' which the Gods and men enter.

I ſhall offer a conjecture to explain theſe two lines:

*Sacred the ſouth, by which the Gods deſcend,*
*But mortals enter at the northern end.*

It has been already obſerv'd, that the *Æthiopians* held an annual ſacrifice of twelve days to the Gods; all that time they carried their images in proceſſion, and placed them at their feſtivals, and for this reaſon the Gods were ſaid to feaſt with the *Æthiopians*; that is, they were preſent with them by their ſtatues: Thus alſo *Themis* was ſaid to form or diſſolve aſſemblies, becauſe they carried her image to the aſſemblies when they were conven'd, and when they were broken up

they

*Ulyſſes* ſleeping on his couch they bore,
And gently plac'd him on the rocky ſhore.

His

they carried it away. Now we have already remark'd, that this port was ſacred to *Phorcys*, becauſe he had a temple by it: It may not then be impoſſible, but that this Temple having two doors, they might carry the ſtatues of the Gods in their proceſſions through the ſouthern gate, which might be conſecrated to this uſe only, and the populace be forbid to enter by it: For that reaſon the Deities were ſaid to enter, namely, by their images. As the other gate being allotted to common uſe, was ſaid to be the paſſage for mortals.

V. 138. Ulyſſes *ſleeping on his couch they bore,*
*And gently plac'd him on the rocky ſhore.*]

There is nothing in the whole *Odyſſey* that more ſhocks our reaſon than the expoſing *Ulyſſes* aſleep on the ſhores by the *Phæacians*: "The paſſage (ſays *Ariſtotle* in his *Poetics*) where *Ulyſſes* is landed "in *Ithaca*, is ſo full of abſurdities, that they would be intolerable "in a bad Poet; but *Homer* has conceal'd them under an infinity of "admirable beauties, with which he has adorn'd all that part of the "*Odyſſey*; theſe he has crowded together, as ſo many charms to "hinder our perceiving the defects of the ſtory:" *Ariſtotle* muſt be allow'd to ſpeak with great Judgment; for what probability is there that a man ſo prudent as *Ulyſſes*, who was alone in a veſſel at the diſcretion of ſtrangers, ſhould ſleep ſo ſoundly, as to be taken out of it, carried with all his baggage on ſhore, and the *Phæacians* ſhould ſet ſail, and he never awake? This is ſtill more abſurd, if we remember that *Ulyſſes* has his ſoul ſo ſtrongly bent upon his country; Is it then poſſible, that he could be thus ſunk into a lethargy, in the moment when he arrives at it? "However (ſays Monſ. *Dacier* "in his reflections upon *Ariſtotle's Poetics*) *Homer* was not aſhamed "of that Abſurdity, but not being able to omit it, he uſed it to "give Probability to the ſucceeding ſtory: It was neceſſary for "*Ulyſſes* to land alone, in order to his concealment; if he had "been diſcover'd, the ſuitors would immediately have deſtroy'd him, "if not as the real *Ulyſſes*, yet under the pretext of his being an impoſtor; they would then have ſeiz'd his dominions, and married "*Penelope*: Now if he had been wak'd, the *Phæacians* would have "been obliged to have attended him, which he could not have denied with decency, nor accepted with ſafety: *Homer* therefore had "no other way left to unravel his fable happily: But he knew what "was abſurd in this method, and uſes means to hide it; he laviſhes "out all his wit and addreſs, and lays together ſuch an abundance

"of

His treaſures next, *Alcinous'* gifts, they laid
In the wild olive's unfrequented ſhade,

" of admirable Poetry, that the mind of the Reader is ſo inchanted, " that he perceives not the defect; he is like *Ulyſſes* lull'd aſleep, " and knows no more than that Hero, how he comes there. That " great Poet firſt deſcribes the ceremony of *Ulyſſes* taking leave of " *Alcinous* and his Queen *Arete*; then he ſets off the ſwiftneſs of " the veſſel by two beautiful compariſons; he deſcribes the Haven " with great exactneſs, and adds to it the deſcription of the cave of " the Nymphs; this laſt aſtoniſhes the Reader, and he is ſo intent " upon it, that he has not attention to conſider the abſurdity in the " manner of *Ulyſſes*'s landing: In this moment when he perceives " the mind of the Reader as it were intoxicated with theſe beau- " ties, he ſteals *Ulyſſes* on ſhore, and diſmiſſes the *Phæacians*; all " this takes up but eight verſes. And then leſt the Reader ſhould " reflect upon it, he immediately introduces the Deities, and gives " us a Dialogue between *Jupiter* and *Neptune*. This keeps up ſtill " our wonder, and our Reaſon has not time to deliberate; and " when the dialogue is ended, a ſecond wonder ſucceeds, the bark is " transform'd into a rock: This is done in the ſight of the *Phæa-* " *cians*, by which method the Poet carries us a while from the con- " ſideration of *Ulyſſes*, by removing the ſcene to a diſtant Iſland; " there he detains us till we may be ſuppos'd to have forgot the paſt " abſurdities, by relating the aſtoniſhment of *Alcinous* at the ſight of " the prodigy, and his offering up to *Neptune*, to appeaſe his anger, " a ſacrifice of twelve bulls. Then he returns to *Ulyſſes* who now " wakes, and not knowing the place where he was, (becauſe *Mi-* " *nerva* made all things appear in a diſguiſed view) he complains of " his misfortunes, and accuſes the *Phæacians* of infidelity; at length " *Minerva* comes to him in the ſhape of a young ſhepherd, *&c.* " Thus this abſurdity, which appears in the fable when examin'd " alone, is hidden by the beauties that ſurround it; this paſſage is " more adorn'd with fiction, and more wrought up with a variety " of poetical ornaments than moſt other places of the *Odyſſey*. From " hence *Ariſtotle* makes an excellent obſervation. All efforts ima- " ginable (ſays that Author) ought to be made to form the fable " rightly from the beginning; but if it ſo happen that ſome places " muſt neceſſarily appear abſurd, they muſt be admitted, eſpecially " if they contribute to render the reſt more probable; but the Poet " ought to reſerve all the ornaments of diction for theſe weak parts: " The places that have either ſhining ſentiments or manners have " no occaſion for them, a dazling expreſſion rather damages them, " and ſerves only to eclipſe their beauty.

Secure

Secure from theft: then launch'd the bark again,
Reſum'd their oars, and meaſur'd back the main.

Nor

V. 142. ——— *Then launch'd the bark again.*] This voluntary and unexpected return of the *Phæacians*, and their landing *Ulyſſes* in his ſleep, ſeems as unaccountable on the part of the *Phæacians*, as of *Ulyſſes*; for what can be more abſurd than to ſee them expoſing a King and his effects upon the ſhores without his knowledge, and flying away ſecretly as from an enemy? Having therefore in the preceding note ſhew'd what the Criticks ſay in condemnation of *Homer*, it is but juſtice to lay together what they ſay in his defence.

That the *Phæacians* ſhould fly away in ſecret is no wonder: *Ulyſſes* had through the whole courſe of the eleventh book, (particularly by the mouth of the Prophet *Tireſias*) told the *Phæacians* that the ſuitors plotted his deſtruction; and therefore the mariners might very reaſonably be apprehenſive that the ſuitors would uſe any perſons as enemies, who ſhould contribute to reſtore *Ulyſſes* to his country. It was therefore neceſſary that they ſhould ſail away without any ſtay upon the *Ithacan* ſhores. This is the reaſon why they made this voyage by night; namely to avoid diſcovery; and it was as neceſſary to return immediately, that is, juſt at the appearance of day, before people were abroad, that they might eſcape obſervation.

*Euſtathius* remarks, that the *Phæacians* were an unwarlike nation, or as it is expreſſed by a *Phæacian*,

Οὔ γὰρ Φαιήκεσσι μέλει βιὸς, οὐδὲ φαρέτρη.

and therefore they were afraid to teach any perſons the way to their own country, by diſcovering the courſe of navigation to it; for this reaſon they begin their voyage to *Ithaca* by night, land *Ulyſſes* without waking him, and return at the appearance of day-light, that they might not ſhew what courſe was to be ſteer'd to come to the *Phæacian* ſhores.

*Plutarch* in his treatiſe of reading the Poets, tells us, that there is a tradition among the *Tuſcans*, that *Ulyſſes* was naturally *drowſy*, and a perſon that could not eaſily be convers'd with, by reaſon of that *ſleepy* diſpoſition. But perhaps this might be only artful in a man of ſo great wiſdom, and ſo great diſguiſe or diſſimulation; he was ſlow to give anſwers, when he had no mind to give any at all: Tho' indeed it muſt be confeſs'd, that this tradition is countenanc'd by his behaviour in the *Odyſſey*, or rather may be only a ſtory form'd from it: His greateſt calamities riſe from his *ſleeping:* when he was ready to land upon his own country by the favour of *Æolus*, he falls

*aſleep*,

Nor yet forgot old Ocean's dread Supreme
The vengeance vow'd for eyeleſs *Polypheme.*

Before

*aſleep*, and his companions let looſe a wind that bears him from it: He is *aſleep* while they kill the oxen of *Apollo*; and here he *ſleeps* while he is landed upon his own country. It might perhaps be this conduct in *Homer*, that gave *Horace* the hint to ſay,

——*Aliquando bonus* dormitat *Homerus.*

implying, that when *Homer* was at a loſs to bring any difficult matter to an iſſue, he immediately laid his Hero *aſleep*, and this ſalved all the difficulty; as in the above mentioned inſtances.

*Plutarch* is of opinion that this *ſleep* of *Ulyſſes* was feigned; and that he made uſe of the pretence of a *natural infirmity*, to conceal the ſtreights he was in at that time in his thoughts; being aſhamed to diſmiſs the *Phæacians* without entertainment and gifts of hoſpitality, and afraid of being diſcovered by the ſuitors, if he entertained ſuch a multitude: Therefore to avoid both theſe difficulties, he feigns a Sleep while they land him, till they ſail away.

*Euſtathius* agrees with *Plutarch* in the main, and adds another reaſon why the *Phæacians* land *Ulyſſes* ſleeping; namely, becauſe they were aſhamed to wake him, leſt he ſhould think they did it out of avarice, and expectation of a reward for bringing him to his own country.

I will only add, that there might be a natural reaſon for the Sleep of *Ulyſſes*; we are to remember that this is a voyage in the night, the ſeaſon of repoſe: and his ſpirits having been long agitated and fatigued by his calamities, might upon his peace of mind at the return to his country, ſettle into a deep calmneſs and tranquillity, and ſo ſink him into a deep Sleep; *Homer* himſelf ſeems to give this as a reaſon of it in the following lines:

*Much danger long and mighty toils he bore,*
*In ſtorms by ſea, and combats on the ſhore;*
*All which ſoft ſleep now baniſh'd from his breaſt,*
*Wrapt in a pleaſing, deep, and death-like reſt.*

It muſt be allowed that the laſt line admirably paves the way for the following account; and the Poet undoubtedly inſerted it, to prevent our ſurprize at the manner of his being ſet on ſhore, by calling his Sleep

——*a pleaſing, deep, and death-like reſt.*

How

Before the throne of mighty *Jove* he ſtood;
And ſought the ſecret counſels of the God.
Shall then no more, O Sire of Gods! be mine
The rights and honours of a pow'r divine?
Scorn'd ev'n by man, and (oh ſevere diſgrace)
By ſoft *Phæacians*, my degenerate race!
Againſt yon deſtin'd head in vain I ſwore,
And menac'd vengeance, ere he reach'd his ſhore;
To reach his natal ſhore was thy decree;
Mild I obey'd, for who ſhall war with thee?
Behold him landed, careleſs and aſleep,
From all th' eluded dangers of the deep!
Lo where he lies, amidſt a ſhining ſtore
Of braſs, rich garments, and refulgent ore:
And bears triumphant to his native Iſle
A prize more worth than *Ilion*'s noble ſpoil.
To whom the Father of th' immortal pow'rs,
Who ſwells the clouds, and gladdens earth with ſhowr's.
Can mighty *Neptune* thus of man complain!
*Neptune*, tremendous o'er the boundleſs main!

How far a wiſe man is obliged to reſiſt the calls of nature, I leave to the diſcuſſion of Philoſophers; thoſe of ſleep are no more to be reſiſted, than thoſe of thirſt or hunger. But yet I confeſs *Ulyſſes* yielded unſeaſonably, and the ſtrong paſſion and love for his Country that ſo fully poſſeſſed his ſoul, ſhould have given him a few hours of vigilance, when he was ready to ſee it after an abſence of almoſt twenty years.

Rever'd

Rever'd and awful ev'n in heav'n's abodes,
Antient and great! a God above the Gods!
If that low race offend thy pow'r divine,
(Weak, daring creatures!) is not vengeance thine?
Go then, the guilty at thy will chaſtiſe.
He ſaid: the Shaker of the earth replies.
This then I doom; to fix the gallant ſhip
A mark of vengeance on the ſable deep:

To

V. 172. *This then I doom; to fix the gallant ſhip*
*A mark of vengeance* ——
*And roots her down, an everlaſting rock*]

I refer the Reader to the eighth book of the *Odyſſey*, for a further account of this transformation. *Scaliger* condemns it, *Ulyſſis navis in ſaxum mutatur a Neptuno, ut immortalem faciat, quem odio habere deburt.* But will it not be an anſwer to ſay, that it is an immortal monument of the vengeance and power of *Neptune*, and that whenever the ſtory of the Veſſel was mentioned, the puniſhment likewiſe muſt be remembred in honour of that Deity? Some are of opinion, that it is a phyſical Allegory, and that *Homer* delivers the opinion of the Antients concerning the Tranſmutation of one ſpecies into another, as wood into ſtone, by Water, that is, by *Neptune* the God of it; according to thoſe lines of *Ovid.*

*Flumen habent Cicones, quod potum ſaxea reddit*
*Viſcera, quod tactis inducit marmora rebus.*

But perhaps this is only one of thoſe marvellous fictions written after the taſte of antiquity, which delighted in wonders, and which the nature of Epic Poetry allows. "The Marvellous (ſays *Artſtotle* "in his *Poetics*) ought to take place in Tragedy, but much more "in the Epic, in which it proceeds even to the extravagant; for the "Marvellous is always agreeable, and a Proof of it is, that thoſe "who relate any thing, generally add ſomething to the Truth of it, "that it may better pleaſe thoſe who hear it. *Homer* (continues he) "is the man who has given the beſt inſtructions to other Poets how "to tell Lies agreeably." *Horace* is of the ſame opinion.

To warn the thoughtleſs ſelf-confiding train,
No more unlicens'd thus to brave the main.
Full in their port a ſhady hill ſhall riſe,
If ſuch thy will.——We will it, *Jove* replies.
Ev'n when with tranſport black'ning all the ſtrand,
The ſwarming people hail their ſhip to land,
Fix her for ever, a memorial ſtone:
Still let her ſeem to ſail, and ſeem alone;
The trembling clouds ſhall ſee the ſudden ſhade
Of whelming mountains overhang their head!

---

*Atque ita mentitur, ſic veris falſa remiſcet,*
*Primo ne medium, medio ne diſcrepet imum.*

However we muſt not think that *Ariſtotle* adviſes Poets to put things evidently falſe and impoſſible into their Poems, or gives them licence to run out into wildneſs; he only means (as Monſieur *Dacier* obſerves) that the Wonderful ſhould exceed the Probable, but not deſtroy it; and this will be effected if the Poet has the Addreſs to prepare the Reader, and to lead him by a probable train of things that depend on miracle, to the miracle itſelf, and reconcile him to it by degrees, ſo that his Reaſon does not perceive, at leaſt is not ſhocked at the Illuſion; thus for inſtance, *Homer* puts this Transformation into the hands of a Deity? he prepares us for it in the eighth book, he gives us the reaſon of the transformation; namely the anger of *Neptune*; and at laſt he brings in *Jupiter* aſſenting to it. This is the method *Homer* takes to reconcile it to Probability. *Virgil* undoubtedly thought it a beauty, for after *Homer*'s example, he gives us a transformation of the ſhips of *Æneas* into Sea-nymphs.

I have already remarked from *Boſſu*, that ſuch miracles as theſe ought not to be too frequent in an Epic Poem; all the machines that require Divine probability ought to be ſo detached from the action of the Poem, that they may be retrenched from it, without deſtroying the action: Thoſe that are eſſential to the action, ought to be founded upon human probability. Thus if we take away this transformation, there is no chaſm; and it in no way affects the integrity of the action.

With

With that, the God whoſe earthquakes rock the ground,
Fierce to *Phæacia* croſt the vaſt profound.
Swift as a ſwallow ſweeps the liquid way,
The winged Pinnace ſhot along the ſea.
The God arreſts her with a ſudden ſtroke,
And roots her down an everlaſting rock.
Aghaſt the *Scherians* ſtand in deep ſurprize;
All preſs to ſpeak, all queſtion with their eyes.
What hands unſeen the rapid bark reſtrain!
And yet it ſwims, or ſeems to ſwim, the main!
Thus they, unconſcious of the deed divine:
Till great *Alcinous* riſing own'd the ſign.
Behold the long predeſtin'd day! (he cries)
Oh certain faith of antient prophecies!
Theſe ears have heard my royal ſire diſcloſe
A dreadful ſtory, big with future woes;
How mov'd with wrath that careleſs we convey
Promiſcuous ev'ry gueſt to ev'ry bay,
Stern *Neptune* rag'd; and how by his command
Firm rooted in the ſurge a ſhip ſhould ſtand;
(A monument of wrath) and mound on mound
Shou'd hide our walls, or whelm beneath the ground.
The fates have follow'd as declar'd the Seer.
Be humbled, nations! and your Monarch hear.
No more unlicens'd brave the deeps, no more
With ev'ry ſtranger paſs from ſhore to ſhore;

On angry *Neptune* now for mercy call:
To his high name let twelve black oxen fall.
So may the God reverſe his purpos'd will,
Nor o'er our City hang the dreadful hill.

The Monarch ſpoke: they trembled and obey'd,
Forth on the ſands the victim oxen led:
The gather'd tribes before the Altars ſtand,
And Chiefs and Rulers a majeſtic band.
The King of Ocean all the tribes implore;
The blazing altars redden all the ſhore.

Meanwhile *Ulyſſes* in his country lay,
Releas'd from ſleep, and round him might ſurvey
The ſolitary ſhore, and rolling ſea.

V. 212. *So may the God reverſe his purpos'd will.*] This agrees with what *Homer* writes in a former part of the *Odyſſey*.

——σρεπτοὶ καὶ θεοὶ αὐτοὶ,

That the Gods themſelves may be prevailed upon to change their anger by prayer: a ſentiment agreeable to true religion. *Homer* does not tell us that the laſt denunciation of covering the town with a mountain, was fulfilled: It is probable that it was averted by the piety of *Alcinous*. But (as *Euſtathius* obſerves) it was artful in the Poet to leave this Point doubtful, to avoid detection in deviating from true Hiſtory; for ſhould poſterity enquire where this land of the *Phæacians* lay, it would be found to be *Corfu* of the *Venetians*, and not covered with any mountain; but ſhould this city have happened to have been utterly aboliſhed by time, and ſo loſt to poſterity, it would have agreed with the relation of *Homer*, who leaves room to ſuppoſe it deſtroyed by *Neptune*. But how could *Neptune* be ſaid to cover it with a mountain? had not an inundation been more ſuitable to the God of the Ocean? *Neptune* is called ἐννοσίγαιος, and ἐνοσίχθων, or the *Earth-ſhaker*; earthquakes were ſuppoſed to be occaſioned by the Ocean, or waters concealed in the caverns of the ground; and conſequently *Neptune* may tumble a mountain upon this city of the *Phæacians*.

Yet

Yet had his mind thro' tedious abſence loſt
The dear remembrance of his native coaſt,
Beſides *Minerva*, to ſecure her care,
Diffus'd around a veil of thicken'd air:

For

V. 225. *Beſides* Minerva, *to ſecure her care,*
*Diffus'd around a veil of thicken'd air.*

The meaning of this whole paſſage is probably no more than that *Ulyſſes* by his long abſence had forgot the face of his own country; the woods by almoſt twenty years growth had a different appearance; and the public roods were altered by ſo great a length of time. How then ſhould *Ulyſſes* come to the knowledge of the place? He goes to a ſhepherd, and by telling him a plauſible ſtory draws it from him. This artifice is the *Minerva* that gives him information. By the *veil of thicken'd air* is meant, that *Ulyſſes*, to accompliſh his re-eſtabliſhment, took upon him a diſguiſe, and concealed himſelf from the *Ithacans*; and this too being the dictate of Wiſdom, *Homer* aſcribes it to *Pallas*.

The words of the original are,

——Ὀφρά μιν αὐτὸν
Ἄγνωστον τεύξειεν ——

which are uſually apply'd by interpreters to *Ulyſſes*, and mean that that the Goddeſs diſguiſed him with this veil, that no one might know him. *Dacier* is of opinion that ἄγνωστος ought to be uſed actively; that is, the Goddeſs acted thus to make him *unknowing* where he was, not *unknown* to the people; for that this was the effect of the veil appears from the removal of it; for immediately upon the diſperſion,

*The King with Joy confeſs'd his place of birth.*

That the word ἄγνωστος will bear an active ſignification, ſhe proves from the ſcholiaſt upon *OEdipus* of *Sophocles*. But perhaps the context will not permit this interpretation, though we ſhould allow that the word ἄγνωστος will bear it. The paſſage runs thus: *Pallas* caſt round a veil of air, that ſhe might make him unknown, that ſhe might inſtruct him, and that his Wife and friends might not know him

For ſo the Gods ordain'd to keep unſeen
His royal perſon from his friends and Queen;
'Till the proud ſuitors for their crimes afford
An ample vengeance to their injur'd Lord.
Now all the land another proſpect bore,
Another port appear'd, another ſhore,
And long-continu'd ways, and winding floods,
And unknown mountains, crown'd with unknown woods.
Penſive and ſlow, with ſudden grief oppreſt
The King aroſe, and beat his careful breaſt,
Caſt a long look o'er all the coaſt and main,
And ſought, around, his native realm in vain:
Then with erected eyes ſtood fix'd in woe,
And as he ſpoke, the tears began to flow.
Ye Gods! (he cry'd) upon what barren coaſt
In what new region is *Ulyſſes* toſt?
Poſſeſs'd by wild Barbarians, fierce in arms?
Or Men, whoſe boſom tender Pity warms?

him; for thus *Homer* interprets ἄγνωστον in the very next line, μὴ γνοίη ἄλοχος. It is therefore probable that this veil had a double effect, both to render *Ulyſſes* unknown to the country, and the country to *Ulyſſes*. I am perſuaded that this is the true meaning of ἄγνωστος, from the uſage of it in this very book of the *Odyſſey*.

Ἀλλ' ἄγε σ' ἄγνωστον τεύξω πάντεσσι βροτοῖσι.

Here it can poſſibly ſignify nothing, but *I will render thee unknown to all mankind*; it is therefore probable, that in both places it bears the ſame ſignification.

Where

Where ſhall this treaſure now in ſafety lie?
And whither, whither its ſad owner fly?
Ah why did I *Alcinous'* grace implore?
Ah why forſake *Phæacia*'s happy ſhore?
Some juſter Prince perhaps had entertain'd,
And ſafe reſtor'd me to my native land.
Is this the promis'd, long expected coaſt,
And this the faith *Phæacia*'s rulers boaſt?
Oh righteous Gods? of all the great, how few
Are juſt to heav'n, and to their promiſe true!
But he, the Pow'r to whoſe all ſeeing eyes
The deeds of men appear without diſguiſe,
'Tis his alone t' avenge the wrongs I bear:
For ſtill th' oppreſs'd are his peculiar care.
To count theſe preſents, and from thence to prove
Their faith, is mine: the reſt belongs to *Jove*.
Then on the ſands he rang'd his wealthy ſtore,
The gold, the veſts, the tripods, number'd o'er:

All

V. 262. *The gold, the veſts, the tripods, number'd o'er.*] The conduct of *Ulyſſes* in numb'ring his effects, has been cenſured by ſome Critics as avaritious: But we find him vindicated by *Plutarch* in his treatiſe of reading the Poets: "If (ſays that Author) *Ulyſſes* "finding himſelf in a ſolitary place, and ignorant of the country, "and having no ſecurity even for his own perſon, is nevertheleſs "chiefly ſolicitous, for his effects, leſt any part might have been "ſtol'n; his covetouſneſs is really to be pitied and deteſted. But "this is not the caſe: He counts his goods merely to prove the "fidelity of the *Phæacians*, and to gather from it, whether they "had landed him upon his own country; for it was not probable "that they would expoſe him in a ſtrange region, and leave his "goods

All theſe he found, but ſtill in error loſt
Diſconſolate he wanders on the coaſt,
Sighs for his country, and laments again
To the deaf rocks, and hoarſe reſounding main.
When lo! the guardian Goddeſs of the wiſe,
Celeſtial *Pallas*, ſtood before his eyes;
In ſhow a youthful ſwain, of form divine,
Who ſeem'd deſcended from ſome princely line,
A graceful robe her ſlender body dreſt,
Around her ſhoulders flew the waving veſt,
Her decent hand a ſhining Javelin bore,
And painted Sandals on her feet ſhe wore.
To whom the King. Whoe'er of human race
Thou art, that wander'ſt in this deſart place!
With joy to thee, as to ſome God, I bend,
To thee my treaſures and myſelf commend.
O tell a wretch in exile doom'd to ſtray,
What air I breathe, what country I ſurvey?
The fruitful continent's extreameſt bound,
Or ſome fair iſle which *Neptune*'s arms ſurround?
From what fair clime (ſaid ſhe) remote from fame,
Arriv'ſt thou here a ſtranger to our name?

" goods untouched, and by conſequence reap no advantage from
" their diſhoneſty: This therefore was a proper teſt, from which
" to diſcover, if he was in his own country, and he deſerved com-
" mendation for his wiſdom in that action.

Thou

Thou ſeeſt an Iſland, not to thoſe unknown
Whoſe hills are brighten'd by the riſing ſun,
Nor thoſe that plac'd beneath his utmoſt reign
Behold him ſinking in the weſtern main.
The rugged ſoil allows no level ſpace
For flying chariots or the rapid race;
Yet not ungrateful to the peaſant's pain,
Suffices fulneſs to the ſwelling grain:
The loaded trees their various fruits produce,
And cluſt'ring grapes afford a gen'rous juice:

Woods

V. 293. *The loaded trees their various fruits produce.*] Nothing is more notorious than that an Epic writer ought to give importance and grandeur to his action as much as poſſible in every circumſtance; here the Poet takes an opportunity to ſet the country of *Ulyſſes* in the moſt advantageous light, and ſhews that it was a prize worth the conteſt, and all the labour which *Ulyſſes* beſtows to regain it. *Statius* is very faulty in this particular, he declaims againſt the deſigns he aſcribes to his Heroes, he debaſes his own ſubject, and ſhews that the great labour he puts upon them was ill employ'd for ſo wretched and pitiful a kingdom as that of *Thebes*. *Thebaid. lib.* 1.

——— *Bellum eſt de paupere regno.*

But *Ulyſſes* was not King of *Ithaca* alone, but of *Zacynthus*, and *Cephalenia*, and the neighbouring Iſlands. This appears from the ſecond book of the *Iliad*, where he leads his ſubjects to the walls of *Troy*.

*With thoſe whom* Cephalenia's *Iſle inclos'd,*
*Or till'd their fields along the coaſt oppos'd,*
*Or where fair* Ithaca *o'erlooks the floods,*
*Where high* Neritos *ſhakes his waving woods,*
*Where* Ægilipa's *rugged ſides are ſeen,*
Crocylia *rocky, and* Zacynthus *green.*

Woods crown our mountains, and in ev'ry grove
The bounding goats and friſking heifers rove:
Soft rains and kindly dews refreſh the field,
And riſing ſprings eternal verdure yield.
Ev'n to thoſe ſhores is *Ithaca* renown'd,
Where *Troy*'s majeſtic ruins ſtrow the ground.

It is true that *Ithaca* contains little more than fifty miles in circuit, now call'd *Val de compare*; *Cephalenia* is larger, and is one hundred and ſixty miles in circumference: *Zacynthus*, now *Zant*, is in circuit about ſixty miles, unſpeakably fruitful, ſays *Sandys*, producing the beſt oil in the world and excellent ſtrong wines; but the chief riches of the Iſland conſiſt in Corinths, which the inhabitants of *Zant* have in ſuch quantities that they know not what to do with them; for beſides private gains, amounting to fifteen hundred thouſand Zechins, they yearly pay forty-eight thouſand dollars for cuſtoms and other duties. It is impoſſible ſo little a portion of earth ſhould be more beneficial.

This obſervation is neceſſary to ſhew the value of *Ulyſſes*'s dominions, and that the ſubject of the *Odyſſey* is not trivial and unimportant; it is likewiſe of uſe to convince us, that the domeſtic cares and concerns of *Telemachus* proceeded not from meanneſs, but from the manners of the age; when pomp and luxury had not yet found countenance from Princes; and that when we ſee *Eumæus*, who has the charge of *Ulyſſes*'s hogs, we are not to ſuppoſe him a perſon of low rank and fortunes, but an officer of State, and truſt: The riches of thoſe ages conſiſting in flocks and herds, in ſwine and oxen.

V. 299. *Ev'n to thoſe ſhores is* Ithaca *renown'd.*] Nothing can more raiſe our eſteem of the judgment of *Homer*, than ſuch ſtrokes of art. Here he introduces *Minerva* to let *Ulyſſes* into the knowledge of his country: How does ſhe do this? She Geographically deſcribes it to him; ſo that he muſt almoſt know it by the deſcription: but ſtill ſhe ſuppreſſes the name, and this keeps him in a pleaſing ſuſpenſe; he attends to every ſyllable to hear her name *Ithaca*, which ſhe ſtill defers, to continue his doubts and hopes, and at laſt in the very cloſe of her ſpeech ſhe indirectly mentions it. This diſcovery in my judgment is carried on with great addreſs, and cannot fail of awakening the curioſity of the Reader; and I wonder how it could eſcape the obſervation of all the Commentators upon the *Odyſſey*.

At this, the chief with tranſport was poſſeſt,
His panting heart exulted in his breaſt;
Yet well diſſembling his untimely joys,
And veiling truth in plauſible diſguiſe,
Thus, with an air ſincere, in fiction bold,
His ready tale th' inventive hero told.

Oft have I heard in *Crete*, this Iſland's name;
For 'twas from *Crete* my native ſoil I came,
Self baniſh'd thence. I ſail'd before the wind,
And left my children and my friends behind.
From fierce *Idomeneus'* revenge I flew,
Whoſe ſon, the ſwift *Orſilochus*, I ſlew:

(With

V. 311. *From fierce* Idomeneus' *revenge I flew,*
*Whoſe ſon, the ſwift* Orſilochus, *I ſlew.*]

*Euſtathius* obſerves, that this relation is not conſonant to antient Hiſtories, but invented to make the diſguis'd *Ulyſſes* more acceptable to the ſuitors, ſhould he be brought before them: For this perſon whom they could not know to be *Ulyſſes*, could not fail of finding favour with them, having ſlain the ſon of *Idomeneus* the friend of *Ulyſſes*: And though it be not recorded by the Antients, yet it may be conjectur'd, that *Orſilochus* was thus ſlain, tho' not by *Ulyſſes*. If the death of *Orſilochus* was a ſtory that made a noiſe in the world about that time, it was very artful in *Ulyſſes* to make uſe of it, to gain credit with this ſeeming *Ithacan*; for he relating the Fact truly, might juſtly be believ'd to ſpeak truly when he nam'd himſelf the Author of it, and conſequently avoid all ſuſpicion of being *Ulyſſes*. It is obſervable that *Ulyſſes* is very circumſtantial in his ſtory, he relates the time, the place, the manner, and the reaſon of his killing *Orſilochus*: this is done to give the ſtory a greater air of truth; for it ſeems almoſt impoſſible that ſo many circumſtances could be invented in a moment, and ſo well laid together as not to diſcover their own falſity. What he ſays concerning the *Phæacians* leaving his effects entire without any damage is not ſpoken (as *Euſtathius* obſerves) in vain: he extolls the fidelity of the *Phæacians*, as an example

(With brutal force he ſeiz'd my *Trojan* prey,
Due to the toils of many a bloody day)
Unſeen I 'ſcap'd? and favour'd by the night
In a *Phœnician* veſſel took my flight,

For

example to be imitated by this ſeeming *Ithacenſian*, and makes it an argument that he ſhould practiſe the ſame integrity, in not offering violence or fraud to his effects or perſon.

'Tis true, the manner of the death of *Orſilochus* is liable to ſome objection, as it was executed clandeſtinely, and not heroically, as might be expected from the valour of *Ulyſſes:* but if it was truth that *Orſilochus* was killed in that manner, *Ulyſſes* could not falſify the ſtory: But in reality he is no way concern'd in it; for he ſpeaks in the character of a *Cretan*, not in the perſon of *Ulyſſes*.

V. 316. *In a* Phœnician *veſſel took my flight,*] The whole ſtory of the voyages of *Ulyſſes* is related differently by *Dictys Cretenſis*, in his Hiſtory of the war of *Troy:* I will tranſcribe it, if not as a truth, yet as a curioſity.

" About this time *Ulyſſes* arriv'd at *Crete* with two veſſels hir'd of " the *Phœnicians:* For *Telamon*, enrag'd for the death of his Son " *Ajax*, had ſeiz'd upon all that belong'd to *Ulyſſes* and his com- " panions, and he himſelf was with difficulty ſet at liberty. While " he was in *Crete*, *Idomeneus* aſk'd him how he fell into ſuch great " calamities; to whom he recounted all his adventures. He told " him that after his departure from *Troy* he made an incurſion upon " *Iſmarus* of the *Ciconians*, and there got great booty; then touch- " ing upon the coaſt of the *Lotophagi*, he met with ill ſucceſs, and " ſail'd away to *Sicily*; there *Cyclops* and *Læſtrigon* two brothers " uſed him barbarouſly; and at length he loſt moſt of his compa- " nions through the cruelty of *Polypheme* and *Antiphates*, the ſons " of *Cyclops* and *Læſtrygon*; but being afterwards receiv'd into fa- " vour by *Polypheme*, his companions attempted to carry off *Arene* " the King's daughter, who was fall'n in love with *Elpenor*, one of " his aſſociates; but the affair being diſcover'd, and *Ulyſſes* diſmiſs'd, " he ſail'd away by the *Æolian* Iſlands, and came to *Circe* and *Ca-* " *lypſo*, who were both Queens of two Iſles; there his companions " waſted ſome time in dalliance and pleaſures: Thence he ſail'd to " a people that were fam'd for magical incantations, to learn his " future fortunes. He eſcap'd the rocks of the *Sirens*, *Scylla* and " *Charybdis*, tho' he there loſt many of his companions; then he " fell into the hands of *Phœnician* rovers, who ſpar'd him; and " afterwards coming to *Crete*, he was diſmiſs'd by *Idomeneus* with

" two

For *Pyle* or *Elis* bound: but tempests toſt
And raging billows drove us on your coaſt.
In dead of night an unknown port we gain'd,
Spent with fatigue, and ſlept ſecure on land.
But ere the roſy morn renew'd the day,
While in th' embrace of pleaſing ſleep I lay,
Sudden, invited by auſpicious gales,
They land my goods, and hoiſt their flying ſails.
Abandon'd here, my fortune I deplore,
A hapleſs exile on a foreign ſhore.

Thus while he ſpoke, the blue-ey'd maid began
With pleaſing ſmiles to view the god-like man:

" two veſſels, and arriv'd at the coaſt of *Alcinous*, who being pre-
" vail'd upon by the glory of his name entertain'd him courteouſly:
" From him he learn'd that *Penelope* was addreſs'd by thirty Princes;
" upon this, with much intreaty, he perſuaded *Alcinous* to under-
" take a voyage to re-eſtabliſh him in his territories; they ſet ſail
" together, and concealing themſelves with *Telemachus* 'till all things
" were concerted, they led their friends to the Palace, and ſlew the
" ſuitors oppreſs'd with ſleep and drowzineſs."

The difference between the Poet and the Hiſtorian lies chiefly in what is here ſaid of the death of *Orſilochus*; *Dictys* tells us, that *Ulyſſes* was entertain'd like a friend by *Idomeneus*, and *Homer* writes that he ſlew his Son; now *Idomeneus* cannot be ſuppos'd to have favoured the murtherer of his ſon: But this is no objection, if we conſider that *Ulyſſes* ſpeaks not as *Ulyſſes*, but in a perſonated character, and therefore *Orſilochus* muſt be judg'd to have fallen by the hand of the perſon whoſe character *Ulyſſes* aſſumes; that is, by a *Cretan*, and not *Ulyſſes*.

*Dictys* is ſuppos'd to have ſerv'd under this *Idomeneus*, and to have wrote an Hiſtory of the *Trojan* war in *Phœnician* characters; and *Tzetzes* tells us, that *Homer* form'd his Poem upon his plan; but the Hiſtory now extant publiſh'd by Mrs. *L'Fevre* is a counterfeit: So that what I have here tranſlated, is inſerted not as an authority, but as the opinion of an unknown writer; and I lay no other weight upon it.

Then

Then chang'd her form; and now, divinely bright,
*Jove*'s heav'nly daughter ſtood confeſs'd to ſight.
Like a fair virgin in her beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in th' illuſtrious labours of the loom.
O ſtill the ſame *Ulyſſes!* ſhe rejoin'd,
In uſeful craft ſucceſsfully refin'd!
Artful in ſpeech, in action, and in mind!
Suffic'd it not, that thy long babours paſt
Secure thou ſeeſt thy native ſhore at laſt?
But this to me? who, like thy ſelf, excell
In arts of counſel, and diſſembling well.

To

V. 338. —— *Who, like thy ſelf, excell*
*In arts of counſel, and diſſembling well.*]

It has been objected againſt *Homer*, that he gives a degree of diſſimulation to his Hero, unworthy of a brave man, and an ingenuous diſpoſition: Here we have a full vindication of *Ulyſſes*, from the mouth of the Goddeſs of Wiſdom; he uſes only a prudent diſſimulation; he is ἀϛχινόος, which we may almoſt literally render, *maſter of a great preſence of mind:* that is, upon every emergency he finds an immediate reſource to extricate himſelf from it. If his diſſimulation had been vicious, it would have been an abſurdity to have introduced *Minerva* praiſing and recommending it; on the contrary, all diſguiſe which conſiſts with innocence and prudence, is ſo far from being mean, that it really is a praiſe to a perſon who uſes it. I ſpeak not of common life, or as if men ſhould always act under a maſk, and in diſguiſe; that indeed betrays deſign and inſincerity: I only recommend it as an inſtance how men ſhould behave in the article of danger, when it is as reputable to elude an enemy as to defeat one.

—— *dolus an virtus quis in hoſte requirit.*

This is the character of *Ulyſſes*, who uſes only ſuch artifice as is ſuggeſted by Wiſdom, ſuch as turns to his benefit in all extremities, ſuch as *Minerva* may boaſt to practiſe without a rival among the Gods,

To me, whoſe wit exceeds the pow'rs divine,
No leſs than mortals are ſurpaſs'd by thine.
Know'ſt thou not me? who made thy life my care,
Thro' ten years wand'ring, and thro' ten years war;
Who taught thee arts, *Alcinous* to perſuade,
To raiſe his wonder, and engage his aid:
And now appear, thy treaſures to protect,
Conceal thy perſon, thy deſigns direct,
And tell what more thou muſt from fate expect.
Domeſtic woes far heavier to be born!
The pride of fools, and ſlaves inſulting ſcorn.
But thou be ſilent, nor reveal thy ſtate;
Yield to the force of unreſiſted fate,
And bear unmov'd the wrongs of baſe mankind,
The laſt, and hardeſt, conqueſt of the mind.

Goddeſs of Wiſdom! *Ithacus* replies,
He who diſcerns thee muſt be truly wiſe,
So ſeldom view'd, and ever in diſguiſe!
When the bold *Argives* led their warring pow'rs,
Againſt proud *Ilion*'s well defended tow'rs;
*Ulyſſes* was thy care, celeſtial maid!
Grac'd with thy ſight and favour'd with thy aid.
But when the *Trojan* piles in aſhes lay,
And bound for *Greece* we plow'd the wat'ry way;

Gods, as much as *Ulyſſes* among mankind. In ſhort, this diſſimulation in war may be call'd ſtratagem and conduct, in other exigencies addreſs and dexterity; nor is *Ulyſſes* criminal, but artful.

Our fleet diſpers'd and driv'n from coaſt to coaſt,
Thy ſacred preſence from that hour I loſt:
'Till I beheld thy radiant form once more,
And heard thy counſels on *Phæacia*'s ſhore.
But, by th' almighty author of thy race,
Tell me, oh tell, is this my native place?
For much I fear, long tracts of land and ſea
Divide this coaſt from diſtant *Ithaca*;
The ſweet deluſion kindly you impoſe,
To ſooth my hopes, and mitigate my woes.

Thus he. The blue-ey'd Goddeſs thus replies.
How prone to doubt, how cautious are the wiſe!
Who, vers'd in fortune, fear the flatt'ring ſhow,
And taſte not half the bliſs the Gods beſtow.
The more ſhall *Pallas* aid thy juſt deſires,
And guard the wiſdom which her ſelf inſpires.
Others, long abſent from their native place,
Strait ſeek their home, and fly with eager pace
To their wives arms, and children's dear embrace.

V. 369. *Tell me, oh tell, is this my native place?*] It may appear ſomewhat extraordinary that *Ulyſſes* ſhould not believe *Minerva*, who had already aſſur'd him that he was landed in his own country: But two anſwers may be given to this objection, and his doubts may be aſcrib'd to his having loſt the knowledge of it thro' his long abſence, for that is the veil which is caſt before his eyes; or to the nature of man in general, who when he deſires any thing vehemently ſcarce believes himſelf in the poſſeſſion of it, even while he poſſeſſes it. Nothing is more frequent than ſuch expreſſions upon the Theater, and in the tranſport of an unexpected happineſs, we are apt to think it a deluſion; from hence the fears of *Ulyſſes* ariſe, and they are to be imputed to his vehement love of his country, not to his unbelief.

Not

Not thus *Ulyſſes:* he decrees to prove
His ſubjects faith, and Queen's ſuſpected love;
Who mourn'd her Lord twice ten revolving Years,
And waſtes the days in grief, the nights in tears.
But *Pallas* knew (thy friends and navy loſt,)
Once more 'twas giv'n thee to behold thy coaſt:
Yet how could I with adverſe fate engage,
And mighty *Neptune*'s unrelenting rage?
Now lift thy longing eyes, while I reſtore
The pleaſing proſpect of thy native ſhore.
Behold the port of *Phorcys!* fenc'd around
With rocky mountains, and with olives crown'd.
Behold the gloomy grot! whoſe cool receſs
Delights the *Nereids* of the neighb'ring ſeas:
Whoſe now-neglected altars, in thy reign,
Bluſh'd with the blood of ſheep and oxen ſlain.
Behold! where *Neritus* the clouds divides,
And ſhakes the waving foreſts on his ſides.

So ſpake the Goddeſs, and the proſpect clear'd,
The miſts diſpers'd, and all the coaſt appear'd.
The King with joy confeſs'd his place of birth,
And on his knees ſalutes his mother earth:
Then with his ſuppliant hands upheld in air,
Thus to the ſea-green ſiſters ſends his pray'r.

All hail! Ye virgin daughters of the main!
Ye ſtreams, beyond my hopes beheld again!

To you once more your own *Ulyſſes* bows;
Attend his tranſports, and receive his vows!
If *Jove* prolong my days, and *Pallas* crown
The growing virtues of my youthful ſon,
To you ſhall rites divine be ever paid,
And grateful off'rings on your altars laid.
Then thus *Minerva*. From that anxious breaſt
Diſmiſs thoſe cares, and leave to heav'n the reſt.
Our taſk be now thy treaſur'd ſtores to ſave,
Deep in the cloſe receſſes of the cave:
Then future means conſult —— ſhe ſpoke, and trod
The ſhady grot, that brightned with the God.
The cloſeſt caverns of the grot ſhe ſought;
The gold, the braſs, the robes, *Ulyſſes* brought;
Theſe in the ſecret gloom the chief diſpos'd;
The entrance with a rock the Goddeſs clos'd.
Now ſeated in the Olive's ſacred ſhade
Confer the Hero and the Martial Maid.
The Goddeſs of the azure eyes began:
Son of *Laertes!* much experienc'd man!
The ſuitor-train thy early'ſt care demand,
Of that luxurious race to rid the land:
Three years thy houſe their lawleſs rule has ſeen,
And proud addreſſes to the matchleſs Queen.
But ſhe thy abſence mourns from day to day,
And inly bleeds, and ſilent waſtes away:

Eluſive of the bridal hour, ſhe gives
Fond hopes to all, and all with hopes deceives.
To this *Ulyſſes*. Oh celeſtial maid!
Prais'd be thy counſel, and thy timely aid:
Elſe had I ſeen my native walls in vain,
Like great *Atrides* juſt reſtor'd and ſlain.
Vouchſafe the means of vengeance to debate,
And plan with all thy arts the ſcene of fate.
Then, then be preſent, and my ſoul inſpire,
As when we wrapt *Troy*'s heav'n-built walls in fire.
Tho' leagu'd againſt me hundred Heroes ſtand,
Hundreds ſhall fall, if *Pallas* aid my hand.
She anſwer'd: In the dreadful day of fight
Know, I am with thee, ſtrong in all my might.
If thou but equal to thy ſelf be found,
What gaſping numbers then ſhall preſs the ground!

V. 445. *Tho' leagu'd againſt me hundreds*, &c.] Nothing is more judicious than this conduct in *Homer*; the whole number of ſuitors are to be ſlain by a few hands, which might ſhock our reaſon if it were related ſuddenly, without any preparation to ſhew us the probability of it: This is the intent of *Homer* in this and various other places of the *Odyſſey:* he ſoftens the relation, and reconciles us to it by ſuch inſertions, before he deſcribes that great event. The Antients (ſays *Euſtathius)* would not here allow *Ulyſſes* to ſpeak hyperbolically; he is that Hero whom we have already ſeen in the *Iliad* reſiſt whole bands of *Trojans*, when the *Greeks* were repuls'd, where he ſlew numbers of enemies, and ſuſtain'd their aſſaults till he was diſengaged by *Ajax*. Beſides, there is an excellent moral in what *Ulyſſes* ſpeaks; it contains this certain truth, (adds *Dacier)* that a man aſſiſted by Heaven, has not only nothing to fear, but is aſſur'd to triumph over all the united powers of mankind.

What

What human victims ſtain the feaſt-ful floor!
How wide the pavements float with guilty gore!
It fits thee now to wear a dark diſguiſe,
And ſecret walk, unknown to mortal eyes.
For this, my hand ſhall wither every grace,
And ev'ry elegance of form and face,
O'er thy ſmooth ſkin a bark of wrinkles ſpread,
T'urn hoar the auburn honours of thy head,
Diſfigure ev'ry limb with courſe attire,
And in thy eyes extinguiſh all the fire;
Add all the wants and the decays of life,
Eſtrange thee from thy own, thy ſon, thy wife;
From the loath'd object every ſight ſhall turn,
And the blind ſuitors their deſtruction ſcorn.
Go firſt the maſter of thy herds to find,
True to his charge, a loyal ſwain and kind:

For

V. 452. *How wide the pavements float with guilty gore!*] The words in the *Greek* are ἄσπετον ὖδας, which *Euſtathius* imagines to ſignify the land of *Ithaca*; for the hall even of a Palace is too narrow to be ſtil'd *immenſe* or ἄσπετον. But this contradicts the matter of fact, as appears from the place where the ſuitors were ſlain, which was not in the fields of *Ithaca*, but in the Palace of *Ulyſſes*: ἄσπετον really ſignifies large or ſpacious; and a Palace that could entertain at one time ſo great a number of ſuitors might be call'd vaſt or ἄσπετος, which *Heſychius* interprets by λίαν πολὺς, μέγας. *Dacier.*

V. 465. *Go firſt the maſter of thy herds to find.*] There are many reaſons why this injunction was neceſſary: The Hero of a Poem ought never to be out of ſight, never out of action: neither is *Ulyſſes* idle in this receſs, he goes thither to acquaint himſelf with

the

For thee he ſighs; and to the royal heir
And chaſte *Penelope* extends his care.
At the *Coracian* rock he now reſides,
Where *Arethuſa*'s ſable water glides;
The ſable water and the copious maſt
Swell the fat herd; luxuriant, large repaſt!
With him, reſt peaceful in the rural cell,
And all you aſk his faithful tongue ſhall tell.
Me into other realms my cares convey,
To *Sparta*, ſtill with female beauty gay:
For know, to *Sparta*, thy lov'd offspring came,
To learn thy fortunes from the voice of Fame.
At this the father, with a father's care.
Muſt he too ſuffer: he, oh Goddeſs! bear
Of wand'rings and of woes a wretched ſhare?
Thro' the wild ocean plow the dang'rous way,
And leave his fortunes and his houſe a prey?
Why would'ſt not thou, oh all-enlighten'd mind!
Inform him certain, and protect him, kind?

the condition of his affairs, both public and domeſtic: he there lays the plan for the deſtruction of the ſuitors, enquires after their numbers, and the ſtate of *Penelope* and *Telemachus*. Beſides, he here reſides in full ſecurity and privacy, 'till he has prepar'd all things for the execution of the great event of the whole *Odyſſey*.

V. 469. Coracian *rock*] This rock was ſo call'd from a young man whoſe name was *Corax*, who in purſuit of an Hare fell from it and broke his neck: *Arethuſa* his mother hearing of the accident hang'd her ſelf by the fountain, which afterwards took its name from her, and was call'd *Arethuſa*, *Euſtathius*.

To whom *Minerva*. Be thy ſoul at reſt;
And know, whatever heav'n ordains, is beſt.
To Fame I ſent him, to acquire renown:
To other regions is his virtue known.
Secure he ſits, near great *Atrides* plac'd;
With friendſhips ſtrengthen'd, and with honours grac'd.
But lo! an ambuſh waits his paſſage o'er;
Fierce foes inſidious intercept the ſhore:
In vain! far ſooner all the murth'rous brood
This injur'd land ſhall fatten with their blood.

She ſpake, then touch'd him with her pow'rful wand:
The ſkin ſhrunk up, and wither'd at her hand:
A ſwift old age o'er all his members ſpread;
A ſudden froſt was ſprinkled on his head;
Nor longer in the heavy eye-ball ſhin'd
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.
His robe, which ſpots indelible beſmear,
In rags diſhoneſt flutters with the air:

A ſtag's

V. 502. *His robe, which ſpots indelible beſmear*, &c.] I doubt not but *Homer* draws after the life. We have the whole equipage and accoutrements of a beggar, yet ſo drawn by *Homer*, as even to retain a nobleneſs and dignity; let any perſon read the deſcription, and he will be convinc'd of it; what can be more lofty and ſonorous than this verſe?

Ῥωγαλέα, ξυπόωντα κακῷ μεμορυγμένα καπνῷ.

It is no humility to ſay that a tranſlator muſt fall ſhort of the original in ſuch paſſages; the *Greek* language has words noble and ſounding to expreſs all ſubjects, which are wanting in our tongue; all

A ſtag's torn hide is lapt around his reins;
A rugged ſtaff his trembling hand ſuſtains;
And at his ſide a wretched ſcrip was hung,
Wide-patch'd, and knotted to a twiſted thong.
So look'd the Chief, ſo mov'd! To mortal eyes
Object uncouth! a man of miſeries!
While *Pallas*, cleaving the wide fields of air,
To *Sparta* flies, *Telemachus* her care.

all that is to be expected is to keep the diction from appearing mean or ridiculous. They are greatly miſtaken who impute this diſguiſe of *Ulyſſes* in the form of a beggar, as a fault to *Homer*; there is nothing either abſurd or mean in it; for the way to make a King undiſcoverable, is to dreſs him as unlike himſelf as poſſible. *David* counterfeited madneſs, as *Ulyſſes* poverty, and neither of them ought to lye under any imputation; it is eaſy to vindicate *Homer*, from the diſguiſe of the greateſt perſons and Generals in Hiſtory, upon the like emergencies; but there is no occaſion for it.

V. 510. *While* Pallas, *cleaving the wide fields of air,*
*To* Sparta *flies,* ——————

*Homer* is now preparing to turn the relation from *Ulyſſes* to *Telemachus*, whom we left at *Sparta* with *Menelaus* in the fourth book of the *Odyſſey*. He has been long out of ſight, and we have heard of none of his actions; *Telemachus* is not the Hero of the Poem: he is only an under Agent, and conſequently the Poet was at liberty to omit any or all of his adventures, unleſs ſuch as have a neceſſary connexion with the ſtory of the *Odyſſey*, and contribute to the reeſtabliſhment of *Ulyſſes*; by this method likewiſe *Homer* gives variety to his Poetry, and breaks or gathers up the thread of it, as it tends to diverſify the whole: We may conſider an Epic Poem as a ſpacious garden, where there are to be different walks and views, leſt the eye ſhould be tired with too great a regularity and uniformity: The chief avenue ought to be the moſt ample and noble, but there ſhould be by-walks to retire into ſometimes for our eaſe and refreſhment. The Poet thus gives us ſeveral openings to draw us forward with pleaſure; and though the great event of the Poem be chiefly in view, yet he ſometimes leads us aſide into other ſhort paſſages which end in

it

it again, and bring us with pleaſure to the concluſion of it. Thus, for inſtance, *Homer* begins with the ſtory of *Telemachus* and the Suitors; then he leaves them a-while, and more largely lays before us the adventures of *Ulyſſes*, the Hero of his Poem; when he has ſatisfy'd the curioſity of the Reader by a full narration of what belongs to him, he returns to *Telemachus* and the Suitors: at length he unites the two ſtories, and proceeds directly to the end of the *Odyſſey*. Thus, all the collateral and indirect paſſages fall into one center, and main point of view. The eye is continually entertain'd with ſome new object, and we paſs on from incident to incident, not only without fatigue, but with pleaſure and admiration.

THE

# THE
# FOURTEENTH BOOK
## OF THE
# ODYSSEY.

# The ARGUMENT.

## *The Converſation with* Eumæus.

Ulyſſes *arrives in diſguiſe at the Houſe of* Eumæus, *where he is received, entertained, and lodged, with the utmoſt hoſpitality. The ſeveral diſcourſes of that faithful old Servant, with the feigned ſtory told by* Ulyſſes *to conceal himſelf, and other Converſations on various ſubjects, take up this entire book.*

THE

# THE FOURTEENTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

BUT he, deep-muſing, o'er the mountains ſtray'd
Thro' mazy thickets of the woodland ſhade,
And cavern'd ways, the ſhaggy coaſt along,
With cliffs and nodding foreſts over-hung.

*Eumæus*

We ſee in this book the character of a faithful, wiſe, benevolent old man in *Eumæus*; one happily innocent, unambitious, and wholly employed in rural affairs. The whole interview between *Ulyſſes* and *Eumæus* has fallen into ridicule; *Eumæus* has been judged to be of the ſame rank and condition with our modern ſwineherds. But herds and flocks were then kept and attended by the ſons of Kings; thus *Paris* watched the flocks of *Priam* in the groves of *Ida*, and the ſame is ſaid of many of the Heroes in the *Iliad*; theſe offices were places

*Eumæus* at his Sylvan lodge he ſought,
A faithful ſervant, and without a fault.

*Ulyſſes*

of dignity, and filled by perſons of birth; and ſuch was *Eumæus*, deſcended from a Prince, named *Cteſius*: Thus the Maſter of the *Horſe* is a poſt of Honour in modern ages.

It is in Poetry, as in Painting; where the artiſt does not confine himſelf to draw only Gods or Heroes, Palaces and Princes; but he frequently employs his pencil in repreſenting Landſcapes, rural ſcenes, groves, cottages, and ſhepherds tending their flocks.

There is a paſſage in Monſieur *Boileau*'s reflections upon *Longinus*, which fully vindicates all the places of *Homer* that have been cenſur'd as low and too familiar. "There is nothing (obſerves that Author) "that more diſgraces a compoſition than the uſe of *vulgar words*: "A mean thought expreſſed in noble terms, is generally more taking "than a noble thought debaſed by mean terms: The reaſon is, every "perſon cannot judge of the juſtneſs and ſtrength of a thought, "but there are very few, eſpecially in living languages, who are not "ſhocked at mean words: and yet almoſt all writers fall into this "fault. *Longinus* accuſes *Herodotus*, the moſt polite of all the *Greek* "Hiſtorians, of this defect; and *Livy*, *Salluſt* and *Virgil* have fall'n "under the ſame imputation. Is it not then very ſurprizing that no "reproach upon this account has fallen upon *Homer?* eſpecially, "though he has compoſed two large Poems, and though no Author "has deſcended more frequently into the detail of little particulari- "ties; yet he never uſes terms which are not noble, or if he uſes "humble words or phraſes, it is with ſo much art, that as *Dionyſius* "*Halicarnaſſus* obſerves, they become noble and harmonious. We may "learn from hence the ignorance of thoſe modern Criticks, who judge "of the *Greek* without the knowledge of it; and having never read "*Homer* but in low and inelegant tranſlations, impute the Meaneſſes "of the Tranſlator to the Poet. Beſides, the words of different "languages are not exactly correſpondent, and it often happens, that "an expreſſion which is noble in the *Greek* cannot be rendered in a "verſion but by words that are either mean in the ſound or uſage. "Thus *aſs*, and *aſinus* in *Latin*, are mean to the laſt degree; though "ὄνος in the *Greek* be uſed in the moſt magnificent deſcriptions, and "has nothing mean in it; in like manner the terms *Hogherd* and "*Cowkeeper*, are not to be uſed in our Poetry; but there are no finer "words in the *Greek* language than βόκολος and συβώτης: And "*Virgil*, who entitles his *Eclogues Bucolics* in the *Roman* tongue, "would have been aſhamed to call them in our language *the Dia-* "*logues of Cowkeepers*."

*Homer*

*Ulyſſes* found him buſied at he ſate
Before the threſhold of his ruſtic gate;
Around

*Homer* himſelf convinces us of the truth of this Obſervation; nay, one would imagine that he intended induſtriouſly to force it upon our notice; for he frequently calls *Eumæus* Ὄρχαμος ἀνδρῶν, or *Prince of men*; and his common epithet is θεῖος or δῖος ὑφορβὸς. *Homer* would not have applied theſe appellations to him, if he had not been a perſon of dignity; it being the ſame title that he beſtows upon his greateſt Heroes *Ulyſſes* or *Achilles*.

V. 1. *But he, deep-muſing, o'er the mountain ſtray'd.*] I ſhall tranſcribe the obſervation of *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus* upon the firſt verſes in this book: The ſame method, remarks that Author, makes both proſe and verſe beautiful; which conſiſts in theſe three things, the judicious coaptation and ranging of the words, the poſition of the members and parts of the verſe, and the various meaſure of the periods. Whoever would write elegantly, muſt have regard to the different turn and juncture of every period, there muſt be proper diſtances and pauſes; every verſe muſt be a compleat ſentence, but broken and interrupted, and the parts made unequal, ſome longer, ſome ſhorter to give a variety of cadence to it. Neither the turn of the parts of the verſe, nor the length, ought to be alike. This is abſolutely neceſſary: For the Epic or Heroic verſe is of a fixed determinate length, and we cannot, as in the Lyric, make one longer, and another ſhorter; therefore to avoid an identity of cadence, and a perpetual return of the ſame periods, it is requiſite to contract, lengthen, and interrupt the pauſe and ſtructure of the members of the verſes, to create an harmonious inequality, and out of a fixed number of ſyllables to raiſe a perpetual diverſity. For inſtance,

Αὐτὰρ ὃ ἐκ λιμένος προσέβη τρηχεῖαν ἀταρπόν.

Here one line makes one ſentence; the next is ſhorter,

Χῶρον ἄν' ὑλήεντα——

The next is ſtill ſhorter,

——δι' ἄκριας——

The next ſentence compoſes two Hemyſtics,

——Ἣ οἱ Ἀθήνη
Πέφραδε δῖον ὑφορβὸν——

Around the manſion in a circle ſhone
A rural Portico of rugged ſtone:

(In

and is entirely unlike any of the preceding periods.

——— Ὅ οἱ βιότοιο μάλιϛα
Κήδετο οἰκήων ὃς κτήσατο δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς.

Here again the ſentence is not finiſh'd with the former verſe, but breaks into the fourth line; and leſt we ſhould be out of breath, with the length of the ſentence, the period and the verſe conclude together at the end of it.

Then *Homer* begins a new ſentence, and makes it pauſe differently from any of the former.

Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ἐνὶ προδρόμῳ εὗρ' ἥμενον ———

Then he adds,

——— Ἔνθά οἱ αὐλὴ
Ὑψηλὴ δέδμητο ———

This is perfectly unequal to the foregoing period, and the pauſe of the ſentence is carry'd forward into the ſecond verſe; and what then follows is neither diſtinguiſh'd by the pauſes nor parts periodically, but almoſt at every word there is a ſtop.

——— Περισκέπλῳ ἐνὶ χώρῳ,
Καλῇτε, μεγάλητε.

No doubt but *Homer* was a perfect maſter of numbers; a man can no more be a Poet than a Muſician, without a good ear, as we uſually expreſs it. 'Tis true, that verſification is but the Mechaniſm of Poetry, but it ſets off good ſenſe to the beſt advantage, 'tis a colouring that enlivens the portrait, and makes even a beauty more agreeable.

I will conclude this note, with obſerving what Mr. *Dryden* ſays of theſe two lines from *Cowper*'s Hill,

*Tho' deep, yet clear, tho' gentle, yet not dull,*
*Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.*

" There

(In abſence of his Lord, with honeſt toil
His own induſtrious hands had rais'd the pile)
The wall was ſtone from neighb'ring quarries born,
Encircled with a fence of native thorn,
And ſtrong with pales, by many a weary ſtroke
Of ſtubborn labour hewn from heart of oak;
Frequent and thick. Within the ſpace were rear'd
Twelve ample cells, the lodgment of his herd.
Full fifty pregnant females each contain'd;
The males without (a ſmaller race) remain'd;
Doom'd to ſupply the Suitors waſtful feaſt,
A ſtock by daily luxury decreaſt;
Now ſcarce four hundred left. Theſe to defend,
Four ſavage dogs, a watchful guard, attend.
Here ſat *Eumæus*, and his cares apply'd
To form ſtrong buſkins of well-ſeaſon'd hyde.

Of

" There are few (ſays he) who make verſes, that have obſerv'd the " ſweetneſs of theſe lines, and fewer who can find the reaſon of " it." But I believe no one will be at a loſs to ſolve the difficulty who conſiders this obſervation of *Dionyſius:* and I doubt not but the chief ſweetneſs ariſes from the judicious and harmonious pauſes of the ſeveral periods of the verſes; not to mention the happy choice of the words, in which there is ſcarce one rough conſonant, many liquids, and thoſe liquids ſoften'd with a multitude of vowels.

V. 25. *Here ſat* Eumæus, *and his cares apply'd*, &c.] I doubt not but this employment of *Eumæus* has been another cauſe of the mean character that has been form'd of his condition: But this miſtake ariſes from our judging of the dignity of men from the employments they follow'd three thouſand years paſt, by the notions we have of thoſe employments at preſent; and becauſe they are now only the occupation of the vulgar, we imagine that they were ſo formerly: Kings and Princes in the earlier ages of the world labour'd in arts

Of four aſſiſtants who his labour ſhare,
Three now were abſent on the rural care;

The

and occupations, and were above nothing that tended to promote the conveniencies of life; they perform'd that with their own hands, which we now perform by thoſe of our ſervants: If this were not ſo, the cookery of *Achilles* in the *Iliad* would equally diſparage that Hero, as this employment would diſgrace *Eumæus* in the *Odyſſey*: Arts were then in their infancy, and were honourable to the practiſers: Thus *Ulyſſes* builds a veſſel with his own hands, as ſkilfully as a Shipwright.

Beſides, even at this day Arts are in high eſteem in the oriental world, and are practis'd by the greateſt perſonages. Every man in *Turky* is of ſome trade; Sultan *Achmet* was a maker of Ivory Rings, which the *Turks* wear upon their thumbs when they ſhoot their arrows, and in this occupation he work'd ſeveral hours daily; and another of their Emperors was depoſed, becauſe he refuſed to work in his occupation.

It muſt be confeſſed that our Tranſlations have contributed to give thoſe who are unacquainted with the *Greek*, a mean Idea of *Eumæus*. This place is thus render'd by two of his Tranſlators.

*Himſelf there ſate ord'ring a pair of brogues,*
*Of a py'd bullock's ſkin* ——

*Himſelf was leather to his foot applying,*
*Made of a good cow-hide well coloured.*

Whereas *Homer* is as lofty and harmonious, as theſe are flat and inelegant.

Αὐτὸς δ' ἀμφὶ πόδεσσιν ἑοῖς ἀράρισκε πέδιλα
Ταύρων δέρμα βόειον, ἐϋχροές.

'Tis true, a Tranſlator in ſuch places as theſe has an hard taſk; a language like the *Greek*, which is always flowing, muſical, and ſonorous, is very difficult to be imitated in other tongues, eſpecially where the correſponding words are not equally ſignificant and graceful.

In ſhort, the Reader is to conſider this whole deſcription as a true picture of antient life; and then he will not fail of the pleaſure of knowing how the great men of antient times paſſed their lives, and how thoſe Heroes, who perform'd ſuch noble parts on the publick

ſtage

The fourth drove victims to the ſuitor train:
But he, of antient faith, a ſimple ſwain,
Sigh'd, while he furniſh'd the luxurious board,
And wearied heav'n with wiſhes for his Lord.

Soon as *Ulyſſes* near th' encloſure drew,
With open mouths the furious maſtives flew:
Down ſat the Sage; and cautious to withſtand,
Let fall th' offenſive truncheon from his hand.

ſtage of life, acted in private when withdrawn from notice and obſervation. Thoſe ages retain'd an univerſal ſimplicity of manners: *Telemachus* and *Eumæus* have both dogs for their attendants; nay, and in later times, before luxury prevail'd among the *Romans*, we read of a Dictator brought from the plough, to lead the braveſt ſoldiers in the world to conquer it.

V. 35. *Down ſat the Sage; and cautious to withſtand,*
*Let fall th' offenſive truncheon from his hand.*]

*Homer* has been cenſur'd for repreſenting his Hero unworthily: Is it probable that he who had met whole armies in battle, ſhould now throw away his ſtaff out of fear of a dog? that he ſhould abandon his defence by caſting himſelf on the ground, and leave himſelf to his mercy? But *Euſtathius* fully vindicates *Ulyſſes*. It is a natural defence to avert the fury of a dog, to caſt away our weapons, to ſhow that we intend him no violence. *Pliny* has the like obſervation in the eighth book of his Natural Hiſtory: *Impetus canum & ſævitia mitigatur ab homine humi conſidente.*

All that *Homer* ſays of the dogs, is imitated by *Theocritus*, *Idyll.* 25. v. 68.

Θεσπέσιον δ' ὑλάοντες ἐπέδραμον ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος·
Τὼς μὲν ὄγε λάεσσιν ἀπὸ χθονὸς ὅσσον ἀείρων
Φεύγεμεν ἄψ' ὀπίσω δειδίσσετο, &c.

What *Homer* ſpeaks of *Ulyſſes*, *Theocritus* applies to *Hercules*; a demonſtration that he thought it to be a picture of Nature, and therefore inſerted it in that Heroic *Idyllium*.

Sudden, the maſter runs; aloud he calls;
And from his haſty hand the leather falls;
With ſhow'rs of ſtones he drives them far away;
The ſcatt'ring dogs around at diſtance bay. 40

Unhappy ſtranger! (thus the faithful ſwain
Began with accent gracious and humane)

What

V. 37. *Sudden, the maſter runs*, &c.] This is thought to be an adventure that really happen'd to the Poet himſelf; it is related in the life of *Homer* aſcrib'd to *Herodotus*. *Theſtorides* having perſuaded *Homer* to permit him to tranſcribe his verſes, he immediately remov'd to *Chios*, and proclaim'd himſelf the Author: *Homer* being inform'd of it, ſet ſail for *Chios*, and landing near it, he was in danger of being torn in pieces by the dogs of *Glaucus*, who protected him, and receiv'd him hoſpitably: The Poet in return labour'd to reward his kindneſs, by relating to him the moſt curious of his adventures that had happen'd in the courſe of his voyages. When therefore (adds *Dacier*) we ſee *Ulyſſes* entertain'd by *Eumæus*, we have the ſatisfaction of imagining we ſee *Homer* himſelf in diſcourſe with his courteous friend *Glaucus*.

V. 41. ——— *Thus the faithful ſwain*, &c.] The words in the *Greek* are δῖος ὑφορβὸς, literally render'd, *the divine ſwineherd*, which are Burleſque in modern languages, and would have been no leſs in *Greek*, if the perſon of *Eumæus* had not been honourable, and his office a ſtation of dignity: For the ſole reaſon why ſuch a tranſlation would now be ridiculous, is becauſe ſuch employments are now fall'n into contempt. Let any perſon aſk this queſtion, Would *Homer* have apply'd the epithet *divine* to a modern ſwineherd? If he would not, it is an evidence that *Eumæus* was a man of conſequence, and his poſt a place of honour; otherwiſe *Homer* would have been guilty of burleſquing his own Poetry.

*Dacier* very well remarks, that the words *Eumæus* here ſpeaks, and indeed his whole converſation, ſhew him to be a perſon of a good education, and of noble and pious ſentiments; he diſcovers a natural and flowing Eloquence, and appears to be a man of great humanity and wiſdom.

There is a peculiarity in *Homer*'s manner of apoſtrophizing *Eumæus*, and ſpeaking of him in the ſecond perſon; it is generally apply'd by that Poet only to men of account and diſtinction, and by it the Poet, as it were, addreſſes them with reſpect; thus in the *Iliad* he introduces *Menelaus*,

Οὐδὲ

What ſorrow had been mine, if at my gate
Thy rev'rend age had met a ſhameful fate?
Enough of woes already have I known;
Enough my maſter's ſorrows and my own.
While here, (ungrateful taſk!) his herds I feed,
Ordain'd for lawleſs rioters to bleed;
Perhaps ſupported at another's board,
Far from his country roams my hapleſs Lord!
Or ſigh'd in exile forth his lateſt breath,
Now cover'd with th' eternal ſhade of death!

But enter this my homely roof, and ſee
Our woods not void of hoſpitality.
Then tell me whence thou art? and what the ſhare
Of woes and wand'rings thou wert born to bear?

He ſaid, and ſeconding the kind requeſt,
With friendly ſtep precedes his unknown gueſt,
A ſhaggy goat's ſoft hide beneath him ſpread,
And with freſh ruſhes heap'd an ample bed.
Joy touch'd the Hero's tender ſoul, to find
So juſt reception from a heart ſo kind:

Οὐδὲ σέθεν, Μενέλαε, θεοὶ ἐλάθοντα.
——— Τόνδε προσέφης Πατρόκλε,

This enlivens the diction, and awakens the attention of the Reader. *Euſtathius* obſerves that *Eumæus* is the only perſon of whom *Homer* thus ſpeaks in the whole *Odyſſey*: No doubt (continues that Author) he does it out of love of this benevolent old ſervant of *Ulyſſes*; and to honour and diſtinguiſh his fidelity.

And

And oh, ye Gods! with all your bleſſings grace
(He thus broke forth) this Friend of Human race!
The ſwain reply'd. It never was our guiſe
To ſlight the poor, or aught humane deſpiſe.
For *Jove* unfolds our hoſpitable door,
'Tis *Jove* that ſends the ſtranger and the poor.
Little alas! is all the good I can,
A man oppreſt, dependant, yet a man:
Accept ſuch treatment as a ſwain affords,
Slave to the inſolence of youthful Lords!
Far hence is by unequal Gods remov'd
That man of bounties, loving and belov'd!
To whom whate'er his ſlave enjoys is ow'd,
And more, had Fate allow'd, had been beſtow'd:

But

V. 66. *To ſlight the poor, or aught humane deſpiſe.*
*For* Jove *unfolds our hoſpitable door,*
*'Tis* Jove *that ſends the ſtranger and the poor.*]

This paſſage contains an admirable lecture of Morality and Humanity. The perſon who beſt underſtood the beauty of it, and beſt explain'd the precepts it comprehends, was *Epictetus*, from whom Monſieur *Dacier* furniſhes us with this explication from *Arrian*: "Keep (ſays that Author) continually in thy memory, "what *Eumæus* "ſpeaks in *Homer* to the diſguis'd *Ulyſſes*." *O friend, it is unlawful to deſpiſe the ſtranger; ſpeak thus to thy brother, father, and neighbour: It is my duty to uſe you with benevolence, tho' your circumſtances were meaner than they are; for you come from God.* Here we ſee *Epictetus* borrowing his Morality from *Homer*; and Philoſophy embelliſh'd with the ornaments of Poetry. Indeed there is ſcarce any writer of name among all the Antients that has not been obliged to *Homer*, whether Moraliſts, Poets, Philoſophers, or Legiſlators.

V. 75. *To whom whate'er his ſlave enjoys is ow'd,*
*And more, had Fate allow'd* ———]

This paſſage has been greatly miſtaken by almoſt all who have tranſlated *Homer*: the words at firſt view ſeem to imply that *Ulyſſes* had given

But Fate condemned him to a foreign ſhore;
Much have I ſorrow'd, but my maſter more.
Now cold he lies, to death's embrace reſign'd:
Ah periſh *Helen!* periſh all her kind!
For whoſe curs'd cauſe, in *Agamemnon*'s name,
He trod ſo fatally the paths of Fame.
His veſt ſuccinct then girding round his waſte,
Forth ruſh'd the ſwain with hoſpitable haſte,
Strait to the lodgments of his herd he run,
Where the fat porkers ſlept beneath the ſun;
Of two, his cutlace launch'd the ſpouting blood;
Theſe quarter'd, ſing'd, and fix'd on forks of wood,

given *Eumæus* a wife, a houſe, and an inheritance; but this is not the meaning. The words are thus to be render'd, "*Ulyſſes* (ſays "*Eumæus*) greatly loved me, and gave me a poſſeſſion, and ſuch "things as an indulgent Maſter gives a faithful ſervant; namely a "wife, inheritance, and an houſe:" Theſe gifts are to be apply'd to Ἄναξ ἔυθυμος, and not to *Ulyſſes*, and the ſentence means that it is the cuſtom of good Kings in that manner to reward their faithful ſervants. It is very evident from *Homer*, that *Ulyſſes* had not yet given a Wife to *Eumæus*, for he promiſes him and *Philætius* all theſe rewards, *lib.* 21. of the *Odyſſey*.

Ἄξομαι ἀμφοτέροις ἀλόχους, καὶ κτήματ' ὀπάσσω,
Οἰκία τ' ἐγγὺς ἐμεῖο τετυγμένα, καί μοι ἔπειτα
Τηλεμάχῳ ἑτάρῳ τε, κασιγνήτῳ τε ἔσεσθον.

It appears therefore that *Eumæus* was not married, and therefore this whole period is to be apply'd to the word ἄναξ, and not to *Ulyſſes*. *Euſtathius*.

I will only add that in the above-mentioned verſes *Ulyſſes* promiſes that *Eumæus* ſhall be the companion and brother of *Telemachus*; an inſtance, that he was not a vulgar perſon whom *Ulyſſes* thus honours, by making him ally'd to the Royal Family.

All

All haſty on the hiſſing coals he threw;
And ſmoaking back the taſteful viands drew,
Broachers and all; then on the board diſplay'd
The ready meal before *Ulyſſes* lay'd,
(With flour imbrown'd) next mingled wine yet new,
And luſcious as the Bees nectareous dew:
Then ſat companion of the friendly feaſt,
With open look, and thus beſpoke his gueſt.
Take with free welcome what our hands prepare,
Such food as falls to ſimple ſervants ſhare;
The beſt our Lords conſume; thoſe thoughtleſs Peers,
Rich without bounty, guilty without fears!
Yet ſure the Gods their impious acts deteſt,
And honour juſtice and the righteous breaſt.
Pirates and conquerors, of harden'd mind,
The foes of peace, and ſcourges of mankind,
To whom offending men are made a prey
When *Jove* in vengeance gives a land away;
Ev'n theſe, when of their ill-got ſpoils poſſeſs'd,
Find ſure tormentors in the guilty breaſt;
Some voice of God cloſe whiſp'ring from within,
"Wretch! this is villany, and this is ſin."

V. 93. *(With flour imbrown'd)* We find here a cuſtom of Antiquity: This flour was made of parch'd corn; when the Antients fed upon any thing that had not been offer'd in ſacrifice, they ſprinkled it with flour, which was uſed inſtead of the hallow'd barley, with which they conſecrated their victims. I doubt not, (ſince ſome honours were paid to the Gods in all feaſts) but that this ſprinkling of flour by *Eumæus* was an act of religion. *Dacier.*

But theſe, no doubt, ſome oracle explore,
That tells, the great *Ulyſſes* is no more.
Hence ſprings their confidence, and from our ſighs
Their rapine ſtrengthens, and their riots riſe:
Conſtant as *Jove* the night and day beſtows,
Bleeds a whole hetacomb, a vintage flows.
None match'd this hero's wealth, of all who reign
O'er the fair Iſlands of the neighb'ring main.
Nor all the monarchs whoſe far-dreaded ſway
The wide-extended continents obey:
Firſt on the main land, of *Ulyſſes'* breed
Twelve herds, twelve flocks, on Ocean's margin feed;

As

V. 122. *Twelve herds, twelve flocks,* &c.] I have already remark'd that *Ulyſſes* was a wealthy King, and this place is an inſtance of it. He is maſter of twelve herds of Oxen, which probably amounted to fourteen thouſand four hundred head; for if we count the herds by the ſame way of computation as the droves of ſwine, they will make that number, each drove conſiſting of twelve hundred: for tho' *Homer* mentions but three hundred and ſixty boars, yet he tells us, the reaſon why they were inferior to the females was becauſe of the luxury of the Suitors. If this be allow'd, then he had likewiſe the ſame number of ſheep, and as many hogs: for *Eumæus* had the charge only of one herd, eleven more were under the care of other officers: *Ulyſſes* likewiſe had thirteen thouſand two hundred goats. This will appear to be a true calculation from the words of *Homer*, who tells us that twenty of the greateſt Heroes of the age were not ſo wealthy as *Ulyſſes*.

The old Poets and Hiſtorians to expreſs a perſon of great riches gave him the epithet of πολυμήλων, πολυαρνῶν, or πολύῤῥήνος; that is, "a perſon that had a great number of ſheep or cattle, or a "perſon of great wealth;" This is likewiſe evident from the holy Scriptures: *David* had his officers, like *Ulyſſes*, to attend his flocks and herds: Thus 1 *Chron.* xxvii. *Jehonathan* was ſet over his treaſures in the field, cities and villages; *Shimei* over his vineyards; *Zabdi* over his wines; *Baal-hanan* over his olive trees, and *Joaſh* over his oil: He had herdſmen that had charge over his cattle, ſheep, camels

As many ſtalls for ſhaggy goats are rear'd;
As many lodgments for the tuſky herd;
Thoſe foreign keepers guard: and here are ſeen
Twelve herds of goats that graze our utmoſt green;
To native paſtors is their charge aſſign'd,
And mine the care to feed the briſtly kind:
Each day the fatteſt bleeds of either herd,
All to the ſuitors waſtful board preferr'd.

Thus he, benevolent; his unknown gueſt
With hunger keen devours the ſav'ry feaſt;
While ſchemes of vengeance ripen in his breaſt.
Silent and thoughtful while the board he ey'd,
*Eumæus* pours on high the purple tide;
The King with ſmiling looks his joy expreſt,
And thus the kind inviting hoſt addreſt.

Say now, what man is he, the man deplor'd,
So rich, ſo potent, whom you ſtile your Lord?
Late with ſuch affluence and poſſeſſions bleſt,
And now in honour's glorious bed at reſt.

camels and aſſes. It was by cattle that the antient Kings enrich'd themſelves from the earlieſt ages: Thus no leſs a perſon than *Pharaoh*, a powerful King of *Ægypt*, gave *Joſeph* leave to appoint his brethren to be Rulers over his cattle; and we read in all the *Greek* Poets, that the wealth of Kings originally conſiſted in herds and flocks. They loſe much of the Pleaſure of *Homer* who read him only as a Poet: he gives us an exact Image of antient life, their manners, cuſtoms, laws, and Politics; and it muſt double our ſatisfaction, when we conſider that in reading *Homer* we are reading the moſt antient Author in the world, except the great Lawgiver *Moſes*.

Whoever

Whoever was the warrior, he muſt be
To Fame no ſtranger, nor perhaps to me;
Who (ſo the Gods, and ſo the Fates ordain'd)
Have wander'd many a ſea, and many a land.
Small is the faith, the Prince and Queen aſcribe
(Reply'd *Eumæus*) to the wand'ring tribe.
For needy ſtrangers ſtill to flatt'ry fly,
And want too oft betrays the tongue to lye.
Each vagrant traveller that touches here,
Deludes with fallacies the royal ear,
To dear remembrance makes his image riſe,
And calls the ſpringing ſorrows from her eyes.
Such thou may'ſt be. But he whoſe name you crave
Moulders in earth, or welters on the wave,
Or food for fiſh, or dogs, his reliques lie,
Or torn by birds are ſcatter'd thro' the ſky.
So periſh'd he: and left (for ever loſt)
Much woe to all, but ſure to me the moſt.
So mild a maſter never ſhall I find:
Leſs dear the parents whom I left behind,
Leſs ſoft my mother, leſs my father kind.
Not with ſuch tranſport wou'd my eyes run o'er,
Again to hail them in their native ſhore,
As lov'd *Ulyſſes* once more to embrace,
Reſtor'd and breathing in his natal place.

That

That name, for ever dread, yet ever dear,
Ev'n in his abſence I pronounce with fear;
In my reſpect he bears a Prince's part,
But lives a very Brother in my heart.

Thus ſpoke the faithful ſwain, and thus rejoin'd
The Maſter of his grief, the man of patient mind.
*Ulyſſes*, friend! ſhall view his old abodes,
(Diſtruſtful as thou art) nor doubt the Gods.
Nor ſpeak I raſhly but with faith aver'd,
And what I ſpeak atteſting heav'n has heard.
If ſo, a cloak and veſture be my meed;
'Till his return, no title ſhall I plead,
Tho' certain be my news, and great my need.
Whom Want itſelf can force untruths to tell,
My ſoul deteſts him as the gates of hell.

Thou firſt be witneſs, hoſpitable *Jove!*
And ev'ry God inſpiring ſocial love!
And witneſs ev'ry houſhold pow'r that waits
Guard of theſe fires, and angel of theſe gates!

Ere

V. 167. *That name for ever dread*, &c.] *Euſtathius* excellently explains the ſentiment of *Eumæus*, which is full of tenderneſs and humanity. I will not call *Ulyſſes*, cries *Eumæus*, by the name of *Ulyſſes*, for from ſtrangers he receives that appellation; I will not call him my Maſter, for as ſuch he never was towards me; I will then call him Brother, for he always uſed me with the tenderneſs of a brother. Ἠθεῖος properly ſignifies an elder brother.

What I would further obſerve is the wonderful art of *Homer* in exalting the character of his Hero: He is the braveſt and the beſt of men, good in every circumſtance of life: Valiant in war, patient in adverſity, a kind father, huſband, and maſter, as well as a mild and merciful

Ere the next moon increaſe, or this decay,
His antient realms *Ulyſſes* ſhall ſurvey,

In

merciful King: By this conduct the Poet deeply engages our affections in the good or ill fortune of the Hero: He makes himſelf maſter of our paſſions, and we rejoice or grieve at his ſucceſs or calamity through the whole *Odyſſey*.

V. 186. *Ere the next moon increaſe or this decay.*] Theſe verſes have been thought to be uſed ænigmatically by *Ulyſſes*.

Τῷ δ' αὐτῷ λυκάβαντος ἐλεύσεται ἐνθάδ' Ὀδυσσεύς,
Τῷ μὲν φθίνοντος μηνὸς, τῷ δ' ἰσαμένοιο.

In the former verſe *Euſtathius* tells us there is a various reading, and judges that it ought to be written τῷ δ' αὖ τῷ, and not τῷ δ' αὐτῷ; and it muſt be allow'd that the repetition of τῷ gives a greater emphaſis to the words, and agrees better with the vehemence of the ſpeaker in making his aſſeveration.

The latter verſe in the obvious ſenſe ſeems to mean that *Ulyſſes* would return in the ſpace of a month, and ſo *Eumæus* underſtood it; but in reality it means in the compaſs of a day. *Solon* was the firſt who diſcover'd the latent ſenſe of it, as *Plutarch* informs us; "*Solon*, "ſays that Author, obſerving the inequality of the months, and "that the Moon neither agreed with the riſing or ſetting of the "Sun, but that often in the ſame day ſhe over-took and went be-"fore it, nam'd that ſame day ἕνη καὶ νέα, *the old and new Moon*; "and allotted that part of the day that preceded the Conjunction, "to the old Moon, and the other part of it to the new; from "hence we may judge that he was the firſt that comprehended the "ſenſe of this verſe of *Homer*.

Τῷ μὲν φθίνοντος μηνὸς, τῷ δ' ἰσαμένοιο.

"Accordingly he nam'd the following day, *the day of the new Moon*. "*Ulyſſes* then means that he will return on the laſt day of the "month, for on that day the Moon is both old and new; that is, "ſhe finiſhes one month, and begins another." This is taken from the life of *Solon*; but whether the obvious ſenſe in which *Eumæus* is ſuppos'd to underſtand it, or the latent meaning of *Solon* be preferable, is ſubmitted to the Reader's judgment; I confeſs I ſee no occaſion to have recourſe to that myſterious explication: What *Ulyſſes* intended was to certify *Eumæus*, that *Ulyſſes* would aſſuredly return very ſpeedily; and the verſe will have this effect, if it be underſtood

literally

In blood and duſt each proud oppreſſor mourn,
And the loſt glories of his houſe return.
Nor ſhall that meed be thine, nor ever more
Shall lov'd *Ulyſſes* hail this happy ſhore,
(Reply'd *Eumæus:*) To the preſent hour
Now turn thy thought, and joys within our pow'r.
From ſad Reflection let my ſoul repoſe;
The name of him awakes a thouſand woes.
But guard him Gods! and to theſe arms reſtore!
Not his true conſort can deſire him more;
Not old *Laertes*, broken with deſpair;
Not young *Telemachus*, his blooming heir.
Alas, *Telemachus!* my ſorrows flow
Afreſh for thee, my ſecond cauſe of woe!
Like ſome fair plant ſet by a heav'nly hand,
He grew, he flouriſh'd, and he bleſt the land;
In all the youth his father's image ſhin'd,
Bright in his perſon, brighter in his mind.
What man, or God, deceiv'd his better ſenſe,
Far on the ſwelling ſeas to wander hence?
To diſtant *Pylos* hapleſs is he gone,
To ſeek his father's fate, and find his own!

literally and plainly; beſides, *Ulyſſes* is to continue in an abſolute diſguiſe, why then ſhould he endanger a diſcovery, by uſing an ambiguous ſentence, which might poſſibly be underſtood? but if it was ſo dark that it was utterly unintelligible to *Eumæus*, then it is uſed in vain, and a needleſs ambiguity.

For

For traytors wait his way, with dire deſign
To end at once the great *Arceſian* line.
But let us leave him to their wills above;
The fates of men are in the hand of *Jove*.
And now, my venerable gueſt! declare
Your name, your parents, and your native air?
Sincere from whence begun your courſe relate,
And to what ſhip I owe the friendly freight?
Thus he: and thus (with prompt invention bold)
The cautious Chief his ready ſtory told.
On dark reſerve what better can prevail,
Or from the fluent tongue produce the tale,
Than when two friends, alone, in peaceful place
Confer, and wines and cates the table grace;
But moſt, the kind inviter's chearful face?
Thus might we ſit, with ſocial goblets crown'd,
'Till the whole circle of the year goes around;
Not the whole circle of the year wou'd cloſe
My long narration of a life of woes.
But ſuch was Heav'n's high will! Know then I came
From ſacred *Crete*, and from a Sire of Fame:

*Caſtor*

V. 229. *Know then I came from ſacred* Crete.] This whole narration is a notable inſtance of that artful diſſimulation ſo remarkable in the character of *Ulyſſes*, and an evidence that *Homer* excellently ſuſtains it through the whole Poem; for *Ulyſſes* appears to be πολύτροπος, as he is repreſented in the firſt line, throughout the *Odyſſey*. This narrative has been both praiſed and cenſured by the Critics, eſpecially by *Rapin*; I will lay his obſervations before the Reader.

" *Homer*

*Caſtor Hylacides* (that name he bore)
Belov'd and honour'd in his native ſhore;
Bleſt in his riches, in his children more.

Sprung

" *Homer* is guilty of verboſity, and of a tedious prolix manner of " ſpeaking: he is the greateſt talker of all Antiquity: The very " *Greeks*, though chargeable with an exceſs this way above all Na- " tions, have reprehended *Homer* for his intemperance of words; he " is ever upon his Rehearſals, and not only of the ſame words, but " of the ſame things, and conſequently is in a perpetual circle of " repetitions. 'Tis true he always ſpeaks naturally, but then he " always ſpeaks too much: His adventures in *Ægypt*, which he re- " lates to *Eumæus*, are truly idle impertinent ſtories, purely for " amuſement: there is no thread in his diſcourſe, nor does it ſeem " to tend to any propos'd end, but exceeds all bounds: that vaſt " fluency of ſpeech, and thoſe mighty overflowings of fancy, make " him ſhoot beyond the mark. Hence his draughts are too accu- " rate, and leave nothing to be perform'd by the imagination of the " Reader, a fault which (as *Cicero* obſerves) *Appelles* found in the " antient Painters." This objection is intended only againſt the fullneſs of *Homer*'s expreſſion, not againſt the ſubject of the Narration; for *Rapin* in another place ſpeaking of the beauties of *Homer*, gives this very Story as an inſtance of his excellency: theſe are his words:

" I ſhall ſay nothing of all the Relations which *Ulyſſes* makes to " *Eumæus* upon his return to his Country, and his wonderful ma- " nagement to bring about his Re-eſtabliſhment; that whole ſtory " is dreſt in colours ſo decent, and at the ſame time ſo noble, that " antiquity can hardly match any part of the Narration.

If what *Rapin* remarks in the latter period be true, *Homer* will eaſily obtain a pardon for the fault of prolixity, imputed to him in the aforemention'd objection. For who would be willing to retrench one of the moſt decent and noble narrations of Antiquity, meerly for the length of it? But it may, perhaps, be true that this ſtory is not impertinent, but well ſuited to carry on the deſign of *Ulyſſes*, and conſequently tends to a propos'd End: for in this conſiſts the ſtrength of *Rapin*'s objection.

Nothing is more evident than that the whole ſucceſs of *Ulyſſes* depends upon his diſguiſe; a diſcovery would be fatal to him, and at once give a ſingle unaſſiſted perſon into the power of his enemies. How then is this Diſguiſe to be carried on? eſpecially when *Ulyſſes* in perſon is required to give an account of his own ſtory? Muſt it not be by aſſuming the name of another perſon, and giving a plauſible relation of his life, fortunes, and calamities, that brought him to a

ſtrange

Sprung of a handmaid, from a bought embrace,
I ſhar'd his kindneſs with his lawful race;
But when that Fate which all muſt undergo
From earth remov'd him to the ſhades below,
The large domain his greedy ſons divide,
And each was portion'd as the lots decide.
Little alas! was left my wretched ſhare,
Except a houſe, a covert from the air:

ſtrange country, where he has no acquaintance or friend? This obliges him to be circumſtantial, nothing giving a greater air of probability than deſcending to particularities, and this neceſſitates his prolixity. The whole relation is comprehended in the compaſs of an hundred and ſeventy lines: and an Epiſode of no greater length may not perhaps deſerve to be called *verboſe*, if compared with the length of the *Odyſſey:* Nay, there may be a reaſon given why it ought to be of a conſiderable length: There is a pauſe in the action, while *Minerva* paſſes from *Ithaca* to *Telemachus* in *Lacedæmon:* This interval is to be filled up with ſome incident relating to *Ulyſſes*, until *Telemachus* is prepared to return; for his aſſiſtance is neceſſary to re-eſtabliſh the affairs of *Ulyſſes*. This then is a time of leiſure, and the Poet fills it up with the narrations of *Ulyſſes* till the return of *Telemachus*, and conſequently there is room for a long relation. Beſides (remarks *Euſtathius*) *Homer* intereſts all men of all ages in the ſtory, by giving us pieces of true hiſtory, antient cuſtoms, and exact deſcriptions of perſons and places, inſtructive and delightful to all the world, and theſe incidents are adorned with all the embelliſhments of Eloquence and Poetry.

V. 234. *Sprung of a handmaid* ———] *Ulyſſes* ſays he was the ſon of a Concubine: this was not a matter of diſgrace among the Antients, Concubinage being allowed by the laws.

The ſons caſt lots for their patrimony, an evidence that this was the practiſe of the antient *Greeks*. Hence an inheritance had the name κληρονομία, that is from the Lots; Parents put it to the deciſion of the Lot, to avoid the Envy and Imputation of Partiality in the diſtribution of their eſtates. It has been judged that the Poet writes according to the *Athenian* laws, at leaſt this cuſtom prevailed in the days of *Solon*; for he forbad parents who had ſeveral legitimate Sons to make a will, but ordained that all the legitimate Sons ſhould have an equal ſhare of their Father's effects. *Euſtathius.*

But

But what by niggard Fortune was deny'd
A willing widow's copious wealth ſupply'd.
My valour was my plea, a gallant mind
That, true to honour, never lagg'd behind,
(The ſex is ever to a ſoldier kind.)
Now waſting years my former ſtrength confound
And added woes have bow'd me to the ground;
Yet by the ſtubble you may gueſs the grain,
And mark the ruins of no vulgar man.
Me *Pallas* gave to lead the martial ſtorm,
And the fair ranks of battle to deform:
Me, *Mars* inſpir'd to turn the foe to flight,
And tempt the ſecret ambuſh of the night.
Let ghaſtly Death in all his forms appear,
I ſaw him not; it was not mine to fear.
Before the reſt I rais'd my ready ſteel;
The firſt I met, he yielded, or he fell.
But works of peace my ſoul diſdain'd to bear,
The rural labour or domeſtick care.

To

V. 259. ——— *My ſoul diſdain'd to bear,*
*The rural labour* ———]

*Plutarch* in his compariſon of *Ariſtides* and *Cato* cites theſe verſes,

——— Ἔργον δέ μοι ὄφελον ἔσκεν.
Οὐδ' οἰκωφελίη, &c.

and tells us, that they who neglect their private and domeſtic concerns, uſually draw their ſubſiſtence from violence and rapine. This

is

To raiſe the maſt, the miſſile dart to wing,
And ſend ſwift arrows from the bounding ſtring,
Were arts the Gods made grateful to my mind;
Thoſe Gods, who turn (to varions ends deſign'd)
The various thoughts and talents of mankind.
Before the *Grecians* touch'd the *Trojan* plain,
Nine times Commander or by land or main,
In foreign fields I ſpread my glory far,
Great in the praiſe, rich in the ſpoils of war:
Thence charg'd with riches, as increas'd in fame,
To *Crete* return'd, an honourable name.
But when great *Jove* that direful war decreed,
Which rous'd all *Greece* and made the mighty bleed;
Our ſtates myſelf and *Idomen* employ
To lead their fleets, and carry death to *Troy*.
Nine years we warr'd; the tenth ſaw *Ilion* fall;
Homewar'd we ſail'd, but Heav'n diſpers'd us all.
One only month my wife enjoy'd my ſtay;
So will'd the God who gives and takes away.
Nine ſhips I mann'd equipp'd with ready ſtores,
Intent to voyage to th' *Ægyptian* ſhores;

is certainly a truth: Men are apt to ſupply their wants, occaſioned by idleneſs, by plunder and injuſtice: but it is as certain that no reflection is intended to be caſt upon this way of living by *Ulyſſes*, for in this age Piracy was not only allowable but glorious, and ſudden incroads and incurſions were practiſed by the greateſt Heroes. *Homer* therefore only intends to ſhew that the diſpoſition of *Ulyſſes* inclined him to purſue the more dangerous, but more glorious, way of living by War, than the more lucrative, but more ſecure method of life, by Agriculture and huſbandry.

In feaſt and ſacrifice my choſen train
Six days conſum'd; the ſeventh we plow'd the main.
*Crete*'s ample fields diminiſh to our eye;
Before the *Boreal* blaſts the veſſels fly;
Safe thro' the level ſeas we ſweep our way;
The ſteer-man governs, and the ſhips obey.
The fifth fair morn we ſtem th' *Egyptian* tide,
And tilting o'er the bay the veſſels ride:
To anchor there my fellows I command,
And ſpies commiſſion to explore the land.
But ſway'd by luſt of gain, and headlong will,
The coaſts they ravage, and the natives kill.
The ſpreading clamour to their city flies,
And horſe and foot in mingled tumult riſe.
The red'ning dawn reveals the circling fields
Horrid with briſtly ſpears, and glancing ſhields.
*Jove* thunder'd on their ſide. Our guilty head
We turn'd to flight; the gathering vengeance ſpread
On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lie dead.
I then explor'd my thought, what courſe to prove?
(And ſure the thought was dictated by *Jove*,
Oh had he left me to that happier doom,
And ſav'd a life of miſeries to come!)
The radiant helmet from my brows unlac'd,
And low on earth my ſhield and javelin caſt,
I meet the Monarch with a ſuppliant's face,
Approach his chariot, and his knees embrace.

He heard, he ſav'd, he plac'd me at his ſide;
My ſtate he pity'd, and my tears he dry'd,
Reſtrain'd the rage the vengeful foe expreſt,
And turn'd the deadly weapons from my breaſt.
Pious! to guard the hoſpitable rite,
And fearing *Jove*, whom mercy's works delight.
In *Egypt* thus with peace and plenty bleſt,
I liv'd (and happy ſtill had liv'd) a gueſt,
On ſev'n bright years ſucceſſive bleſſings wait;
The next chang'd all the colour of my Fate.
A falſe *Phœnician* of inſiduous mind,
Vers'd in vile arts, and foe to humankind,
With ſemblance fair invites me to his home;
I ſeiz'd the proffer (ever fond to roam)
Domeſtic in his faithleſs roof I ſtay'd,
'Till the ſwift ſun his annual circle made.
To *Lybia* then he meditates the way;
With guileful art a ſtranger to betray,
And ſell to bondage in a foreign land:
Much doubting, yet compell'd, I quit the ſtrand.
Thro' the mid ſeas the nimble pinnace ſails,
Aloof from *Crete*, before the northern gales:
But when remote her chalky cliffs we loſt,
And far from ken of any other coaſt,
When all was wild expanſe of ſea and air;
Then doom'd high *Jove* due vengeance to prepare.

He hung a night of horrors o'er their head,
(The ſhaded Ocean blacken'd as it ſpread)
He launch'd the fiery bolt; from pole to pole
Broad burſt the lightnings, deep the thunders roll;
In giddy rounds the whirling ſhip is toſt,
And all in clouds of ſmoth'ring ſulphur loſt.
As from a hanging rock's tremendous height,
The ſable crows with intercepted flight
Drop endlong; ſcarr'd, and black with ſulph'rous hue,
So from the deck are hurl'd the ghaſtly crew.
Such end the wicked found! But *Jove*'s intent
Was yet to ſave th' oppreſt and innocent.
Plac'd on the maſt (the laſt recourſe of life)
With winds and waves I held unequal ſtrife;
For nine long days the billows tilting o'er,
The tenth ſoft wafts me to *Theſprotia*'s ſhore.
The Monarch's ſon a ſhipwrackt wretch reliev'd,
The Sire with hoſpitable rites receiv'd,
And in his palace like a brother plac'd,
With gifts of price and gorgeous garments grac'd.
While here I ſojourn'd, oft I heard the fame
How late *Ulyſſes* to the country came,
How lov'd, how honour'd in this court he ſtay'd,
And here his whole collected treaſure lay'd;
I ſaw myſelf the vaſt unnumber'd ſtore
Of ſteel elab'rate, and refulgent ore,

And braſs high-heap'd amidſt the regal dome;
Immenſe ſupplies for ages yet to come!
Mean time he voyag'd to explore the will
Of *Jove* on high *Dodona*'s holy hill,

What

V. 363. ——*He voyag'd to explore the will*
*Of* Jove, *on high* Dodona's *holy hill.*]

Theſe Oaks of *Dodona* were held to be oraculous, and to be endued with ſpeech, by the Antients; and Pigeons were ſuppoſed to be the Preſteſſes of the Deity. *Herodotus* in *Euterpe* gives a full account of what belongs to this Oracle, who tells us, that he was informed by the Prieſteſſes of *Dodona*, that two black Pigeons flew away from *Thebes* in *Egypt*, and one of them perching upon a Tree in *Dodona*, admoniſhed the Inhabitants with a human voice to erect an Oracle in that place to *Jupiter*. But *Herodotus* ſolves this Fable after the following manner. "There were two Prieſteſſes carried away from "*Ægypt*, and one of them was ſold by the *Phœnicians* in *Greece*, "where ſhe in her ſervitude conſecrated an Altar to *Jupiter* under an "oak; the *Dodonæans* gave her the name of a Pigeon, becauſe ſhe "was a *Barbarian*, and her ſpeech at firſt no more underſtood than "the chattering of a Bird or Pigeon; but as ſoon as ſhe had learned "the *Greek* tongue, it was preſently reported that the Pigeon ſpoke "with an human Voice. She had the Epithet *Black*, becauſe ſhe "was an *Ægyptian*."

*Euſtathius* informs us, that *Dodona* was antiently a City of *Theſprotia*, and in proceſs of time the limits of it being changed, it became of the country of the *Moloſſians*, that is, it lay between *Theſſaly* and *Epirus*: Near this city was a mountain named *Tmarus* or *Timourus*; on this mountain there ſtood a Temple, and within the precincts of it were theſe oraculous Oaks of *Jupiter*: This was the moſt antient Temple of *Greece*, according to *Herodotus*, founded by the *Pelaſgians*, and at firſt ſerved by Prieſts called *Selli*; and the Goddeſs *Dione* being joined with *Jupiter* in the worſhip, the ſervice was performed by three aged Prieſteſſes, called in the *Moloſſian* tongue πέλειαι, as old men were called πέλειοι (perhaps from the corrupted word πάλαιοι or Antients) and the ſame word πέλειαι ſignifying alſo Pigeons, gave occaſion to the fable of the Temple of *Dodona* having Doves for Prieſteſſes. But if, as *Herodotus* affirms, the *Phœnicians* ſold this Prieſteſs of *Jupiter* originally to the *Greeks*, it is probable they were called Doves, after the *Phœnician* language, in which the ſame word with a ſmall alteration ſignifies both a Dove and a Prieſteſs. See Note on *Odyſſey* 12.

What means might beſt his ſafe return avail,
To come in pomp, or bear a ſecret ſail?
Full oft has *Phidon*, whilſt he pour'd the wine,
Atteſting ſolemn all the pow'rs divine,
That ſoon *Ulyſſes* would return, declar'd,
The ſailors waiting, and the ſhips prepar'd.
But firſt the King diſmiſs'd me from his ſhores,
For fair *Dulichium* crown'd with fruitful ſtores;
To good *Acaſtus*' friendly care conſign'd:
But other counſels pleas'd the ſailors mind:
New frauds were plotted by the faithleſs train,
And miſery demands me once again.

*Euſtathius* gives us another ſolution of this difficulty, and tells us that as there were κοραικομάντεις, or *Augurs*, who drew predictions from the flight and geſtures of Crows; ſo there were others who predicted from obſervations made upon Doves; and from hence theſe Doves were called the Propheteſſes of *Dodona*, that being the way by which the decrees of the Gods were diſcovered by the Augurs.

I have remarked that the Temple of *Dodona* ſtood upon the mountain *Timourus*, hence the word τίμωραι came to ſignify thoſe Oracles, and thus τίμωρος is uſed by *Lycophron*. Now *Homer* in another place writes,

Εἰ γε μὴν αἰνήσωσι Διὸς μεγάλοιο Θέμιστες.

*Strabo* therefore inſtead of Θέμιστες reads τίμωραι; for, obſerves that Author, the Oracles, not the Laws of *Jupiter*, are preſerved at *Dodona*. *Euſtathius*.

But whence aroſe the Fable of theſe oaks being vocal? I doubt not but this was an illuſion of thoſe who gave out the oracles to the people: They concealed themſelves within the cavities or hollow of the oaks, and from thence delivered their Oracles; and impoſing by this method upon the ſuperſtition and credulity of thoſe ages, perſuaded the world that the Gods gave a voice and utterance to the Oaks.

I refer the Reader for a larger account of theſe *Dodonæan* Oracles to the annotations upon book 16. verſe 285. of the *Iliad*.

Soon

Soon as remote from ſhore they plow the wave,
With ready hands they ruſh to ſeize their ſlave;
Then with theſe tatter'd rags they wrapt me round,
(Stript of my own) and to the veſſel bound.
At eve, at *Ithaca*'s delightful land
The ſhip arriv'd: Forth iſſuing on the ſand,
They ſought repaſt; while to th' unhappy kind,
The pitying Gods themſelves my chains unbind.
Soft I deſcended, to the ſea apply'd
My naked breaſt, and ſhot along the tide.
Soon paſt beyond their ſight, I left the flood,
And took the ſpreading ſhelter of the wood.
Their prize eſcap'd the faithleſs pirates mourn'd;
But deem'd enquiry vain, and to their ſhip return'd.
Screen'd by protecting Gods from hoſtile eyes,
They led me to a good man and a wiſe;

To

V. 391. *Screen'd by protecting Gods from hoſtile eyes,*
*They led me to a good man and a wiſe.*]

This is a very artful compliment which *Ulyſſes* pays to *Eumæus*; *The Gods guided me to the habitation of a perſon of wiſdom*, and names not *Eumæus*, leaving it to him to apply it.

I doubt not but the Reader agrees with *Ulyſſes* as to the character of *Eumæus*; there is an air of piety to the Gods in all he ſpeaks, and benevolence to mankind; he is faithful to his King, upright in his truſt, and hoſpitable to the ſtranger.

*Dacier* is of opinion that ἀνδρὸς ἐπισαμένοιο takes in virtue as well as Wiſdom; and indeed *Homer* frequently joins νοήμονες ἠδὲ δίκαιοι, and ἀδαήμονες οὐδὲ δίκαιοι; that is Wiſdom and Virtue, Folly and Impiety throughout the *Odyſſey*. *For never, never wicked man was wiſe.* Virtue in a great meaſure depends upon education:

To live beneath thy hoſpitable care,
And wait the woes heav'n dooms me yet to bear.
Unhappy gueſt! whoſe ſorrows touch my mind!
(Thus good *Eumæus* with a ſigh rejoin'd)
For real ſuff'rings ſince I grieve ſincere,
Check not with fallacies the ſpringing tear;
Nor turn the paſſion into groundleſs joy
For him, whom heav'n has deſtin'd to deſtroy.
Oh! had he periſht on ſome well-fought day,
Or in his friends embraces dy'd away!

It is a Science, and may be learned like other Sciences; in reality there is no Knowledge that deſerves the name, without Virtue; if Virtue be wanting, Science becomes artifice: as *Plato* demonſtrates from *Homer*; who, though he is an enemy to this Poet, has enrich'd his writings with his ſentiments.

V. 394. *And wait the woes heav'n dooms me yet to bear.*] It may not perhaps be unſatisfactory to ſee how *Ulyſſes* keeps in ſight of truth through this whole fabulous ſtory.

He gives a true account of his being at the war of *Troy*; he ſtays ſeven years in *Ægypt*, ſo long he continued with *Calypſo*; the King of *Ægypt*, whoſe name *Euſtathius* tells us was *Sethon*, according to the Antients, entertains him hoſpitably like that Goddeſs; a *Phœnician* detains him a whole year; the ſame has been obſerved of *Circe*; the veſſel of this *Phœnician* is loſt by a ſtorm, and all the crew periſhes except *Ulyſſes*; the ſame is true of the companions of *Ulyſſes*: He is thrown upon the land of the *Theſprotians* by that tempeſt, and received courteouſly by *Phidon* the King of that country; this repreſents his being caſt upon the *Phæacian* ſhore by the ſtorm, and the hoſpitable *Phidon* means *Alcinous*, King of the *Phæacians*: the manner likewiſe of his being introduced to *Phidon*, agrees with his introduction to *Alcinous*; the daughter introduces him to *Alcinous*, and the ſon to *Phidon*. Thus we ſee there is a *concordia diſcors* through the whole narration, the Poet only changing the names of perſons and places. *Ulyſſes* lay under an abſolute neceſſity thus to falſify his true Hiſtory, and repreſent himſelf as a ſtranger to the whole Iſland of *Ithaca*, otherwiſe it would have been natural for *Eumæus* to offer to guide him to his friends, upon which a diſcovery muſt inevitably have followed, which would have proved fatal to that Hero.

That

That grateful *Greece* with ſtreaming eyes might raiſe
Hiſtoric marbles, to record his praiſe:
His praiſe, eternal on the faithful ſtone,
Had with tranſmiſſive honours grac'd his ſon.
Now ſnatch'd by harpies to the dreary coaſt,
Sunk is the Hero, and his glory loſt!
While penſive in this ſolitary den,
Far from gay cities, and the ways of men,
I linger life; nor to the court repair,
But when the conſtant Queen commands my care;

Or

V. 407. *Now ſnatch'd by Harpies*——] This place ſeems to evince that the expreſſion of being torn by the Harpies, means that the dead perſon is deprived of the rites of Sepulture; and not as *Dacier* underſtands it, that he is diſappeared, or that it is unknown what is become of him: for the whole lamentation of *Eumæus* turns upon this point, namely, that *Ulyſſes* is dead, and deprived of the funeral Ceremonies.

V. 411. —— *Nor to the court repair;*
*But when the Queen*——]

It may appear at firſt view as if *Eumæus* thought his abſence from the court an aggravation to his calamities, but this is not his meaning: He ſpeaks thus to prevent *Ulyſſes* from aſking him to introduce him immediately to *Penelope*; and this is the reaſon why he enlarges upon the ſtory of the *Ætolian*, who had deceived him by raiſing his expectations of the immediate return of *Ulyſſes*.

It is remarkable that almoſt all theſe fictions are made by *Cretans*, or have ſome relation to the Iſland of the *Cretans*: Thus *Ulyſſes* feigns himſelf to be of *Crete*, and this *Ætolian* lays the Scene of his falſhood in the ſame Iſland: which, as *Euſtathius* obſerves, may poſſibly be a latent Satyr upon that people, who were become a reproach and proverb for their remarkable lying. This agrees exactly with the character given them by St. *Paul* from *Epimenides*.

Κρῆτες ἀεὶ ψεῦσται.

Or when, to taſte her hoſpitable board,
Some gueſt arrives, with rumours of her Lord;
And theſe indulge their want, and thoſe their woe,
And here the tears, and there the goblets flow.
By many ſuch have I been warn'd; but chief
By one *Ætolian* robb'd of all belief,
Whoſe hap it was to this our roof to roam,
For murder baniſh'd from his native home,
He ſwore, *Ulyſſes* on the coaſt of *Crete*
Staid but a ſeaſon to refit his fleet;
A few revolving months ſhou'd waft him o'er,
Fraught with bold warriors and a boundleſs ſtore.

And κρητίζειν ſignifies to *lie*.
St. *Chryſoſtom* fills up the broken verſe thus,

——————καὶ γὰρ τάφον, ὦ ἄνα, σεῖο
Κρῆτες ἐτεκλήναντο, σὺ δ' οὐ θάνες ἐσσὶ γὰρ αἰεί.

But this is added from *Callimachus* in his Hymn to *Jupiter*, thus tranſlated by Mr. *Prior*,

*The* Cretan *boaſts thy natal place: but oft*
*He meets reproof deſerv'd: for he preſumptuous*
*Has built a tomb for thee, who never know'ſt*
*To die, but liv'ſt the ſame to day and ever.*

That the latter part of theſe verſes belongs not to *Epimenides*, is evident, for St. *Paul* quotes the verſe thus:

Κρῆτες ἀεὶ ψεῦσται, κακὰ θηρία.

The two laſt words are not in *Callimachus*, and conſequently the reſt is only a conjectural and erroneous addition.

O thou!

O thou! whom age has taught to underſtand,
And Heav'n has guided with a fav'ring hand!
On God or mortal to obtrude a lie
Forbear, and dread to flatter, as to die.
Not for ſuch ends my houſe and heart are free,
But dear reſpect to *Jove*, and charity.

And why, oh ſwain of unbelieving mind!
(Thus quick reply'd the wiſeſt of mankind)
Doubt you my oath? yet more my faith to try,
A ſolemn compact let us ratify,
And witneſs ev'ry pow'r that rules the ſky!

If here *Ulyſſes* from his labours reſt,
Be then my prize a tunic and a veſt;
And, where my hopes invite me, ſtrait tranſport
In ſafety to *Dulichium*'s friendly court.
But if he greets not thy deſiring eye,
Hurl me from yon dread precipice on high;
The due reward of fraud and perjury.

Doubtleſs, oh gueſt! great laud and praiſe were mine
(Reply'd the ſwain for ſpotleſs faith divine)
If, after ſocial rites and gifts beſtow'd,
I ſtain'd my hoſpitable hearth with blood.
How would the Gods my righteous toils ſucceed,
And bleſs the hand that made a ſtranger bleed?
No more——th' approaching hours of ſilent night
Firſt claim refection, then to reſt invite;

Beneath our humble cottage let us haſte,
And here, unenvy'd, rural dainties taſte.
Thus commun'd theſe; while to their lowly dome
The full-fed ſwine return'd with evening home;
Compell'd, reluctant, to their ſev'ral ſtyes,
With din obſtrep'rous, and ungrateful cries.
Then to the ſlaves —— Now from the herd the beſt
Select, in honour of our foreign gueſt:
With him, let us the genial banquet ſhare,
For great and many are the griefs we bear;
While thoſe who from our labours heap their board,
Blaſpheme their feeder, and forget their Lord.
Thus ſpeaking, with diſpatchful hand he took
A weighty ax, and cleft the ſolid oak;

V. 455. *Compell'd, reluctant, to their ſeveral ſtyes,*
*With din obſtrep'rous, and ungrateful cries* ]

There is ſcarce a more ſonorous verſe in the whole *Odyſſey*.

Κλαγγὴ δ' ἄσπετος ὦρτο συῶν αὐλιζομενάων.

The word Swine is what debaſes our Idea; which is evident if we ſubſtitute *Shepherd* in the room of *Hogherd*, and apply to it the moſt pompous Epithet given by *Homer* to *Eumæus:* For inſtance, to ſay δῖος, or the Illuſtrious Hogherd, is mean enough: but the image is more tolerable when we ſay, the Illuſtrious Shepherd; the office of a Shepherd (eſpecially as it is familiariz'd and dignify'd in Poetry by the frequent uſe of it) being in repute. The *Greeks* have magnificent words to expreſs the moſt common objects; we want words of equal dignity, and have the diſadvantage of being oblig'd to endeavour to raiſe a Subject that is now in the utmoſt contempt, ſo as to guard it from meanneſs and ignominy.

This

This on the earth he pil'd; a boar full fed
Of five years age, before the pile was led:
The ſwain, whom acts of piety delight,
Obſervant of the Gods, begins the rite;
Firſt ſhears the forehead of the briſtly boar,
And ſuppliant ſtands, invoking ev'ry pow'r
To ſpeed *Ulyſſes* to his native ſhore.
A knotty ſtake then aiming at his head;
Down drop'd he groaning, and the ſpirit fled.

V. 469. *Firſt ſhears the forehead of the briſtly boar.*] I have already obſerv'd that every meal among the Antients was a kind of ſacrifice of thankſgiving to the Gods; and the table as it were an Altar.

This Sacrifice being different from any other in *Homer*, I will fully deſcribe the particulars of it from *Euſtathius*. It is a Rural Sacrifice; we have before ſeen Sacrifices in Camps, in Courts, and in Cities, in the *Iliad*; but this is the only one of this nature in all *Homer*.

They cut off the hair of the Victim, in commemoration of the original way of cloathing, which was made of hair, and the ſkins of beaſts.

*Eumæus* ſtrows flour upon it; in remembrance that before Incenſe was in uſe, this was the antient manner of offering to the Gods, or as *D'acier* obſerves, of conſecrating the Victim, inſtead of the Barley mix'd with Salt, which had the name of Immolation.

*Eumæus* cut a piece from every part of the Victim; by this he made it an *Holocauſt*, or an intire Sacrifice.

*Eumæus* divides the reſt at Supper; which was always the office of the moſt honourable perſon; and thus we ſee *Achilles* and other Heroes employ'd throughout the *Iliad*. He portions it into ſeven parts; one he allots to *Mercury* and the Nymphs, and the reſt he reſerves for himſelf, *Ulyſſes*, and his four ſervants. He gives the Chine to *Ulyſſes*, which was ever reputed an honour and diſtinction; thus *Ajax* after a victory over *Hector* is rewarded in the ſame manner.

Νώτοισι δ' Αἴαντα διηνεκέεσσι γέραιρεν
Ἀτρεΐδης.

The ſcorching flames climb round on ev'ry ſide:
Then the ſing'd members they with ſkill divide;
On theſe, in rolls of fat involv'd with art,
The choiceſt morſels lay from ev'ry part.
Some in the flames, beſtrow'd with flour, they threw:
Some cut in fragments, from the forks they drew:
Theſe while on ſeveral tables they diſpoſe,
As prieſt himſelf, the blameleſs ruſtic roſe;
Expert the deſtin'd victim to diſ-part
In ſev'n juſt portions, pure of hand and heart.
One ſacred to the *Nymphs* apart they lay;
Another to the winged ſon of *May*:

The

V. 484. *One ſacred to the* Nymphs ——
*Another to the winged ſon of* May.]

It may be aſk'd why *Eumæus* allots part of the Victim to *Mercury* and the Nymphs, ſince there is nothing of the like nature to be found in the whole *Iliad* and *Odyſſey?* This is done in compliance to the place and perſon of *Eumæus*, whoſe employment lies in the Country, and who has the care of the Herds of *Ulyſſes*; he therefore offers to the Nymphs, as they are the Preſidents of the Fountains, Rivers, Groves, and furniſh ſuſtenance and food for Cattle: And *Mercury* was held by the Antients to be the Patron of Shepherds: thus *Simonides*,

Θύειν Νύμφαις καὶ Μαιάδος τόκῳ
Οὗτοι γὰρ ἀνδρῶν αἷμα ἔχουσι ποιμαίνων.

*Euſtathius* adds (from whom this is taken) that *Mercury* was a lucrative God, and therefore *Eumæus* ſacrifices to him for increaſe of his herds: or becauſe he was δόλιος ἑρμῆς, and like *Ulyſſes*, Maſter of all the arts of Cunning and Diſſimulation, and then *Eumæus* may be underſtood to offer to him for the ſafety of *Ulyſſes*, that he might furniſh him with artifice to bring him in ſecurity to his country; and we ſee this agrees with his prayer.

What

The rural tribe in common ſhare the reſt,
The King the chine, the honour of the feaſt,
Who ſat delighted at his ſervant's board;
The faithful ſervant joy'd his unknown Lord.
Oh be thou dear (*Ulyſſes* cry'd) to *Jove*,
As well thou claim'ſt a grateful ſtranger's love!
Be then thy thanks, (the bounteous ſwain reply'd)
Enjoyment of the good the Gods provide.
From God's own hand deſcend our joys and woes;
Theſe he decrees, and he but ſuffers thoſe:
All pow'r is his, and whatſoe'er he wills,
The Will it ſelf, Omnipotent, fulfills.
This ſaid, the firſt fruits to the Gods he gave;
Then pour'd of offer'd wine the ſable wave:
In great *Ulyſſes*' hand he plac'd the bowl,
He ſat, and ſweet refection cheer'd his ſoul.
The bread from caniſters *Meſaulius* gave,
(*Eumæus*' proper treaſure bought this ſlave,
And led from *Taphos*, to attend his board,
A ſervant added to his abſent Lord)

His

What *Dacier* adds is yet more to the purpoſe: *Eumæus* joins *Mercury* with the Nymphs becauſe he was Patron of Flocks, and the Antients generally plac'd the figure of a Ram at the baſe of his Images; ſometimes he is repreſented carrying a Ram upon his Arms, ſometimes upon his Shoulders: In ſhort, it ſuffices that he was eſteem'd a rural Deity, to make the Sacrifice proper to be offer'd to him by a perſon whoſe occupation lay in the Country.

V. 504. *And led from* Taphos ———] This cuſtom of purchaſing Slaves prevail'd over all the world, as appears not only from many

places

His taſk it was the wheaten loaves to lay,
And from the banquet take the bowls away.

And

places of *Homer*, but of the Holy Scriptures, in which mention is made of Slaves bought with Money. The *Taphians* lived in a ſmall Iſland adjacent to *Ithaca*; *Mentes* was King of it, as appears from the firſt of the *Odyſſey:* They were generally Pirates, and are ſuppoſed to have had their name from their way of living, which in the *Phœnician* tongue (as *Bochart* obſerves) ſignifies Rapine; *Hataph*, and by contraction *Taph*, bearing that ſignification.

Frequent uſe has been made of *Phœnician* interpretations thro' the courſe of theſe Notes, and perhaps it may be judg'd neceſſary to ſay ſomething why they may be ſuppos'd to give names to Countries and Perſons, more than any other Nation.

They are reported to be the inventors of Letters, *Lucan*, *lib.* 3.

*Phœnices primi, famæ ſi creditur, auſi*
*Manſuram rudibus vocem ſignare figuris.*

and were the greateſt Navigators in the World, *Dionyſius* ſays they were the firſt,

Οἱ πρῶτοι νήεσσιν ἐπειρήσαντο θαλάσσης
Πρῶτοι δ' ἐμπορίης ἁλιδίνεϑ' ἐμνήσαντο.

*The firſt who uſed Navigation, the firſt who traffick'd by the Ocean.*

If we put theſe two qualities together, it is no wonder that a great number of places were call'd by *Phœnician* Names; for they being the firſt Navigators, muſt neceſſarily diſcover a multitude of Iſlands, Countries and Cities, to which they would be oblig'd to give names when they deſcrib'd them: And nothing is ſo probable as that they gave thoſe names according to the obſervations they made upon the Nature of the ſeveral Countries, or employment of the inhabitants. In the preſent inſtance, the *Taphians* being remarkable Pirates, (as appears from *Homer*,

——— Τάφιοι λῃϊστῆρες ἄνδρες,
——— λῃϊστῆρσιν ἐπισπόμενοϑ· Ταφιοίσι.)

the *Phœnicians*, who firſt diſcover'd this Iſland, call'd it *Taph*, the Iſland of Pirates. Places receive appellations according to the language of the Diſcoverer, and generally from obſervations made upon

the

And now the rage of hunger was repreſt,
And each betakes him to his couch to reſt.
Now came the night, and darkneſs cover'd o'er
The face of things; the winds began to roar;

The

the People. It will add a weight to this ſuppoſition, if we remember that *Homer* was well acquainted with the traditions and cuſtoms of the *Phœnicians*, for he ſpeaks frequently of that People through the courſe of the *Odyſſey*.

V. 510. *Now came the Night,*——
——— *the winds began to roar*; &c.

*Euſtathius* obſerves that *Homer* introduces the following ſtory by a very artful connexion, and makes it as it were grow out of the ſubject: the coldneſs of the preſent ſeaſon brings to his mind a time like it, when he lay before *Troy*.

It is remarkable that almoſt all Poets have taken an opportunity to give long deſcriptions of the night; *Virgil*, *Statius*, *Apollonius*, *Taſſo* and *Dryden* have enlarg'd upon this Subject: *Homer* ſeems induſtriouſly to have avoided it: perhaps he judg'd ſuch deſcriptions to be no more than excreſcencies, and at beſt but beautiful ſuperfluities. A modern Hypercritick thinks Mr. *Dryden* to have excell'd all the Poets in this point.

*All things are huſh'd as Nature's ſelf lay dead,*
*The mountains ſeem to nod their drowſy head*, &c.

The laſt verſe is tranſlated from *Statius*,

*Et ſimulant feſſos curvata cacumina ſomnos.*

which I mention only to propoſe it to conſideration, whether *cacumina* muſt in this place of neceſſity ſignify the Tops of Mountains; why may it not be apply'd, as it is frequently, to the Tops of the Trees? I queſtion whether the nodding of a Mountain, or the appearance of its nodding, be a natural Image: whereas if we underſtand it of the Trees, the difficulty vaniſhes, and the meaning will be much more eaſy, that the very Trees ſeem to nod, as in ſleep.

I beg the Reader's patience to mention another Verſe of *Statius*, that has been undoubtedly miſtaken.

*Qualis*

The driving ſtorm the wat'ry weſt-wind pours,
And *Jove* deſcends in deluges of ſhow'rs.
Studious of reſt and warmth, *Ulyſſes* lies,
Foreſeeing from the firſt the ſtorm wou'd riſe;
In meer neceſſity of coat and cloak,
With artful preface to his hoſt he ſpoke.

Hear me, my friends! who this good banquet grace;
'Tis ſweet to play the fool in time and place,
And wine can of their wits the wiſe beguile,
Make the ſage frolic, and the ſerious ſmile,
The grave in merry meaſures friſk about,
And many a long repented word bring out.

*Qualis ubi audito venantum murmure Tigris,*
*Horruit in maculas.*

Which *Cowley* renders,

——— *he ſwells with angry pride,*
*And calls forth all his ſpots on every ſide.*

In which ſenſe alſo the Author of the *Spectator* quotes it from *Cowley*. But it is impoſſible to imagine that the hair of any creature can change into ſpots; and if any creature could change it by anger, would not the ſpots remain when the paſſion was over? The aſſertion is abſolutely againſt nature, and matter of fact; and as abſurd as to affirm that the hair of a Tiger bluſhes. This miſtake ariſes from the double ſenſe of the word *Maculæ*, which ſignifies alſo the *Meſhes* of a *Net*, as any common Dictionary will inform us. So *Tully*, *Reticulum minutis maculis*; Columella, *Rete grandi macula*; Ovid, *Diſtinctum maculis rete*. This way the ſenſe is obvious: no wonder that a Tiger when encloſed in the toils ſhould *horrere in maculis*, or erect his hair when he flies againſt the Meſhes, endeavouring to eſcape; and it agrees with the nature of that animal, to roughen his hair when he is angry. I beg the Reader's pardon for all this, but the mention of a Hypercritick was infecting, and led me into it unawares.

Since

Since to be talkative I now commence,
Let wit caſt off the ſullen yoke of ſenſe.
Once I was ſtrong (wou'd heav'n reſtore thoſe days)
And with my betters claim'd a ſhare of praiſe.
*Ulyſſes*, *Menelaus* led forth a band,
And joyn'd me with them, ('twas their own command)
A deathful ambuſh for the foe to lay,
Beneath *Troy* walls by night we took our way:
There, clad in arms, along the marſhes ſpread,
We made the ozier-fringed bank our bed.
Full ſoon th' inclemency of Heav'n I feel,
Nor had theſe ſhoulders cov'ring, but of ſteel.
Sharp blew the North; ſnow whitening all the fields
Froze with the blaſt, and gath'ring glaz'd our ſhields.
There all but I, well fenc'd with cloak and veſt,
Lay cover'd by their ample ſhields at reſt.
Fool that I was! I left behind my own;
The ſkill of weather and of winds unknown,
And truſted to my coat and ſhield alone!

When

V. 540. *I left behind my cloak*, &c.] To underſtand this paſſage, we muſt remember that in thoſe eaſtern regions, after very hot days an extream cold night would ſometimes ſucceed, even with froſt and ſnow, contrary to the uſual order of the ſeaſon: If it had been winter, no doubt *Ulyſſes* would have arm'd himſelf againſt the nocturnal cold, and not have been reduc'd to ſuch an extremity.

There is one incident in this ſtory that ſeems extraordinary; *Ulyſſes* and *Menelaus* are ſaid to form an ambuſh under the very walls of *Troy*, and yet are deſcrib'd to be ſleeping while they thus form it: The words are εὗδον εὐκηλοι. Εὗδον does not neceſſarily ſignify

to

When now was waſted more than half the night,
And the ſtars faded at approaching light;
Sudden I jogg'd *Ulyſſes*, who was laid
Faſt by my ſide, and ſhiv'ring thus I ſaid.
Here longer in this field I cannot lie,
The winter pinches, and with cold I die,
And die aſham'd (oh wiſeſt of mankind)
The only fool who left his cloak behind.
He thought, and anſwer'd: hardly waking yet,
Sprung in his mind the momentary wit;
(That wit, which or in council, or in fight,
Still met th' emergence, and determin'd right)
Huſh thee, he cry'd, (ſoft-whiſp'ring in my ear)
Speak not a word, leſt any *Greek* may hear ——
And then (ſupporting on his arm his head)
Hear me, companions! (thus aloud he ſaid)
Methinks too diſtant from the fleet we lye:
Ev'n now a Viſion ſtood before my eye,
And ſure the warning Viſion was from high:
Let from among us ſome ſwift Courier riſe,
Haſte to the Gen'ral, and demand ſupplies.

to be aſleep, as is already prov'd from the concluſion of the firſt *Iliad:* But here it muſt have that import, for *Ulyſſes* tells his companions that he has had an extraordinary dream. Beſides, even a tendency towards ſleep ſhould be avoided by ſoldiers in an ambuſcade, eſpecially by the leaders of it: The only anſwer that occurs to me, is that perhaps they had Centinels waking while they ſlept; but even this would be unſoldier-like in our ages.

Upſtarted

Upſtarted *Thoas* ſtrait, *Andræmon*'s ſon,
Nimbly he roſe, and caſt his garment down;
Inſtant, the racer vaniſh'd off the ground;
That inſtant, in his cloak I wrapt me round:
And ſafe I ſlept, till brightly-dawning ſhone
The Morn, conſpicuous on her golden throne.
Oh were my ſtrength as then, as then my age!
Some friend would fence me from the winter's rage.
Yet tatter'd as I look, I challeng'd then
The honours, and the offices of men:
Some maſter, or ſome ſervant would allow
A cloak and veſt —— but I am nothing now!
Well haſt thou ſpoke (rejoin'd th' attentive ſwain)
Thy lips let fall no idle word or vain!
Nor garment ſhalt thou want, nor ought beſide,
Meet, for the wand'ring ſuppliant to provide.
But in the morning take thy cloaths again,
For here one veſt ſuffices ev'ry ſwain;

No

V. 580. *But in the morning take thy cloaths again.*] This is not ſpoken in vain, it was neceſſary for *Ulyſſes* to appear in the form of a beggar to prevent diſcovery.

The word in the *Greek* is δνοπαλίξεις, which it is impoſſible to tranſlate without a circumlocution: It paints (obſerves *Euſtathius*) exactly the dreſs of a beggar, and the difficulty he labours under in drawing his rags to cover one part of his body that is naked, and while he covers that, leaving the other part bare: δνοπαλίξεις is ταῖς παλάμαις δονήσεις or διινήσεις, and expreſſes how a beggar is embarraſſed in the act of covering his body, by reaſon of the rents in his cloaths.

V. 581. *For here one veſt ſuffices ev'ry ſwain.*] It is not at firſt view evident why *Ulyſſes* requeſts a change of raiment from *Eumæus*, for

No change of garments to our hinds is known:
But when return'd, the good *Ulyſſes'* ſon
With better hand ſhall grace with fit attires
His gueſt, and ſend thee where thy ſoul deſires.
The honeſt herdſman roſe, as this he ſaid,
And drew before the hearth the ſtranger's bed:

for a better dreſs would only have expoſed him to the danger of a diſcovery. Beſides, this would have been a direct oppoſition to the injunctions of the Goddeſs of Wiſdom, who had not only diſguis'd him in the habit of a beggar, but chang'd his features to a conformity with it. Why then ſhould he make this petition? The anſwer is, to carry on his diſguiſe the better before *Eumæus*; he has already told him that he was once a perſon of dignity, tho' now reduc'd to poverty by calamities: and conſequently a perſon who had once known better fortunes would be uneaſy under ſuch mean circumſtances, and deſire to appear like himſelf; therefore he aſks a better dreſs, that *Eumæus* may believe his former ſtory.

What *Eumæus* ſpeaks of not having many changes of garments, is not a ſign of poverty, but of the ſimplicity of the manners of thoſe ages. It is the character of the luxurious, vain *Phæacians*, to delight in changes of dreſs, and agrees not with this plain, ſincere, induſtrious *Ithacan*, *Eumæus*.

I wonder this laſt part of the relation of *Ulyſſes* has eſcap'd the cenſure of the Critics: The circumſtance of getting the Cloak of *Thoas* in the cold Night, though it ſhows the artifice of *Ulyſſes* eſſential to his Character, yet perhaps may be thought unworthy the Majeſty of Epic Poetry, where every thing ought to be great and magnificent. It is of ſuch a nature as to raiſe a ſmile, rather than admiration, and *Virgil* has utterly rejected ſuch levities. Perhaps it may be thought that *Ulyſſes* adapts himſelf to *Eumæus*, and endeavours to engage his favour by that piece of pleaſantry; yet this does not ſolve the objection, for *Eumæus* is not a perſon of a low Character: no one in the *Odyſſey* ſpeaks with better Senſe, or better Morality. One would almoſt imagine that *Homer* was ſenſible of the weakneſs of this Story, he introduces it ſo artfully: He tells us in a ſhort Preface, that Wine unbends the moſt ſerious and wiſe Perſon, and makes him laugh, dance, and ſpeak without his uſual caution: And then he proceeds to the fable of his ambuſh before *Troy*. But no introduction can reconcile it to thoſe who think ſuch Comic relations ſhould not at all be introduc'd into Epic Poetry.

The

The fleecy ſpoils of ſheep, a goat's rough hide
He ſpreads; and adds a mantle thick and wide;
With ſtore to heap above him, and below,
And guard each quarter as the tempeſts blow.
There lay the King, and all the reſt ſupine;
All, but the careful maſter of the ſwine:
Forth haſted he to tend his briſtly care:
Well arm'd, and fenc'd againſt nocturnal air;
His weighty faulchion o'er his ſhoulder ty'd:
His ſhaggy cloak a mountain goat ſupply'd:
With his broad ſpear, the dread of dogs and men,
He ſeeks his lodging in the rocky den.
There to the tuſky herd he bends his way,
Where ſcreen'd from *Boreas*, high o'er arch'd, they lay.

V. 594. *Forth haſted he to tend his briſtly care.*] A *French* Critic has been very ſevere upon this conduct of *Eumæus*, *The Divine Hog-herd*, ſays he, *having given the Divine* Ulyſſes *his Supper, ſends him to ſleep with his Hogs, that had white Teeth.* When Critics find fault, they ought to take care that they impute nothing to an Author but what the Author really ſpeaks, otherwiſe it is not Criticiſm, but Calumny and Ignorance. Monſieur *Perault* is here guilty of both, for *Ulyſſes* ſleeps in the houſe of *Eumæus*, and *Eumæus* retires to take care of his charge, not to ſleep but to watch with them.

This and the preceding Book take up no more than the ſpace of one day. *Ulyſſes* lands in the morning, which is ſpent in conſultation with *Minerva* how to bring about his reſtoration: About noon he comes to *Eumæus*, for immediately after his arrival they dine: They paſs the afternoon and evening in conference: So that thirty-five days are exactly compleated ſince the beginning of the *Odyſſey*.

*The End of the Third Volume.*

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The Odyssey of Homer

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